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THE FIRST STATE ELECTION IN DETROIT. "TOM" MASON IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a painting in Detroit Art Museum.

HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

COLLECTIONS AND RESEARCHES

MADE BY THE

Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society

Vol. XXXV.

LANSING, MICHIGAN
WYNKOOP HALLENBECK CRAWFORD COMPANY, STATE PRINTERS
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PREFACE.

This volume is of a miscellaneous and popular character. Its thirty-six papers and the discussions following relate almost entirely to pioneer life. Obituary records are now restricted to members of the Society, owing to the constantly increasing mortuary lists, and to the fact that complete and certified records of deaths in Michigan are preserved in the office of the Secretary of State.

Perhaps the most noteworthy record in this volume is that of the Memorial Meeting in honor of Governor Stevens T. Mason, and the presence on that occasion of Miss Emily Mason, aged ninety years, a sister of the first governor of the state; also of his daughter, Mrs. Wright, and of two of his grandsons. The enthusiasm evoked was gratifying evidence that our people feel a deep interest in the events of the past, and of those who took part in building a new American commonwealth. Much valuable history was recalled on this occasion.

It is also worthy of special mention that in this volume appears the record of the Society's first midwinter meeting, held in Detroit, which resulted in enlarging the knowledge of the work that is being done by the Society, in affording an opportunity to the citizens and pioneers of that city to become personally familiar with its purposes and methods.

Among the many excellent papers it is not easy to particularize, but special attention is invited to a few; to the history of Michigan's State Song and its first music, by Col. Schneider; to the development of the Upper Peninsula Railroad and its land grants, by Charles T. Harvey; to the Indian stories told in the papers of Mesdames Towner and Schletter, and of Messrs. Potter and Goodyear. The portrayal of the dangers faced and cruelties inflicted at the River Raisin massacre, and refer to the monuments erected to its heroes; to the eventful career of Gov. Mason and facts concerning his family; to the description and use of the Iron Money of the Upper Peninsula, by Peter White, who was perfectly familiar with it and knew all about it; to the history of Detroit, by Gen. Friend Palmer, the last paper from his pen, as since it was written he has joined the host of pioneers on life's other shore; to the evidence that Michigan can claim precedence over Massachusetts in modern educational work, presented by Dr. Ford in relating the successful efforts of John D. Pierce, our first superintendent of public instruction, before Horace Mann began his influential career in the same cause in Massa-

chusetts; to the building of the Soo Canal, by Peter White, than whom no other person living knows from actual experience how much it meant to the people and the progress of our upper peninsula first and then to the entire northwest; to the genial humor of Mrs. Wood in introducing her mother, the author of the Widow Bedott papers, to readers of the new century; to the brief sketches of delegates, senators and representatives in congress from the territory and State of Michigan down to 1860, by Edward W. Barber, so that readers of the present and future, who have access to school and public libraries, may have a continuous account and some knowledge of the men of Michigan who were prominent in both national and state affairs, as the chosen of the people, prior to the civil war; to the carefully prepared paper on Old Fort St. Joseph, by Daniel McCoy, showing that it was located at Niles and not at the mouth of the St. Joe river, as claimed by many historians; to the anniversary of the first deed of Michigan land, executed in 1776 at Grosse Isle, and to the description of a tablet erected to commemorate this event; to the contrast of Grand Rapids fifty years ago and the present thriving furniture city of the world; to the quaint letters furnished by the Pontiac Woman's Clubs, relating to the Clay and Fremont presidential campaigns, and to the social features of those early days.

Special attention is also called to the conference held at the meeting of 1906, when the extension of the work planned by and for the Society was outlined.

Rev. Meade Williams, whose death was reported in August, 1906, and whose work for the Mission Church of Mackinac Island has endeared him to Michigan writes of the fur trade, giving much information regarding an important early industry rendered impracticable with our present civilization.

Mrs. Hoyt again favors with a history of a pioneer missionary who tried to undo the demoralizing work among the Indians by the grasping traders.

Mr. Beal in a bright and instructive article treats of interurbans so popular and universal now that we are apt to forget the short time since they were started.

The several papers on law and lawyers will make the volume, as one attorney said valuable to the legal fraternity.

This volume contains a larger number of illustrations than have ever before been introduced into any of the Society's publications, and some of them convey more information than would whole pages of printed matter, among which may be mentioned the first lock on the western continent; Grand Rapids in 1831; quaint portraits of the Macombs; facsimiles of the Iron Money, etc.

It is deemed of some importance at this time to call attention to the fact that the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society has a useful mission to perform, in seeking to rescue the past from oblivion. The next volume will be devoted almost entirely to the Henry R. Schoolcraft papers, as yet unpublished. It may be asked, why spend precious time over these records

of departed years? Why not let the dead past remain with its buried dead? We answer: Out of the past came the present. History has its uses as well as its charms. It is not merely a dull record of past events, interspersed with dry statistics and necrological reports. It is much more than this.

History deals with the acts and purposes of men and communities that have been instrumental in forming, shaping and guiding the destinies of states and nations. Everything in the present is a sequence of life and conduct in the past. We, today, are moulding the future. The true historian discerns the ethical principles and philosophy underlying and governing society. His work treats of the origin and structure of political institutions; of the evolution of domestic, economic and industrial arts; of the growth and development of public and private morals and conduct; of the various complex forces that constitute the present imperfect civilization. He probes and analyzes the impulses and actions of by-gone man—generally the creature and only occasionally the master of his environments—and traces, according to the law of spiral progress, from their origin the achievements of the present and possibilities of the future. The governing law in all these movements is that as men and nations sow so also must they reap.

In gathering and publishing a vast quantity of scattered material and saving it from utter loss, even if some of it is crude and imperfect, the value of the State Historical Society is at once apparent. To perpetuate the story of the pioneers, the real makers of Michigan; to rescue from oblivion their struggles, trials and sacrifices when opening this beautiful peninsula to the light of civilization; to place on permanent record the political, industrial and social progress of the state from its first inception; to collect and preserve the facts of the past for future generations, and have at hand for the coming historian the most trustworthy material for his pen, is an important and far-reaching function of this Society.

For those engaged in the work it is a labor of love. The service rendered has no compensation in dollars and cents. This volume bears ample testimony to the varied character and quality of the work performed by many willing contributors. Other volumes, especially those of the immediate future, will contain original papers and documents of great historical interest and value. It seems appropriate, on this occasion, to thus briefly outline the proposed plan of larger usefulness for the Society in the future.

L. D. Watkins, *Chairman, Manchester,*
Edward W. Barber, *Jackson,*
Edward Cahill, *Lansing,*
Peter White, *Marquette,*
Junius E. Beal, *Ann Arbor,*
Committee of Historians.

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MICHIGAN
PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

JUNE 7TH AND 8TH, 1905.

The meeting convened at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in the Supreme court room at the State Capitol. A large number was present. Mr. C. M. Burton, of Detroit, presided. "America" was sung by the congregation followed by prayer by Rev. William H. Haze, Lansing, and a piano solo by Marian Coryell, Grand Ledge.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

BY C. M. BURTON.

We have met the legislature and explained to them the nature of our work, and we feel that they are in sympathy with us. This is a society, not only for the purpose of collecting the data regarding the pioneers, and the early history of Michigan, but we are also alive to the interests of the common school system of the State. We are putting our books into every school library, teaching our children the history of the State, teaching them to be patriotic, teaching them that we have the greatest state in the union and that they cannot learn too much about its history. The work of this society is an important branch of the educational system of the State.

In addition to this we have gathered and published during the past year what seems to be an important addition to the history of the Northwest, in the translation and publication of the French records that relate to the history of this part of the country. This work has not been entirely completed, but will be in the ensuing volume. Following that we have an important matter ready for printing that is of somewhat later date, a French publication commencing with 1697, and later, the French occupation in 1760.

There probably will be works connected with the later period of our history; for instance the works of General Anthony Wayne; the journals kept by him on his great trip across the continent, and during the battle of Fallen Timbers, which was the last important battle with the Indians east of the Mississippi. We have abundance of material for still further carrying this historical work along.

Now I want to propose that we print for the schools, a small compact history of the State. I have in mind a little book that is printed by the school system of Great Britain. This little book is put into the hands of every child, and every child in Great Britain knows where the possessions of Great Britain are, when they were received, and how obtained, etc. I think we ought to do the same for the State of Michigan; instill into every child's mind all the important facts about the State of Michigan. Condense it and print it in this convenient form and let it circulate. I want to put that before this legislature, and I want the legislature to watch our work so they will do better by us, although I think they have done better by us than we have ever been dealt by before.

Music by the pupils of the Lansing public schools under the direction of Miss Grace Ferle, Lansing.

REPORT OF RECORDING AND CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

To the Officers and Members of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society:

The progress for 1905 has been gradual but sure. We can report thirty-five new members added during the year but these are offset by a large harvest of the reaper Death, seventeen members having passed away.

A memorial of Gov. Luce recounts his many virtues, but particularly was he helpful to this society—proving an excellent and efficient president and taking an active interest in the work to the very latest. His brother, Rev. Albert Luce, so united to him in life, followed him very closely, ending his earthly career in May, 1905.

Two years ago Hon. Isaac Bush of Howell was with us and recounted many interesting items connected with his work for the State in the house of representatives. March first, ended his long and enviable life.

Mr. E. Lockhart, of Nashville, who was present with us two years ago and announced his purpose of giving to the State his collection of relics, died in November, 1905, and his family very generously carried out his intentions, and in our rooms many articles testify to his generosity.

Senator James W. Humphrey, a prominent educator, preacher and politician, passed away at his home in Wayland. He was vice president of and had begun a history for Allegan county for our collections when he was injured in a railroad disaster from which he never sufficiently recovered to complete the work.

D. C. Walker was an able and enthusiastic member from Capac at one time but for several years he had been unable to meet with us and died in August, 1904, aged ninety-two.

One of Ionia's prominent pioneers, J. C. Blanchard, has also passed to those undiscovered countries.

Charles Chandler, of Grand Rapids, died January 9, 1905, aged sixty-six.

H. B. Smith, of Marengo, for many years on our board and always an interested and enthusiastic attendant at the meeting, died at his

home in July, 1904. Many of the kind words he uttered regarding the work and worth of his friend Major Kelsey in the obituary he gave, would apply equally to him.

The labors of Mrs. Martha Snyder Root are too important and helpful to repeat here. Foremost among the moral reformers of her State her memory will gather fruit and foliage from the perpetuity of future tree-planting for which she so successfully labored.

A year ago at the State Bar Association, Judge Benjamin J. Brown, of Menominee, assured us of his intention of giving his long and intimate knowledge of the lawyers of his section and historical facts he had come into possession of regarding the boundaries between Wisconsin and Michigan. The spirit was willing but the body too frail to give us the benefit of his wisdom and experience, as he died January, 1905.

Picking up and placing in an attractive light many events connected with his county history, Lucius E. Gould, vice president for Shiawassee county, had planned more and better services of historical work, when he was silenced by that messenger none can successfully resist.

Although life's scenes were closed for her in March, yet each week in the "Grand Traverse Herald," for which she did such fine and conscientious work, adds another chapter to the history of Michigan, wonderfully told by this gifted woman, Martha E. C. Bates.

Stricken in the prime of life with bright prospects and hopes, Henry F. Metzger, a young lawyer from the historic Sault, and Leonard E. Walker, a well known and respected young man of Lansing, were taken from us.

To speak of the progress of the northern counties were impossible without a reference to Perry Hannah. Building up the prosperity and success of his section, he earned the regard expressed for him by his fellow-citizens.

Albert Baxter of Muskegon, who watched the rise of that interesting portion of the State, laid down life's burdens and returned to that quiet he saw broken so many years ago.

All of these will have suitable biographies in the volume for this year. Can you read the lesson, so apparent, that upon those who are doing the work commenced by these heroes and heroines, but never to be finished, must fall the responsibilities of continuing this important labor? Saddened by the thought that these pioneers in the faithful performance of their work can never be replaced, yet we take new courage from the many expressions of appreciation and congratulation received.

Nearly every woman's club in the State has appointed a local historian. Their duties will be outlined by the chairman, Mrs. Baldwin, a daughter of our revered friend, Mr. Osband, at the Kalamazoo federation and much is expected from this co-operation.

Pioneer day in schools must be kept permanent and of growing interest. Many states have followed Michigan in devoting one day to the makers of the commonwealth. We dare not fall back in an undertaking so successfully begun.

Attention was called in the "Moderator-Topics" to the generosity of the State in sending our "Historical Collections" to each school library already in possession of one hundred volumes, with the result that seventy-five schools applied for these sets, and testimonials are reaching us of their value to Michigan history. One of the editors of a college paper writes us he was unaware of this work being done in the State. He proposes to be an ardent helper hereafter and says these books should be placed in every school, each teacher should become an active member, and everybody give the society his hearty support.

Peter Mulvaney, of Marengo, eighty-three years old, sent his regrets and a five dollar bill to help pay the expenses of the meeting—"Go thou and do likewise."

We must not forget the valuable assistance rendered by the press throughout the State. Nearly every paper gave a short notice of the meeting. Some sent fine editorial mentions. We thank them most heartily for their generous support.

We issued and distributed over 8,000 invitations and programs and notified each individual addressed, of our work and progress.

We have some additions to the museum and hope this will be doubled next year. Think well of this—it is the State museum and every portion should be represented. Failures to make additions are positively fatal in this work. The interest created by this department is clearly demonstrated by the registered visitors, who number 4,300 in round numbers from June, 1904. Last year the society was represented at nine county meetings with results very satisfactory.

The literary work dealing entirely last year and this, with heretofore unpublished manuscripts necessitated more time and deserved more help than could be given. Three volumes were reprinted last year which were carefully read by our president and palpable errors corrected. For the next two years we are authorized to revise and this will be very beneficial to the books. We take this opportunity of recognizing the services rendered by Mr. Burton, contributing the valuable

Cadillac and Wayne papers, which represent thousands of dollars, he adds his personal supervision, taking time of equal worth to him from a business point of view.

Our needs: We should aim to complete records now filed in State departments, without which a gap is left which, in a short time can never be filled.

Each county should strive for a complete county history. Many pioneer societies are doing away with an eloquent address and substituting histories of townships and local biographies, which will result in recording many important records and events.

We need more room. Our display cannot be appreciated because it cannot be seen. The congested state of the capitol is apparent to all and when this is officially recognized we should have rooms or a building equal to the prospects of the extension of this work. We want more money. Collections are secured by other States that belong to and should be saved for Michigan. With money, of course, room and collections could be obtained. We need the help of every one—you can help create public sentiment.

Time will not permit us to acknowledge the gifts and loans in this report but a complete list for the year will be issued.

A board meeting was held December 14, upon the return of Mr. Watkins from Europe, at which time considerable business was transacted. March 15th, Mr. Burton presented to the joint legislative committees the historical claims for consideration, while the deputy superintendent of public instruction spoke of the educational feature of the society, and Mrs. Ferrey reported the financial status. Hon. Daniel McCoy, during a visit, explained the needs and possibilities if the society could receive substantial aid. Hon. Peter White made an appeal to both branches of the legislature, all resulting in the encouragement of a greater appropriation, but still too small for increase of work. To the legislators our thanks are due for respectful consideration and aid which as opportunity to examine the results of this work occur will make it better appreciated, publicly acknowledged and rewarded.

The President, Mr. Burton, and Hon. Peter White at their own expense attended the national meeting of historical societies at Chicago, receiving much encouragement therefrom, and honoring Michigan by their knowledge of historical researches and resources, creating favorable reports and criticisms from the best literary papers and magazines of the country.

The secretary wishes to acknowledge the efficient services of Mrs.

M. B. Ferrey as clerk. She is indefatigable and enthusiastic in her work for the association, and much of our progress for the year is due to her.

Financial report for the fiscal year 1904 and 1905:

Balance on hand July 1, 1904	$300 01
Received from membership fees	49 00
Gift from Peter Mulvaney, Marengo	5 00
Postage refunded	2 00
Received from State Treasurer	3,100 00
Refund of money twice paid	90
Total receipts	$3,456 91

EXPENDITURES.

Paid Edinger for Indian relics	$525 00
Articles for museum	13 00
Peter Schmedding for translating Cadillac papers	68 00
Paid for flax wheel	2 00
Envelopes	3 00
Packing and removing Lockhart collection	15 00
Repairs to chairs	3 00
Postage	116 16
Board State auditors for paper for Vol. 33	291 62
Daisy Winans for copying Cadillac papers	23 00
Cuts used in Vol. 33	14 10
Expense of board meetings	33 90
Clerk's salary	1,000 00
Paid for mailing programs	20 00
H. R. Pattengill for postage expended	1 00
Use of church for meeting	10 00
Expenses of annual meeting	92 85
Express, postoffice box, incidentals, etc	33 46
Robert Smith Co., printing and binding Vol. 33	935 92
Paid for framing pictures	5 00
Paid Mr. Burton to be used for copying	100 00
Total	$3,307 81
Balance July 1, 1905	$149 10

HENRY R. PATTENGILL, *Secretary.*

REPORT OF TREASURER.

Annual report of the treasurer of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society from June 1, 1904, to the close of business May 31, 1905:

Cash on hand June 1, 1904	$1,268 36
July 7, received from state treasurer	800 00
Oct. 29, received from state treasurer	1,300 00
Feb. 10, received from state treasurer	1,000 00
Received for membership	61 00
	$4,429 36

Paid orders as follows:

Mrs. M. B. Ferrey[1]	1,689 49
Robert Smith Printing Company	924 78
C. M. Burton[2]	400 00
Joseph H. Edinger	525 00
Board of state auditors	284 94
H. R. Pattengill[3]	83 16
Peter Schmedding	68 00
Miscellaneous orders	192 23
Cash on hand June 1, 1905	261 76
	$4,429 36

$100.00 additional in special account.

Respectfully submitted,

B. F. DAVIS,
Treasurer.

Music, piano solo, Miss Coryell, Grand Ledge.

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT.

I believe it will not be saying too much when I state that probably no man in the State of Michigan was better known or more beloved than Governor Cyrus G. Luce. As president of our society he presided over our meetings for some years. We all knew him and we all loved him. When his last sickness came we all watched the daily bulletins to learn

[1] Of this only $1,000 was salary, the remainder consisting of money expended for postage board meetings, annual meetings, incidentals, etc.

[2] This was money to reimburse Mr. Burton for copyists for Cadillac manuscripts.

[3] This was for postage bought in his name.

each day the news from his sick room, and sorrowed when he passed away.

This is the first meeting of the society since he left us. We requested the Hon. Milo D. Campbell, and the Hon. Philip T. Colgrove to each prepare papers in memory of the late governor, but Mr. Campbell is not with us. His paper is prepared, however, and will be printed in the proceedings. Mr. Colgrove is here, and I know of no one better qualified to speak of Governor Luce than he.

At the close of Mr. Colgrove's paper the Rev. Riley C. Crawford addressed the meeting and said:

REMARKS BY REV. R. C. CRAWFORD.

My first introduction to Governor Luce was in the summer of 1834, or fall, rather. I was appointed presiding elder of the Coldwater district, which covered the territory of Gilead, where his farm lay, and our meetinghouse was about a mile from his farm.

One Sunday morning in preaching my sermon I noticed this man sitting in the congregation. Somehow, he had a peculiar look, and made, some way, an impression upon my mind that even before I came to speak to him I seemed to fall in love with him.

At the close of the service he came forward of his own accord, reached out his hand, and congratulated me on the sermon that I had been preaching. I didn't take it as flattery. I saw in the looks of the man that he didn't mean to flatter me. He said, "I am a member of the Congregational church, but I am not a sectarian. I love the Methodist church and her ministry." And from that hour until the day of his death, no man in Michigan, outside of my own relatives, has had a larger place in my heart than Governor Luce.

At the time of the dedication of the Soldier's Home at Grand Rapids, Governor Luce and I, with some other friends were making a survey of the institution and when we had come to the close of our visit he turned to the commandant and said:

"What are you going to do with this institution when all the old soldiers are dead?"

The reply was, "We're going to take in old retired politicians and care for them."

The governor smiled, and very jocularly exclaimed, "I am afraid you won't get us to retire."

Such was Governor Luce: As a man, a Christian, a statesman, he

lives in my heart today, since he has gone to the better country, and I expect to shake hands with him in the sweet by-and-by, for I shall be there myself pretty soon.

President: During the year another of our respected citizens has been called home, Mr. Charles Hackley, who believed in education, and devoted his time to that purpose. A paper has been prepared by Mrs. Mary E. Chamberlain of Muskegon, but as she is not present it will be read by ex-Representative Charles Whitney of Muskegon.

After reading the memorial of Charles Hackley, a solo was given by Miss Beulah Lewis of Perry.

This was followed by a welcome address to our guests, Miss Emily V. Mason and Mrs. Dorothea Wright, from the State of Michigan by Hon C. L. Glasgow, Governor Warner not being able to be present.

ADDRESS BY SENATOR C. L. GLASGOW.

Members of the Pioneer Society, Ladies and Gentlemen: I assure you I am not unmindful of the time, and of the honor conferred upon me in the request to act for the governor of this State, and in the name of the people of this great commonwealth, to extend the most cordial welcome to our distinguished guests who have favored us with their presence at this meeting. I feel that this is a most opportune time and that I ought to call this a great family reunion. This welcome of the State but expresses the delight of her people in this great family gathering, but most especially to those who have been so long absent from us, and whose history has been so closely associated with the events which we delight to recount. The past and present, and all that has contributed so much true feeling, and harmony, and oneness of thought which draws us so closely together, and adds so much to the joy and welfare and good of the State. In this meeting wherein we extend this welcome, and where, as it were, the children of today and yesterday may join with those of the past in forgetting our physical disabilities, in forgetting our dimness of vision, and unite with them for two days in living over again all those scenes of interest and beauty which formed that bond between us.

Honor is due not alone to those who attain, but to those by reason of whose loyal service and sincerity and expressed wisdom that attainment has made possible.

We cannot consider the conditions of this State, or its relation to the great family of States, without associating therewith Stevens T.

Mason, the brother of one, and the father of the other, of our honored guests. The man who was known as the boy governor of Michigan, and while the pendulum of Time has passed over a vast sweep since then, and many have occupied that high position which he once filled, it has evidenced no greater fidelity, no more perfect loyalty or consecration to duty than his. In those years, what a vast change the finger of Time has written! How the busy hands of industry have wrought from the soil the only glory; how our skill and endeavor have woven as it were a web of steel; how human sweat has been coined into gold and silver; how the bowels of the earth have yielded her treasures; and now, when we attempt to judge of the conditions that existed at the time when Governor Mason held sway over the affairs of State, when we endeavor to understand the complexity of those conditions when the members of the supreme court were appointed by his order —in the presence of these wonderful developments that have taken place in the past seventy years, we stand amazed. And well might we ask that the curtain be raised that he might look again upon this more advanced and perfect structure.

We join with our loved ones in returning thanks for the inestimable blessing of long life and health, and we are grateful that they have been permitted to witness the transformation—not alone in Michigan, but in the nation at large. When in that final reunion they meet that father and brother in the land of rest, they will have wonderful tidings to tell him of the progress of this State for which he laid the foundation.

This State feels grateful for this opportunity to extend this welcome to them, and thereby add another testimonial to the already too limited praise for his services. And we feel doubly thankful to extend it to him in the person of his representatives, and in that way we get just that much closer to the great heart of the man, and in honoring whom, they honor you.

I trust that these simple words of mine, spoken in behalf of the people of this great State, which in their greatest intensity but feebly expresses the love which it holds for him and for you, may abide with you through all these years, and may prove a source of strength as you wander down the pathway. I know I cannot say what your governor might say were he here to fitly represent this State, and I cannot for a moment express the feelings of the people of this State for our first governor, as we feel that he has returned to his home and his final rest. And we trust in the reunion which shall occur in that better

land that the same happiness, the same honor, multiplied a thousandfold may be accorded to you and him the same, forever.

The Rev. Riley C. Crawford spoke as follows:

I hope you will all excuse me, but I cannot let this meeting go by without adding a word to what has been said.

I suppose I am the only one here that ever shook hands with Stevens T. Mason. I know of no one in Michigan besides myself that ever shook hands with him. I was one of his soldiers in the Toledo war and they marched at the sound of my fife to Toledo, all one day. He was my senior about two years. He has been dead sixty-three years, and I am alive today. I won't tell you how old I am but will leave you all to guess, but if I have time I have a little poem in my pocket that I have prepared on my eighty years in Michigan, and in it I have something to say about the boy governor. I am thankful for the privilege of listening to what has been said about him today. I hope you and I, and every one will rejoice with those that have gone before us and await our coming.

Next came the welcome of the city of Lansing to Miss Mason and Mrs. Wright. The address was to have been made by Hon. Hugh Lyons, mayor, but on account of illness he was unable to be present. Therefore, on behalf of the city of Lansing, Hon. Edward Cahill spoke as follows:

ADDRESS BY JUDGE EDWARD CAHILL.

Distinguished Guests: On account of the illness of our honored mayor, he is unable to be present today as he very much desired, and he has requested me to appear for him and extend to you on behalf of the capital city, its hospitality.

You perhaps are aware that during the official term or terms of office of Governor Mason, the spot where we are now gathered was primeval forest. It is possible and probable that on this very knoll where this building now stands, there stood giant maples, old, perhaps when Columbus discovered America, and whose tops at that time vied in height with the lantern on the dome of this building. But it had never yet entered into the dreams of men that some day upon this spot should stand the capitol of a great state, and that it should be surrounded by a beautiful city of intelligent and thrifty people. But such marvels happen in a single lifetime in America.

I should not be justified this afternoon in talking at length, but I want to refer to a few circumstances in the life and official career of Governor Mason.

In the first place it is well known to all of us that he came to Michigan as Secretary of State under unfortunate circumstances. They seemed to be unfortunate at that time. Governor Cass had resigned to take a place in President Jackson's cabinet. No one had been appointed governor in his place and under the law the duties of that office devolved on the new secretary.

We had but a small population but we had some very able men among us, and I presume some who thought they were able and entirely fit to be governor of the territory. It never was and never will be popular to send a citizen of another state into a territory to occupy a high station in that territory. And so, when Andrew Jackson sent Stevens T. Mason to Michigan to take charge of affairs, when he came to Detroit and it was discovered that he was a mere boy, the nomination was not popular, and a meeting was held and a committee appointed to interview this young man to find out whether he was old enough to manage the affairs of State.

The young man met them courteously, and said: "Yes, I am only nineteen years old, but the president knew my age when he appointed me, and I know nothing in the laws of this land that says a nineteen-year old boy cannot act as governor."

That is the first step in the story. The best is to come, because "the proof of the pudding is in the chewing of the string." That was in 1832. In 1835 the territory had advanced to where it claimed the right to be admitted to the union as a State. Under the compact between the Congress of the United States and the Northwest Territory, known as the Ordinance of 1787 it was provided that each territory when it had 60,000 inhabitants should have the right to take its place in the union. Michigan having attained that population in 1835, called a convention, adopted a constitution for the new State, nominated and elected a State ticket and members of the legislature and set up all the machinery of State government. The legislature elected two senators and they were sent down to Washington to claim their seats.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate circumstances which attended the coming of Secretary Mason in 1832, when three years later they came to nominate and elect a governor by the free choice of the people, there was but one man's name mentioned for the office of his party, and that was Stevens T. Mason. He was elected by a large majority over a very popular Whig candidate. That speaks louder than any encomium of mine of the popularity and ability of this young man who first occupied the highest office in this State.

One other circumstance and I am through.

I have stated that in 1835 the State had organized and claimed its right as a member of the American Union, but a quarrel arose as to the boundary and it could not be admitted until its boundaries were defined and settled. This controversy lasted for two years during which time the newly elected State officers refused to recognize the authority of the Federal Government but claimed to exercise their official duties as the representatives of a sovereign State, ready to swear allegiance to the United States whenever they were permitted to do so on an equality with the other States, but until then sovereign and independent.

So for two years Michigan occupied the peculiar position which no other State ever has, of claiming sovereignty as a State, yet not a member of the United States. President Jackson being displeased with the independent attitude of the State and its new governor, appointed a man to come to take Governor Mason's place, but when this newly appointed governor appeared the people would not recognize him. They said, "we have a governor who suits us," and after a while the new would-be governor went away and never returned.

In closing, let me say to these distinguished guests for myself, and for the mayor and common council, that we desire to greet you, not only as representatives of the first governor of Michigan, but we take pleasure in greeting you both as representatives of a long line of statesmen who helped to make illustrious the annals of Virginia, now happily one of our sister states.

I am requested by his honor, the mayor, to extend to you both his personal congratulations, and his best wishes for your long life and future happiness, and to present to each of you an official copy of the resolutions of the common council, extending to you the hospitality of the city and the affectionate regard of the people of this city.

WELCOME BY PRESIDENT C. M. BURTON.

And finally it devolves upon me to welcome on behalf of the society, these two ladies, the sister and the daughter of our first governor. The sister who came here so many years ago may be recognized as a citizen of the State of Michigan. She came here in her girlhood, the daughter of the secretary of our territory, John Mason. Her brother came with her, as the clerk of the father in 1830. He served in that capacity for one year. Then when his father went to Washington, surrendering his place as secretary, Andrew Jackson ap-

pointed Stevens T. Mason to take his place. He was born in 1811, and was nineteen or twenty years old at the time of his appointment. When he reached Detroit he found that his appointment was objected to because of his youth. It was hardly to be wondered at that the people objected to one so young, and yet, what Andrew Jackson said, he meant, and what he meant he intended should be carried out, and he said that Mr. Mason should be governor, and he was governor.

I think Mr. Mason must have had more than the ordinary ability for a young man of twenty, for his elders all agreed that he was fitted for the position. When the committee waited upon him to ascertain as to his fitness, he said, "Yes, gentlemen, I am young, but it will be the most natural thing in the world for me to take advice of those older than myself, and I trust that if you leave matters in my hands the affairs of this territory will be conducted to your liking." It was not long before every enemy he had became his friend, and some of those held in future years the most responsible places in his appointment because he felt that they were men able to conduct the affairs of the territory.

Mr. Mason presided over the legislative council which met in Detroit on the spot where his remains were buried the other day. His message to that convention was one of the utmost modesty and yet it appealed to his hearers so they became his friends from that time forward.

I think, also, if we could go back to that time and see just how matters stood, we should find that no small amount of his popularity was due to the popularity of his sister. She at that time was a young lady eighteen years old, and it is no doubt that around the home of the governor there were many who were willing to obey her behests, even though they might be unwilling to obey those of her brother.

Governor Mason was one of the foremost men that Michigan ever produced, and was at the age of twenty-four years, the first elected governor.

In the Ordinance of 1787 it was provided that the territory should be divided and that a line should run southwest from the west end of Lake Erie. In order to run a line from that point there would be a strip of land ten miles wide upon which the city of Toledo stands, claimed by Michigan. For a long time this was disputed and Michigan insisted that this was her right, and when Ohio undertook to establish authority there Governor Mason went to Toledo and prevented it. I believe in this Toledo war but one man was shot, and that by accident and not dangerously, but the result of the war was far

reaching, and we traded that little strip of mud land for the entire upper peninsula and acquired hundreds of thousands of dollars for a piece of poverty stricken mud land.

Another thing that Governor Mason instituted, or at least was largely responsible for, was the establishment of our State university, and I believe it has added more glory to our State than any other one thing within its boundaries.

The common schools were what might well be called his fad, for no message of his ever omitted to mention the establishment of common schools, for you know the common schools did not exist before his time. There were schools before Mason lived, but they were not the common schools that we know today.

When Mr. Mason came to the city of Detroit there were 2,222 people. Look at it in 1905. Within the State of Michigan there were at that time 28,000 people—today there are two millions and a half. The territory of Michigan under the rule of governor was probably larger than that of any man's in the United States. It included Michigan, the states of Minnesota, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin and Illinois. It has today within that limit seven millions and a half of people. It has 250,000 square miles of territory. He defeated the establishment of banks that were issuing paper money in great quantities, and he asked the legislature to pass laws that would make gold and silver the legitimate means of carrying on business.

Judge Campbell says that the constitution established by Governor Mason was better adapted to our people than the present constitution.

And now we welcome, not for the State of Michigan alone, not for the city of Lansing alone, but our society welcomes these ladies as the representatives of the man whom we believe to have been a great man, whose name is already written upon the annals of this State and will remain there for all time to come, and we welcome these ladies as his sole representatives.

After the president's address of welcome on behalf of the society, Judge Cahill arose and made a motion that Miss Emily V. Mason and Mrs. Dorothea Wright be made honorary members of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Michigan.

The president stated the motion which was at once seconded by L. D. Watkins, and received the unanimous vote of all present. And the secretary was ordered to so report it.

MRS. DOROTHEA MASON WRIGHT, NEWARK, N. J.,

Only child of Gov. S. T. Mason.

RESPONSE BY MISS EMILY V. MASON.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Members of the Pioneer and Historical Society: I am so old that you will hardly expect me to say anything at great length. With all my heart I thank you all, in the name of my family, my niece and myself, for your kind words and the kind things you have said of my brother. I shall never forget the honor and pleasure I have had in this visit, and I hope I shall yet live to come back again. I will talk no longer, because I want to shake hands with my old friends and neighbors here.

RESPONSE BY MRS. DOROTHEA WRIGHT.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Members of the Pioneer Society: I thank you for the honor you have done us to make us members of your distinguished society. We want, especially to thank the mayor of your city and the common council, Governor Warner, and all those who have given us such a warm welcome. I used to think that southern hospitality was the greatest hospitality in the world, but I have changed my mind. And I want to thank you, Mr. President of the society for your clear-cut sketch of my father, and all of you who have been so courteous and kind, and who made it possible for us to have the opportunity to be here; also Hon. Daniel McCoy as one of the commissioners. And I should like to thank Mr. Burton for his beautiful and touching tribute to my father. Michigan has proved by this warm reception to us and the kindly things said of my father that the old adage that Republics are ungrateful, is not true.

As a member of the Historical Society of New Jersey I want to convey to you the best wishes of the New Jersey society. New Jersey has a great deal of love for Michigan.

The president said:

The remains of Governor Mason were brought to Detroit on Sunday and were interred in what we know as Capitol Square—the little triangular piece of ground on which the capitol used to stand, and it is our intention to erect over his remains a monument.

The president then announced that Miss Mason would meet the members of the society in the governor's parlors and the meeting adjourned at 4:30 Wednesday afternoon to give those who wished to meet her an opportunity to do so. The next session was announced to be held at

the Plymouth Congregational church, the Representative Hall being still occupied.

WEDNESDAY EVENING SESSION.

Plymouth Congregational Church.

Meeting was called to order at 7:30 by the president. The program began with music, a vocal duet by the Misses Ryan, "The Italian Fisherman's Song."

The next paper on the program was "The Early Fur Trade in North America," by Rev. Meade C. Williams.

Mrs. Mary M. Hoyt of Kalamazoo then read a "Sketch of Rev. Leonard Slater, a Missionary to the Ottawas."

At the close of Mrs. Hoyt's paper she presented the society with a Bible printed in the Chippewa Indian language which had been used in the early days by the missionaries and translated largely by Rev. Slater.

The president said:

Mrs. Hoyt's paper is very interesting, and it seems to me that Mrs. Slater played quite an important part in events in those early days. We appreciate the gift of the Bible from Mrs. Hoyt, and I think the society will give Mrs. Hoyt a vote of thanks for the book.

Mrs. Hoyt then stated that the book was used in all the missions, and that it was sent by Miss Alice St. John.

A vote of thanks was then given for this interesting relic, and the secretary instructed to record it.

Mrs. Hoyt's reading was followed by a vocal solo by Mr. Claude Humphrey of Lansing. Mr. Humphrey received a hearty encore to which he responded.

President: It has been my privilege during the last few hours to look over old matters with Miss Mason and Mrs. Wright, and they have told me a good many things that I didn't know before; they have done so because of a certain incident that happened and they explained it. All of the older people who are here tonight know incidents of their lives that are of interest in themselves, and I think that if some one will start a five minute talk that it will be interesting.

Mr. Watkins, can you lead it?

REMARKS BY MR. WATKINS.

I don't believe you know what the president of this society has been doing within the last year. And he has done the work, not only excellently, but he has furnished us a leaf in history which has never been filled before. The first history of Michigan, you are all aware, when this society looked over the history, found that there were two missing links, and he has expended over $12,000 in the work of continuing this history in the Cadillac papers. Perhaps he wouldn't have called on me if he had known what I was going to say.

Mr. Burton: I think if I had known what Mr. Watkins was going to say I should have hesitated before calling on him.

Mrs. Eaton, of Owosso, said:

I came here in 1833. There were very few neighbors. After a time my father was sent to the first legislature. I lived in the southern part of the State in Blissfield.

Mr. L. S. Russell said:

In response to your request I will name some incidents. On the 9th day of May, 1832, I took up my residence in Michigan at Little Prairie Ronde. That incident was the most important in my life. It was the day I was born. In 1828 my father came from Ohio to Cass county, Michigan, and during the winter of 1829 came to little Prairie Ronde in Van Buren county. In March, 1829, they moved into a little log cabin, the first one constructed in Van Buren county. In 1830 the first birth occurred in that county. In December, 1830, the first death occurred, and in 1832 the second birth, on the 11th day of May, was myself; so you will pardon me for speaking of myself. This is a good deal like a Methodist meeting where they give in their experiences. While I didn't participate in the very earliest affairs in our county, yet I am familiar with most all of the incidents that occurred. I recollect well about the old log cabin that we occupied and the old log school house and its benches. It is pleasant to compare the then and the now and see the difference which existed. I didn't have the opportunities then that young people have now. I had to get my education as I could pick it up, mainly from district schools. In the early days the schoolmaster would go around and get a subscription; each family would subscribe for his scholars and pay pro rata. But those days are all past. The old log cabin answered as a shelter for the weary traveler

on his way from Niles to Grand Rapids, and many a traveler has come there and lodged on the floor before the old fireplace. The old floor was made of split timbers, not a nail in the door,—all put together with wooden pins. Many a time weary travelers would stop there, and one was a Methodist preacher, many of you know of him, and especially Mrs. Hoyt. Elder Sprague preached the first sermon in that old log house in Van Buren county, and many times after that services were held there. My father had a log barn constructed, and in the center was a large floor which we used for threshing, and that barn was fitted up for meetings, and many a two-day's service would be held there. One noted preacher by the name of McCool used to delight in telling anecdotes on the Campbellites. One of them was a story of a meeting they were holding in Indiana, and quite a number of the converts were to be baptized, among them an old colored man and his wife, and they repaired to the stream to immerse them, which was very muddy; the old man was baptized and when he came out he was very meek; then they took his wife and soused her under and she came out shouting and said she had seen Jesus, and the old darkey came up and said, "Hush, hush, there won't anybody believe you. I saw the same thing and it was terrapin."

Mr. Porter, of Lansing, said:

I know Mrs. Hoyt very well. I remember her when she was married. I have known her more or less ever since. My grandfather and my father came to Richland in 1830 and lived in a log house. Emigrated from the State of New York in 1832 and took a boat from Buffalo to Detroit, horses, covered wagon and all the furniture we could bring with us. Detroit then had about 4,000 inhabitants and the old fort was still there. I was then eleven years old. So you can guess how old I am. We moved from Detroit through to Richland in a covered wagon. Saw only one bridge on our trip through and that was at Ann Arbor. There was no settlement there except at the mills; at Ypsilanti nothing but a log house and that used for a hotel and dwelling house, and the same at Marshall. We reached Richland in the spring of 1832 going direct to my grandfather's and lived there until 1833. I lived there from that time until I came to Lansing in 1866.

I more particularly wanted to say that the paper read by Mrs. Hoyt interested me very much. I knew Mr. Slater and his family very well. He often preached at Richland, frequently coming to Kalamazoo, riding on his horse "Jack," with portmanteau saddle-bags carrying his

provision and clothing. I lost track of him during the war. I have seen something of Michigan, but as I look back over the eighty years of my life I can see that most of the improvements have been made during my lifetime. Almost everything that we have today I can remember having seen grow up in our county; telegraphs, telephones, steam. I knew Stevens Mason. I saw him at Kalamazoo.

I might relate an amusing incident in connection with Mr. Hoyt. It was when I was keeping hotel, and in those days oysters were very dear, and considerable of a luxury. One day Mr. Hoyt and Mr. Henry Gale came in and said that they had made a bet and wanted an oyster supper on it, and when they learned the result of the bet they would pay for the oysters. So I served them, and it ran along for some time, and neither came into pay for them, and at last I sent Mr. Hoyt a bill for the oyster supper. He called and said that according to the arrangement they couldn't pay it yet; that he had bet that when the Washington monument fell it would fall toward the north, and that Mr. Gale bet it would fall toward the south, and since it had not fallen the bet was not due, and they had quite a laugh at my expense.

J. N. Bush, of Lansing:

Mr. Chairman, I am interested in all of these papers and this talk. I am always interested in reminiscences of the past; the log cabin has been mentioned here; its utility and influence has been touched upon. I apprehend the log cabin stood very much in the same position in the early history of this State as in the early history of other States. It was the home, and fostered the strongest and best feelings of human nature. It was the home of social and religious life, it was the sheltering place in the hour of storm and hardship, struggle and pain and sorrows and joys. It was all this to the early settlers. But like many other things, it stood for more to the people of the future than it did to the people of that generation. These sheltering places of the early pioneers, scattered promiscuously up and down this State was the gathering of principles and ideals that constitute the foundation of society in the State of Michigan. The school-teacher, the minister, the lawyer and the doctor came after the log house had been built; after its inmates had hewn a pathway through the forest. Scattered as these settlers were, there sprung up throughout the length and breadth of Michigan, this immense civil and political development that has made Michigan what it is today, one of the grandest States in the Union, noted for its educational and religious facilities. The log house was the foundation, and the home culture and the home influence that went

out from these rude sheltering places of the early settlers has made its mark in the churches and institutions we have today. It is the work of the great mass of ordinary people who occupied these humble dwellings, and today the people are realizing the great work that was performed in the log house. The log cabin has been an important feature in the building up of the institutions of this State.

There are some other things I might mention. My father was living near the banks of the Huron river in 1827 when a band of Indians under the leadership of a celebrated Black Hawk chief stopped at the village with his band of braves on their way to Detroit. They went through one of their war dances on the common. It was a wild, weird scene, in the gloaming, and was a source of enjoyment and entertainment to the villagers. After the performance had ceased one of the citizens brought out a decanter of liquor as a method of showing an appreciation of the entertainment and proposed to treat the Indians. Black Hawk's countenance darkened, and he uttered a few words in the Indian language, and each and every one refused to touch the liquor or take a drop. Black Hawk well knew the nature of his warriors and he knew that in the war dance the Indians had been wrought up to the last degree, and that a glass of liquor would be fatal to their orderly conduct, and with the authority of a true king, he uttered his command and he was obeyed.

Another time a band of Indians was passing my father's house just in the evening gloaming of an October sunset. The party passed on, but an old Indian turned and took the path to the house, walked in, cool, composed, deliberate, six feet tall, straight as a pine of the forest, his eyes coal-black, and his long, black hair hanging on his shoulders, with a head dress of feathers, clad in blanket and moccasins, and took a chair and sat down in front of the fireplace, with all the self-possession and dignity of a born monarch. He had a handsome noble figure and I can see him now as I saw him at that time. He never uttered a word as he sat there before the fire, silent, majestic—until my mother called me aside and said that I had better go to my uncle's and ask him to come down. We were not alarmed, but my father was not at home, and my uncle came and by a few words and signs intimated to him that he had better pass on. He walked out of the house, silent, as he had entered, and took his course, and we learned that this was a Potawatomie chief and he was waiting until his tribe had prepared their camp for the night, and he saw the opportunity for a good rest by a fire while his camp was preparing when he could go and enjoy the re-

sult of their labor. And there are many other incidents that I might relate but I will not take the time.

I believe these meetings should be more largely on personal lines. The papers are excellent, and I have been glad to listen to them, but I think they should be interspersed with a larger portion of personal reminiscences of those who passed through the scenes of the earlier days. My father landed in Detroit seventy-nine years ago, and it seems to me that these memories of the past, and these experiences become hallowed and sacred as the years pass on. I commend the work which this organization is doing, and I thank you for your attention.

Another gentleman, whose name was not announced, spoke as follows:

I am not a member of the society. I came to Michigan fifty-five years ago at the age of eleven years, so I am not an early pioneer, but could tell you some reminiscences. Mentioning Van Buren county makes me think of it. The president of the First National bank of Paw Paw had settled there, and his family wanted some pork. The old gentleman had succeeded in getting three hogs, but he wanted to keep them, and business took him from home, and the mother and boy made up their minds they would have some pork, and they got the hog killed and got it into the barrel of hot water, and couldn't get it out. The mother said, "Horace, you bring the horse up and hitch onto it and we will draw it out that way." But some hot water splashed on the horse and it ran away, dragging the hog around after it. When the father got back and they told the story it was so ridiculous that he let them off easily for killing the hog.

There was a man by the name of Robinson who was a little on the trading order, and he had a boat, and traded around with the Indians, and especially about the time the Indians received their annuity from the government. He had quite a traffic in whiskey; he put it up in gallon jugs and sold it out to them. One time an Indian bought a jug of whiskey and handed him what he supposed was five dollars, and he handed back the Indian $2.50, but when he looked at his piece he found it was a two-cent piece. He had been thinking to fool the Indian, but the Indian had fooled him.

The five minute talks closed at this point and Hon. James A. Case, of Alpena, read a very pretty story about Indian Jim.

He made a few remarks before reading his paper, as follows:

Mr. Chairman, and Members of the Pioneer Society, Ladies and Gentlemen: I think we do not lack for interesting subjects; the one

I shall read is one of sweet Christian charity. I am pleased with this meeting of the pioneer society. It pleased me to look over the audience and see so many of the early settlers. I thought I was an old man, but I find many who were school boys going to school while I was an infant in my mother's arms. Thirty years ago we formed a pioneer society in Alpena and had quite a membership, but it has passed out of existence and is forgotten. In looking over some old papers I came across this. "Alpena Pioneer Society; April 26, 1856," with twelve names including my own as corresponding secretary, and of those twelve I am the only man living.

Hon. Dwight Goss, of Grand Rapids, then read a very interesting sketch of the bench and bar of Kent county.

This concluded the program for the evening and the meeting was adjourned at 10:30, next session to be held in Representative Hall, Thursday morning at 9:30.

THURSDAY MORNING.

Meeting was called to order by the president at 9:30.

Music by Industrial School boys.

President then announced that in order to elect the officers for the ensuing year a committee on nominations would be appointed.

This committee was as follows:

L. D. Watkins, Manchester; Hon. Edward Cahill, Lansing; Hon. H. R. Pattengill, Lansing; Mrs. Mary C. Spencer, Lansing; G. W. Howe, Port Huron; Hon. Joseph Greusel, Detroit.

President: I think now if we can have Col. Schneider's history of "Michigan, my Michigan," it will be appreciated.

The Industrial School boys then sang "Michigan, My Michigan," and afterward Col. Frederick Schneider read a paper giving the history of this song.

At the conclusion of the paper Col. Schneider read a letter from the author of this song in reply to his invitation to her to be present.

Hon. Charles W. Garfield, of Grand Rapids, then spoke upon the subject of forestry.

Mr. Garfield's speech was received with hearty applause.

President: I want to read a page from the old French documents that Mr. Garfield referred to, showing the condition of the State of Michigan when the French first came here. These were printed in our last volume. When the French people first came here they went up the Ottawa river, and to Georgian bay, and a more barren and bleak

country does not exist. I passed over it a year ago, and for miles and miles you see nothing but rocks. No verdure whatever, nothing but rocks and water and I don't wonder when they got to Detroit they thought they had struck Paradise. Within three months after the settlement was formed, this was written. See Vol. 33, pp. 111, 112, 131-151.

That is Michigan two hundred years ago.

Music by Industrial School boys.

Following this was an interesting paper by Mrs. Julia Towner, of Byron Center, "My Mother's Girlhood."

President then announced that there was time for a few five-minute talks.

Rev. Riley C. Crawford, aged eighty-eight years and four months, then took the platform and spoke as follows:

I was in Detroit a few weeks ago and called on our president and had a little chat with him and in the course of the remarks made I told him that Detroit had grown a little since I first saw it eighty years ago. He asked me if I had been in Michigan eighty years, and I told him eighty years ago last March we came across from Canada in a scow not that we were Canadians; we lived in Canada six years, and then came to Michigan.

Mrs. Pierce then related a story of early life in Michigan as follows:

My father and mother married and settled at Plymouth, not far from Detroit. When I was about fourteen or fifteen I went to Livingston, New York, to spend the winter. Two young men were staying in the family, and there was to be a game of baseball at Hemlock lake, three miles away. It was a beautiful October afternoon, but later a wind came up and I was not properly clothed and became cold, and my aunt requested me to go to a neighboring farmhouse and tell them I would like to come in until the game was finished. The lady began conversation with me and asked me where I lived; I told her in Michigan, and after some hesitancy she said she had made it a practice whenever she met any one from Michigan to ask a question, but she said she would preface her question by a bit of history. She went on to say that at an early day a brother of hers had married a sweet young girl and gone to Michigan and with them the widowed mother and two sisters of the wife, and after about six years the brother had died and left this young wife with two little boys, and these little boys were adopted by one of these sisters, and at the time the mother died these sisters wrote a letter, but in all these years they had lost track of them. My

brother's name was Carvel, and he married Polly Wood. And I said, your brother married my mother's sister. I had heard the story repeated, and these two boys were brought up with my own brother and they lived in our family until they were eighteen or twenty. This seemed such a connecting link, and such a touching incident of those early days. I would like to say that four of these young men comprise the Michigan Engraving Company, and the other one lives in New York City. My father and mother lived in Plymouth and my father went to Grand Rapids one spring, and my mother took the horse and carriage and drove from Plymouth to Grand Rapids to join him, and it was always so interesting to hear her tell of the experiences of that trip and how glad she was to reach her journey's end.

The president then called attention of the members to the publications of the Pioneer and Historical Society and urged members to see to it that each school library was supplied.

Prof. Pattengill then read some letters from many members and others who had found it unable to be present. These letters all contained words of encouragement and appreciation of the work that was being done by the society.

Mr. Pattengill urged that more interest be taken in the history of the State, and that school teachers especially should pay more attention to it than they do. That children should be taught the use of these books, and that no one knew how great a historian would be made of some child in the days to come by teaching him to hunt up some data in these publications.

Mrs. Marion Turner, of Lansing, aged eighty-four, then spoke as follows:

I am a member of this society and have never missed a meeting since I joined. I have seen the growth of Lansing and I feel very grateful indeed that I am able to be with you. My father after looking through Michigan and Ohio made up his mind that Michigan was the place to settle. So he took up five eighties in Clinton and we moved into a log house in 1836, he bringing three hired men to fell the trees, and in 1837 he built a bridge across Looking Glass river. We had no bridges across our rivers then and he built the first one. We had no mills; the planks were made out of hewn trees; I have seen a good many floors built in the same way. I hope this society will make progress and keep on for years to come.

Kirk Noyes:

There have been some mistakes made here about Stevens T. Mason.

It has been said that he was appointed governor of Michigan Territory, while you and I know better. He never was appointed governor of Michigan Territory. The law was that on the death, absence or inability of the secretary, his assistant could be acting governor and that is the way that Stevens T. Mason was governor of Michigan Territory.

President: I would say that Stevens T. Mason came here appointed by General Jackson, but immediately upon his being appointed to that office Governor Cass resigned and there was no successor until Governor Porter was appointed. Mr. Porter died of cholera in 1834. One other mistake that occurred in the program was in regard to his birth. I obtained the correct date yesterday from his sister. He was born October 27, 1811.

Now I would like to have Mrs. Ernsberger come forward and say a few words.

Mrs. Ernsberger recited the following poem, which her mother for many years sang at the Oakland county pioneer meetings:

This wilderness was our abode
Some fifty years ago;
And when good meat we wished to eat
We shot the buck or doe.
For fish we used our hook and line,
We pounded corn to make it fine,
On Johnny-cake our ladies dined
In this new country.

Our occupation was to make
This lofty forest bow,
And with axes good, we chopped our wood
For well we all knew how.
We cleared our land for rye and wheat,
For strangers and ourselves to eat,
From a maple tree we drew our sweet
In this new country.

Our paths were through the winding woods
Where oft the savage trod,
They were not wide, nor a safe guide,
But all the roads we had.

Our houses they were logs of wood,
Built up in squares and corked with mud,
If the bark was tight the roof was good
In this new country.

The Indians sometimes made us fear
That there were dangers nigh,
And the shaggy bear was ofttimes seen
When the pig was in his sty.
The rattle-snakes, our children's dread,
And ofttimes frightened, mother said,
"Some beast of prey may steal my babe,"
In this new country.

We lived in social harmony
And drank the sparkling stream.
No doctor there, no lawyer there
Was scarcely to be seen.
Our health it needed no repairs,
No pious man forgot his prayers,
For who would fee a lawyer there
In this new country.

Of deer skins we made moccasins
To wear upon our feet;
And the checked shirt was thought no hurt
Good company to keep.
And if we wished to take a ride
On winter's day or winter's night,
Our oxen drew our lady's sleigh
In this new country.

The little thorns our apples were,
When mandrakes they were gone,
And the sour grapes we used to take
When frosty days came on.
For wintergreens our girls did stray
For butternuts boys climbed the trees
And the sassafras was our ladies' tea
In this new country.

My father, Luke Phillips, came to the township of Pontiac, Oakland county, in 1828.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Meeting called to order at 2:30, Mr. Burton presiding.

Meeting opened with a song by Mr. William Lavin, Detroit. He was heartily encored and responded.

Next followed a paper by Judge C. P. Black, "Legal Reminiscences of Forty Years."

Judge Black's paper was followed by one written by Mrs. M. A. Childs and read by Representative Galbraith, of Calumet, Mrs. Childs not being present, "Recollections of Old Keweenaw."

Music by Mr. Lavin, "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby" and "Love's Sorrow."

Mr. Lavin responded to an encore.

Mrs. Josephine Elmer, of Monroe, then read a paper on the "Anniversary of the Massacre at the River Raisin."

And next was a paper by Mrs. E. M. Schettler, Muskegon, "Really Truly Indian Stories."

The committee on nominations then made their report as follows:

President, Clarence M. Burton, Detroit.

Secretary, Henry R. Pattengill, Lansing.

Treasurer, Benjamin F. Davis, Lansing.

Daniel McCoy of Grand Rapids, Mrs. Mary C. Spencer of Lansing and George H. Cannon of Washington were appointed to act as an executive committee.

Committee of historians: L. D. Watkins, Manchester; Judge Edward Cahill, Lansing; Junius E. Beal, Ann Arbor; E. W. Barber, Jackson; Peter White, Marquette.

Report was accepted and adopted.

Music by Mr. Lavin, "Then You'll Remember Me." Mr. Lavin was again encored and responded pleasantly.

Meeting adjourned until 7:30 Thursday evening.

THURSDAY EVENING SESSION.

President called meeting to order at 7:45.

Music, Mr. Lavin, "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mr. Lavin's singing was thoroughly appreciated and he again received a hearty encore to which he responded.

Mrs. Wright and her aunt had returned from their trip to the county seat, Mason, which was named for Governor Mason, and were present at the evening session.

When Miss Mason and Mrs. Wright entered and passed to their seats, a reverent silence pervaded the audience, and Mr. Lavin, at the request of Miss Mason came back and gave another song.

President: We have with us tonight the sister and daughter and some other members of the family of Michigan's first governor. The greeting was to have been made by Governor Warner, but a slight indisposition prevents him being present. Judge R. M. Montgomery has consented to act in his stead.

Judge Montgomery: You will all feel disappointed that an indisposition, fortunately not severe, but sufficiently serious to make his appearance impossible, compels Governor Warner to delegate the pleasing duty of extending a greeting on behalf of the State to the representatives of Michigan's first and youngest governor. I accept this service with pleasure, and with a greater pleasure because I am not in doubt as to what to say on your behalf. My only concern is that I may not clothe in fitting words what is in every one's thought here tonight.

I forbear to dwell upon the debt of gratitude we owe to Governor Mason only for the reason that that duty has been entrusted to another. I can only say that the incidents of the last fortnight have served to reawaken our interest in and gratitude for this life, and too short in years, but of full span when measured by its glorious achievements. And to you, Miss Mason, and Mrs. Wright, who are by ties of blood and family so distinctly the representatives of our boy governor, and who have so generously and at such inconvenience taken this long journey to the State of his adoption and to which he was so devoted, I, on behalf of the chief executive of this State, and on behalf of this great commonwealth, extend to you most cordial greeting. You may carry with you as you go to your distant homes the assurance that your attendance here on this occasion will bear abundant fruit in increased civic pride and increased devotion to patriotic duty.

Hon. David E. Heineman, of Detroit, then gave a sketch of Stevens T. Mason and his portrait.

Miss Mason was then presented with a large box of flowers sent by George E. Turner, Commandant of the Grand Rapids Soldiers' Home, a tribute from the Blue to the Gray. She looked at them long and tenderly and no one knew what memories they reawakened of those sad days so long ago.

Mr. Lavin then sang Moore's beautiful song, "The Last Rose of Summer," and was enthusiastically encored and responded.

Afterward Hon. Lawton T. Hemans spoke on the boyhood of Governor Mason.

Hon. Charles Moore, of Detroit, then read from the autobiography of Miss Mason. Mr. Moore said:

I feel that I owe to Miss Mason an apology for appearing with her words. An explanation might be better. Several years ago in Washington she entrusted to me a manuscript written in her own clear elegant handwriting, relating her experiences in her early life in Michigan. It was confided to me that it might be given in due time to you, and when Mrs. Spencer told me that a paper would be acceptable at this meeting, I found this manuscript, and it gives me pleasure and satisfaction to contribute something of hers.

She has entitled this paper "Chapters from the Autobiography of an Octogenarian." The dates are 1830 to 1850.

Mr. Lavin then sang another selection and was called back by the audience once more. Afterward the president stated that it had been the habit to close each meeting by singing "Auld Lang Syne." This was sung and then Rev. William Putnam, of Lansing, pronounced the benediction:

Almighty God, we give thanks unto Thee for having spared so long these old pioneers of Michigan. May they enjoy life better than ever before. Watch over them, and enable them to come again. And may the blessing of God, the Father, Son and Spirit be with you all, Amen.

Adjourned at 10:30.

REMOVAL OF GOVERNOR MASON'S REMAINS.

BY LAWTON T. HEMANS.[1]

Stevens Thomson Mason, the first Governor of Michigan, died in the city of New York, January 4th, 1843, and the body was interred in the vault of his father-in-law, Thaddeus Phelps, in what was known as the Marble Cemetery, located in the block bounded by the Bowery and Second avenue and Second and Third streets.

For many years the surviving sister of the deceased, Miss Emily V. Mason of Washington, had entertained a desire that the mortal remains should be removed to Michigan soil. This desire was conveyed to the authorities of the State, and the State legislature of 1891, by Concurrent Resolution (Public Acts 1891, Page 329), made provision for the transfer of the body to the grounds of the State Capitol at Lansing. A change in the administration of State affairs, in 1893, distracted attention from the project and nothing resulted from the legislative action. In the winter of 1904-05, Mr. Hugo A. Gilmartin, while representing the "Detroit Free Press" in the city of Washington, met and became acquainted with Miss Emily V. Mason, then in her ninety-first year. He learned of the desire of the surviving relatives of Governor Mason that his body be removed from its resting place in New York, and through Mr. Gilmartin and Mr. Lawton T. Hemans, of Mason, Michigan, who had done some work of a biographical nature on the life of the Boy Governor, the matter was brought to the attention of the Michigan authorities. The legislature then in session, as soon as apprised of the willingness of the relatives that the body should be removed, unanimously provided for the removal (Concurrent Resolution No. 1, Public Acts 1905). In pursuance of the authority given by the resolution, Hon. Fred M. Warner, Governor of the State, appointed the Hons. Daniel McCoy, of Grand Rapids; Arthur Holmes, of Detroit, and Lawton T. Hemans, of Mason, as commissioners to carry the reso-

[1]Lawton T. Hemans, representative from Ingham county in 1903, was born in Collamer, Onondaga county, New York, November 4, 1864. In 1868 he came with his parents to Michigan, locating on a farm near Mason, removing later to a large farm in the township of Onondaga. His education was obtained in the district schools and Eaton Rapids high school, from which he graduated in 1884. He taught school and worked on the farm until he obtained means to enter the law department of the University of Michigan in 1889, having previously read law in the office of Huntington and Henderson of Mason, which business he afterwards purchased and has successfully continued. Mr. Hemans is married and has held various offices in his county, being elected mayor of the city of Mason in 1892 and again in 1899. He is also the author of Hammond's School History of Michigan.

TOMB OF GOV. STEVENS T. MASON, MARBLE CEMETERY, NEW YORK CITY.

GOV. STEVENS T. MASON'S GRAVE, MARBLE CEMETERY, NEW YORK CITY.

Daniel McCoy, Lawton T. Hemans, Arthur Holmes, committee on removal.

lution into effect. Repairing to New York city they, with the assistance of Mr. Edward H. Wright, Jr., of Newark, N. J., a grandson of Governor Mason, had the body disinterred. The identity of the remains was clearly established by a silver plate on the casket, which bore the inscription, "S. T. Mason Died Jan. 4th, 1843."

This commission accompanied, at the special invitation of the State of Michigan, by Miss Emily V. Mason, of Washington, D. C., the sister; Mrs. Dorothea Wright, of Newark, N. J., the daughter; Edward H. Wright, Jr., the grandson, and Stevens T. Mason, of Baltimore, Md., a grand nephew, then acted as escort to the remains on the journey to Michigan, arriving at Detroit Sunday morning, June 4, 1905.

At once, upon action being taken by the State authorities, Hon. George P. Codd, Mayor of Detroit, sent a special message to the common council of that city, calling attention to the action of the State Legislature, and the common council took appropriate action providing for the interment of the remains in Capitol Park. When the work was executed and the grave excavated, it was found to be in the very foundation of the Territorial and first State Capitol building, a fitting resting place for the ashes of the State's first governor.

The Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society extended an invitation to the Mason family to attend its annual meeting, June 6 and 7. This was accepted and a memorial service arranged for Thursday evening. The common council of the city of Lansing passed a resolution of welcome to the State's guests, and an informal reception in their honor, by the legislature, was held in the house of representatives.

On June 7th the Mason party, at the request of the common council of the city of Mason, paid a visit to the city named in honor of the first Governor, where they were entertained at the home of Mr. L. T. Hemans, and cordially welcomed by the leading citizens of the place.

REINTERMENT OF GOV. STEVENS T. MASON.

The "Detroit Free Press" and "Detroit Tribune" give the following report of the obsequies at Detroit, June 4, 1905:

Detroit, which was in a very real sense the first, last and greatest joy of Stevens Thomson Mason, has, after the lapse of more than six decades, received the mortal remains of the man who left her only to mourn in that he was separated from the scene of his trials and his many triumphs.

Today the casket containing the remains of Michigan's first Governor lies beneath the foundation walls of the building which saw the greater

portion of those victories—the old State Capitol. Both the man and the structure are crumbled into dust, but neither are forgotten, and their influence is still felt in the every day life of Michigan.

From the depot to the Light Guard armory, from the armory to the stone-lined grave in Capitol Square park was but a few steps, nevertheless the hearse that bore the remains of Gov. Mason through the streets that afford passage between these points, traversed that which was not only the heart but the greater portion of Detroit in the days which saw the beginning of things as the people today know them.

"It was a remarkable thing about Gov. Mason that he was as popular when he died as when he was first elected governor."

These were the words of C. M. Burton as he looked upon yesterday's solemn pageant, and if there were many who had never before heard the name of Stevens Thomson Mason, there was also a goodly company that paid real reverence to the remains of the man who was the leader of their forefathers.

The Michigan Central train that bore the remains of Gov. Mason from New York to Detroit arrived in this city about 9:15 yesterday morning—and, here may be noted a significant fact, that it was Gov. Mason who did more than any other one man to procure for the road which brought back his ashes, its first charter.

MET BY GUARD.

The party of relatives, with its precious charge, was met at the depot by Company "A," of the Detroit Light Guard, as representatives of a body of which the dead man was once a member, by a platoon of police under command of Sergt. Jacques, and by Gov. Warner and his staff and Mayor George P. Codd.

The military and the police acted as an immediate escort for the remains, six members of the "Broadway squad," Patrolman F. J. Clark, James J. McCarthy, Thomas J. Reardon, Peter McHugh, F. J. Stahl and Julius Kling, serving in the capacity of active pallbearers.

It was the intent of those in charge to have the casket removed from the outer oak box in which the coffin was shipped, but it was found that handles were absent from the casket, and it could not, in consequence, be lifted from its covering.

As the casket was taken from the train, a national flag was thrown over it, and this was, in its turn, half hidden under a wealth of ascension lilies and smilax.

BORNE FROM STATION.

The casket was borne out of the station between long lines of spectators and was placed in a hearse and immediately carried out Jefferson avenue to the Light Guard armory.

In the meantime, the Governor and his staff, the mayor and the members of the local committee had met the party from New York, consisting of relatives of Gov. Mason, and these two parties followed the remains to the armory, after which they breakfasted together at the Russell house.

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In this company were Emily V. Mason, sister of Gov. Mason; Mrs. Dorothea Mason Wright, of Newark, N. J., daughter of Gov. Mason; Ed. H. Wright and Capt. William Mason Wright, grandsons; William Mason Wright, Jr., great-grandson; Stevens T. Mason, a grand nephew; Hon. Daniel McCoy, of Grand Rapids; Col. Arthur L. Holmes, of Detroit, and Lawton T. Hemans, of Mason, of the Gov. Mason commission; Gov. Warner, Mayor Codd, Miss Carrie Godfroy, of Detroit; Miss Kittie Barnard, of Detroit, and Ald. D. E. Heineman, chairman of the local committee.

From the time of the arrival of the remains in the armory until they were removed to their last resting place, strict military guard was maintained by the members of the Detroit Light Guard. The casket, still covered with the banner and flowers, rested upon a catafalque of purple, which stood just below the big platform. Surrounding it on all sides rose a mass of palms, evergreens and smaller plants, while above it a canopy of black emphasized the idea of mourning. A huge national flag served as a general background.

Such was the scene that greeted the 2,000 or more persons who entered the hall between 1 and 2:20 p. m. At the close of that period a burst of military music of peculiar solemnity announced to the people that the services were about to open.

HEAD OF PROCESSION.

The procession was headed by Mayor Codd, who first of all escorted Miss Emily V. Mason, the aged sister of Gov. Mason, to the platform. In spite of her very advanced years, Miss Mason walked with a firm step, in which was visible the joy of accomplishment, for it has been her lifelong dream to see the body of her distinguished brother placed to rest within the State over which he ruled.

Following Miss Mason and the mayor came the other members of the

family and their friends, then Gov. Warner, Senator R. A. Alger, former Gov. Rich, D. M. Ferry, Gen. Henry R. Mizner, Maj. Arthur P. Loomis, Gen. McGurrin, Col. Bates and Gen. Kidd and representatives of the State Legislature.

The services were opened by a short prayer from the lips of Rev. Dr. D. M. Cooper, pastor emeritus of the Memorial Presbyterian church. There was considerable of thanksgiving in the petition, chiefly for the good wrought by the man whose remains lay before the assembled company.

MAYOR'S OPENING ADDRESS.

"In all those few years of life that were given to Gov. Mason after he left the State of Michigan he had one earnest desire—to return to that State which had so honored him, and which he had so honored," said Mayor Codd, in opening the service. "Fate, however, decreed otherwise and this is his first home-coming since leaving Michigan shortly after the expiration of his governorship."

GOV. WARNER SPOKE.

At the close of this brief talk, the presiding officer of the occasion. Gov. Warner, told in an eloquent manner of the many praiseworthy qualities of former Gov. Mason, referring to him as one of the men to whom the State of Michigan owes its splendid foundation.

"He was a man of character," said Gov. Warner. "He was a man possessing great mental strength, great virtue and unusual geniality. He stood for right and had the courage to express his convictions, no matter what forces opposed him. Stevens Thompson Mason was a statesman of the highest type.

"I believe Michigan is doing herself a great honor is providing for an occasion of this sort," said his excellency. "For in this manner, the ancient patriotism is instilled into the minds of our children.

"Our first Governor had to begin with the fundamentals. There was no public school system, practically no railroads; things were in their beginning, and if Michigan has prospered it is because of the foundations laid by her first Governor. The State has done well; it has done its simple duty in bringing the ashes of Gov. Mason home."

C. M. BURTON'S ADDRESS.

President Burton, of the State Pioneer and Historical Society, delivered the principal address. He told of the public life of Mason and what the latter has accomplished, saying in part:

"We are here to pay tribute to the memory of one of the men who made our State; whose hand and brain guided our territory through its last years, and who helped to lay the solid foundation of the commonwealth over which he was the first to preside.

"He was the last acting Governor of a territory nearly as large as the combined areas of the thirteen colonies, and his power was as great as that confided to any man in this country.

"His sway extended over more than 250,000 square miles of land, and the territory under his management as Governor reached from the Detroit river on the east to the Missouri river on the west, comprising the present States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa.

HIS VAST TERRITORY.

"Over this vast empire he was chosen to preside as acting Governor before he had reached his twenty-first birthday. He was elected Governor of the State at the age of twenty-four years.

"In person he was of a slender, flexible and elegant figure, with small, aristocratic hands and feet. His face was full, his forehead was not high, but rather broad, and his brown, waving hair fell in rich clusters about his head.

"His blue eyes beamed brightly and were radiant with sympathy and geniality, but when aroused and animated showed their owner was a man of will, of courage and decision. His nose was prominent and with his well-shaped chin and jaw be-tokened force and determination.

"He was born, the son of John T. Mason, of Virginia, in 1812, but was educated in Kentucky, whither the elder Mason had removed while the son was still a lad.

A POLITICIAN'S SON.

"The father was a politician of considerable note and was appointed secretary of Michigan territory in 1830, succeeding Judge James Witherell. The elder Mason removed to Detroit immediately after his appointment, bringing with him his family of one son, Stevens, and four daughters, Emily, Catherine, Laura and Theodosia.

"Young Mason conducted the affairs of his father's office as clerk for nearly a year and thus became familiar with all the duties of secretary. His father subsequently resigned to accept a private commission, and Stevens was appointed by President Jackson to succeed him.

"The appointment of a minor was received with disfavor, and a mass meeting protesting was held, but a calm, dispassionate and temperate

reply made by young Mason served to allay the excitement to a large extent.

WON OVER OPPOSITION.

"In the end, the unchangeable appointment of President Jackson stood, for 'Old Hickory' never flinched in any contest, and it became the duty of the people to submit.

"Almost at the time of Mason's appointment as secretary, Gov. Lewis Cass accepted the portfolio of secretary of war. Thus the boy secretary became the governor of this territory, pursuant to the law.

"George B. Porter was appointed governor soon afterward. On the last day of the following October, 1831, Porter left Detroit and was absent for several months, leaving young Mason at the helm.

TIME OF GREAT THINGS.

"The council was occupied with much important work. Many bills were introduced: Among them were: The grant of the upper peninsula to the State of Michigan, the formation of the State of Michigan, the abolition of imprisonment for debt, incorporation of the Lake Michigan Steamship Company, the enlargement of the city of Detroit, location of territorial roads to Chicago and Grand Rapids, prohibition of the sale of lottery tickets, establishment of State banks, establishment of common schools in Detroit, and the incorporation of the Detroit & St. Joseph Railroad Company, now the Michigan Central.

"By this time the people had learned to repose as much confidence in 'the boy Governor,' as in the Governor himself.

BECAME GOVERNOR.

"In 1834 cholera visited Michigan, and among other prominent men who succumbed was Gov. Porter. From that time on, during the remainder of his life in Detroit, Mason was Governor.

"The tide of immigration set in strongly in 1835 and the territory thrived wondrously, for wealth came with labor and population. Lake traffic increased, and it was estimated that during the summer months 1,000 strangers landed every day on the wharves of Detroit.

"What was commonly known as the Toledo war took place at about this time. It was a war without much bloodshed, and one that is frequently referred to with a smile of derision, but it resulted in greater gains to the State of Michigan than the wisest statesman of that day could foretell.

THE GREAT EXCHANGE.

"Michigan claimed its southerly line reached the western extremity of Lake Erie. Such a line would have included within the State limits the city of Toledo.

"Ohio disputed Michigan's claim, and under the leadership of Gov. Mason, Michigan resorted to arms, but congress finally settled the controversy, in lieu of this small tract, Michigan accepted the northern peninsula as now outlined.

"In this exchange Mason builded better than he knew, for it was the laying of the foundation of the immense lake traffic that we now have.

URGED SHIP CANAL.

"Mason advocated the construction of a ship canal around the falls of St. Mary's river and the granting of charters to railroads where the grant was made for public good. He also desired to connect the great lakes with a ship canal across Michigan.

"He asked that gold and silver be used as the circulating medium for money, and that the issue of paper money be curtailed as much as possible.

"In his message to the Legislature advocating the establishment of a common school to be free to all children and supported by public revenues, and, in further advocacy of a State university to be built on the broad lines that have made the institution one of the greatest in the world—an honor to the State and to the nation—he displayed his great foresight.

REMOVAL AND DEATH.

"Governor Mason remained in office until the close of 1839, when he went to New York city to take up the practice of law. A few years later he died from scarlet fever in that city.

"Separated for more than half a century from the land he loved so well, he has been returned to us today, and his ashes will repose on the spot where the greatest achievement of his life took place—the site of the first Capitol of a mighty State.

"Let there be erected above him a monument with suitable inscription, so that the present and future generations may truthfully say Republics are not always ungrateful."

The last stated speaker of the afternoon was Hon. Lawton T. Hemans,

of Mason, resident of a town which bears the name of the "boy Governor."

Mr. Hemans' talk was eulogistic and eloquent and he referred in a touching manner to a letter written by Gov. Mason to his sister a few weeks before his death, in which the writer expressed the hope that he might, in future, spend his summer vacations in this city.

Then followed what was probably the most touching incident of the whole day. Scarcely had Mr. Hemans taken his seat, when Rev. Dr. Cooper rose, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, asked permission to add his personal tribute.

DR. COOPER'S REMINISCENCE.

"I remember so well the day when I, as a lad, saw Gov. Mason descend from the capitol steps, clad in the white blanket which was the style of the day, a gold headed cane in his hand, and, altogether, the handsomest man, with perhaps one exception, that I have ever looked upon.

"Yet, just then, the impulse came upon me to insult him and, as he passed, I shouted out a taunt with reference to an increase in his salary.

"In fear of his big cane, I climbed up the capitol steps—I was brave enough not to run away—and the Governor turned and followed me. I was astonished when he walked up to me, put his arms around my neck and, for five minutes, gave me the sweetest, most fatherly talk imaginable. I cannot remember one word of what he said, but that impression has remained with me ever since, and I have never ceased to love the man and his memory."

The speaker's eyes were filled with tears and his emotion was reflected in the countenance of Miss Mason when he stepped to her side as she sat on the platform and shook hands with her, expressing his satisfaction at being able to bear so sweet a testimony to the lovableness of her dead brother.

DEPARTURE FROM ARMORY.

The First Regiment band played, "Come, Ye Disconsolate," the order to ground arms, followed by that to fall in, was given, and the "Broadway squad," consisting of the six giant policemen of the Detroit force, carried the remains of the first Governor to the hearse.

Following the remains came Miss Mason, sister of deceased, who, under the escort of Gov. Mason's grandson, William Mason Wright, and his great-grandson, William Mason Wright, Jr., stepped into her carriage, her way being lined by officers of the First Infantry.

Literally packed was Larned street with persons of every walk in life and a deathlike stillness prevailed as the venerable lady entered the carriage provided for her.

The cortege, which formed on Jefferson avenue, was made up in the following order:

THOSE IN COLUMN.

Mounted police, under Capt. Lemuel Guyman; police on foot from the First precinct, commanded by Capt. John T. Spillane; Chief Marshal George W. Fowle and staff; Gen. W. S. Green, chief of staff, and aids; John P. Kirk, of Ypsilanti, colonel of the First Infantry, and staff; First Regiment band; First Infantry; Michigan State Naval Brigade; the hearse; family in carriages; Gov. Fred M. Warner and staff, accompanied by United States Senator Russell A. Alger and Mayor George P. Codd; State commissioners; committees of the house of representatives; members of the common council and the board of estimates; members of the board of education.

The line of march was from Jefferson to Woodward avenue; up Woodward to Michigan avenue; on Michigan to Rowland street; on Rowland to Capitol Square.

Along the line of march thousands of persons covered the sidewalks and a remarkable crowd it was. Everybody seemed to appreciate the solemnity of the occasion, for hardly the sound of a voice was heard as the procession marched slowly to the place of interment, taking twenty minutes to go that short distance.

CITY HALL BELL TOLLED.

Meanwhile the bell on the city hall was tolled at intervals of one minute.

The procession presented an inspiring sight as it marched up Woodward avenue and past the city hall, headed by the mounted police. No cavalry that ever paraded the streets of Detroit presented a grander sight than did this handful of mounted policemen, with their well-trained and magnificent looking bays, led by Capt. Guyman on a jet black animal. Only the solemnity of the occasion kept the immense crowds from breaking out into applause.

As it was, the people simply looked on in admiration of the well-drilled men and their well-trained horses.

"MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN."

Upon the arrival of the remains at Capitol Square, the police on guard

over the last resting place of the first Governor, presented arms and the officers of the First Infantry lined up on either side of the path. Following the casket came the immediate relatives, the band meantime playing, "Michigan, My Michigan."

The venerable Miss Mason, with tears in her eyes, led the little great-grandson of the first Governor to a seat under the pavilion. The other relatives followed and then came the remainder of the distinguished party, including Gov. Warner, Mayor Codd, Hon. John T. Rich, Hon. Lawton T. Hemans and many others.

Simple were the services at the grave. As the body was slowly lowered into the earth, Rev. D. M. Cooper pronounced the benediction and the band played "Nearer, My God, to Thee." All this time the color-bearers held the flags of the Union and the State above the tomb—the silent flag salute.

Miss Mason and her little great grand-nephew cast flowers upon the casket as it slowly sank out of sight, the former retaining one rose from the bouquet, which she held back as a cherished souvenir of a moment which was, probably, the proudest of her life.

THREE VOLLEYS AND "TAPS."

Then followed the parting salute to the dead from the firing party, the bugle call, "taps," and the ceremony was over.

Capitol Square park was filled from one end to the other, and as the distinguished visitors moved away there was a general rush from all sides by curious persons who wanted to look down into the tomb. It was with considerable difficulty that the police kept them back, thus preventing, perhaps, serious accidents.

But still the crowd remained and it was fully three-quarters of an hour before Capitol Square resumed its normal condition.

As to the number of persons who turned out to honor the memory of Gov. Mason, suffice it to say that the street cars were taxed to their capacity and emptied their human freight by the carloads into Cadillac Square for two hours before the funeral cortege passed.

SOME OF THOSE IN PROCESSION.

Following is a list of some of the men in official capacity who marched in the funeral procession: Hon. Fred M. Warner, Governor of the State; Hon. George P. Codd, mayor of Detroit; ex-Gov. John T. Rich, Hon. Daniel McCoy of Grand Rapids; Col. Arthur L. Holmes and Hon. Lawton T. Hemans, of Mason, members of the Gov. Mason State com-

mission; Hon. Charles Smith, Hon. Orlando C. Moffatt and Hon. John D. McKay, committee of the State Senate; Hon. James S. Monroe, Hon. Junius E. Beal, Hon. Archibald F. Bunting, Hon. Martin Hanlon and Hon. David Stockdale, committee of the House of Representatives; Ald. David E. Heineman, Max C. Koch, George Ellis, Richard M. Watson and Louis E. Tossy, committee of the Detroit common council.

GOVERNOR LUCE.

BY HON. MILO D. CAMPBELL.[1]

On the 18th day of March, 1905, at his home in the city of Coldwater, Governor Luce died, a young man at the age of eighty years.

Young, because in spirit and intellect the youthful fires were brightly burning to the last.

Seldom does the chronicler and historian take up his pen to write, until high official honors or military glory have brought distinction.

We stand at the foot of the mountain and admiringly look up at its jutting crags and snow-capped peaks; but it seems to me that the best part of the mountain, after all, is its firm base and the fertile hills and valleys that stretch away at its foot.

The valleys are made rich because the old mountains have been washed and storm beaten in the long years that have gone before.

Cyrus G. Luce was born at Windsor, Ashtabula county, Ohio, July 2, 1824. He had God-fearing Christian parents. At twelve years of age, with his father's family he moved into the woods of Steuben county, Indiana, where all the privations of pioneer life were encountered. His first two winters of schooling were there passed in a schoolhouse built of tamarack poles. He afterward attended a small academy at Ontario for three years, where his school education was finished.

The balance of his time was spent in helping to clear the farm and in driving a freight team to Toledo, a distance of about one hundred miles.

[1] Milo D. Campbell, a representative from Branch county in 1885, was born at Quincy, Branch county, Michigan, on the 25th day of October, 1851. Is a graduate of the high school of Coldwater, Michigan, and of the State Normal school at Ypsilanti. At twenty-one years of age he was elected to the office of superintendent of schools of Branch county. He has also held the office of circuit court commissioner two terms. Studied law with Loveridge & Barlow, of Coldwater, Michigan, and was admitted to practice in 1877. Mr. Campbell was appointed private secretary to Governor Luce, January 1, 1887, and was made commissioner of insurance but is now collector of customs at Detroit.

When the older boys left home to work for themselves, it became his portion to remain with his father and mother and to help care for the younger children. Until twenty-four years of age he stayed at home, and among other duties looked after a little wool carding and cloth dressing mill his father had built by a little stream. Such mills are now only remembered by the few early pioneers who remain with us.

Early he had become inspired with the sentiment:

I live for those who love me
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me
And waits my coming, too,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

At the age of twenty-four he bought eighty acres of new land in Gilead township, Branch county, and from that time until he became governor of the State his residence and his labors were there. His farm was eighteen miles from Coldwater, the county seat, and ten miles from the nearest railway station.

There were his flocks and herds, there he saw his acres increase. There were his neighbors and, best of all, there came to him his children. There was his home, his heaven on earth.

About him he saw the church spires rise from the country wayside, the schoolhouse and grange hall not far away. He saw not only the soil of his farm grow fertile and productive, but he helped and saw what was yet better to him, his neighborhood and surrounding people grow rich in thought, in morals and in social improvement.

Henry W. Grady says that: "The germ of the truest patriotism is the love a man has for the home he inhabits, the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade and the hills that stand in his pathway—the love of home, deep rooted and abiding."

If today you were to go with me out to that country home, stop wherever you willed, inquire of any within his wide environs, you would hear but one sentiment: "He was worthy of every honor his countrymen ever bestowed upon him."

Forty years neighbors in the open country and men know each other. All true greatness must be builded from within or it will perish and die. Governor Luce, loved as he was by our people, as the chief execu-

tive of this great State, was no greater, better or braver there than when he was following his plow, when he was helping the poor and living the happy exemplary life he did in his rural home in Gilead. The glamour and apparel of office wrought no change in the character or manner of Governor Luce.

In life the true love, esteem and honor of one close friend who knows us best is worth that of a thousand whose friendship must be gained by favor. No man ever had richer or more abiding friendship at home than did Governor Luce.

When the Republican party first took its name under the sturdy oaks of Michigan, Cyrus G. Luce, with his brother Whigs, was ready to enlist. He was elected representative in 1854 to the first republican legislature of this State and from that time until he died he never ceased his allegiance to that party and always marched under its banner. The offices he held at home, in the senate, in the constitutional convention, the honors he held by appointment are all familiar and matters of record.

We sometimes question how men have gained their distinction and fame and by what pathway they have climbed to the summit.

The heights look tempting, but the rocky, winding paths leading up to them so often grow wearisome or over-dangerous with temptations that men tire or fall before they reach the goal.

Long before Governor Luce dreamed of executive honors he had earned the warm and lasting friendship of the farming classes of Michigan.

It was not to gain a kingdom that Governor Luce urged his aggrarian friends to organize for their educational and social advancement. He saw the forces that were moving the modern world segregating and organizing, and thereby exerting a power that as independent units would be lost. He saw the great prevailing class to which he belonged little else than willing consumers and competing producers. He believed that in some manner their sympathies, ambitions, hopes and condition would be bettered by concert of action and by unity of purpose.

This thought he burned upon a thousand altars over the State.

More than 2,000 years ago Spurius Cassius proposed the first aggrarian law by which each plebeian commoner, with other Romans, was to be given four and one-half acres of the public lands. The patrician nobles who controlled the government claimed all conquest lands as their own and opposed such recognition of the men who had

tilled the lands and fought the battles. The law was passed, however, but only to be defeated in its execution. A false charge was preferred against Cassius. He was tried in a court of patrician nobles, condemned to die, scourged by Roman lictors and thrown from the Tarpeian Rock.

Thankful are we today that civilization in this twentieth century does not ostracize the man who toils because of his sympathy for his plebeian friend, and thankful also that we live in a land where plebeian and patrician are upon level ground.

Governor Luce was patriotic in every utterance and sentiment. He had no use for anarchy, for communism or for socialism as understood. So considerate, so zealous and so fair was he in presenting the cause he advocated that he won the friendship and esteem of all classes who came into his presence.

When he aspired to become a candidate for the office of governor his name had become a household word throughout the State. In city, village and country he had gone into the homes of our people until they knew him. At farmers' gatherings, on the stump for his party's candidates, on days of memorial and of independence he had gone over the State and spoken from a thousand platforms. Wherever he went and upon whatever subject he spoke, he carried conviction with him. He never took a position for the sake of policy alone. He may have been wrong in judgment, but in purpose, never. He was always sincere and earnest. His fervor and frankness burned their way into the hearts of men. He had a well filled storehouse of choice but plain language. His great soul was never fettered with anything mean. He was not haunted by ghosts nor by closet skeletons threatening to appear.

Whether "Peace hath higher tests of manhood than battle ever knew," I do not know, but this is true, no dire threats nor rich promises could move him from the course his sense of right marked out.

He never surrendered his convictions upon questions that must be weighed upon the scales of conscience. All other questions of governmental policy, where honest opinions might differ, he was ready to consider.

His boat never drifted aimlessly upon the sea of public opinion. Sometimes, in rough weather, he plowed his way into the white-capped waves when the spray was lifted into public view; but when the storm was over and the sea had calmed, it was generally found that his course was right; but if, perchance, he had mistaken his bearings, none was

readier than he to obey the voice of the whole people, the commander of every true citizen.

He made mistakes, but he was big enough and manly enough to acknowledge them when convinced of his error. Vigorous and thoughtful men think and have opinions. Sometimes they mistake their premises and reach wrong conclusions. Other men for a time become more popular because they feed only on predigested opinions. They are always at right or left dress and never at front.

The safety of the republic is in men of thought, men of honor and men of courage. Better to have brains and use them, better to have opinions and express them when occasion requires, better to be active and sometimes wrong, than to be a parrot in somebody's cage.

There come times when the truest and best of patriots who are holding the reins of state begin to question if, after all, popular government is not a failure. Governor Luce never lost his abiding faith in a government by the people. His only fear was that in some way their power might become impotent or weakened by corruption. He had profound respect for the men who honestly differed with him, and he courted only the same indulgence from others. Broad, generous and active, he purposed, wrought and died a living factor in society and in the State he loved.

He was a profound student of history. The shelves of his library were not so many nor so long as those of others less cultured. The bindings upon his books were not in gold or morocco, but there were the stories of the nations, their beginnings, their struggles, mistakes and triumphs. There were books of biography and science, and so familiar was he with his book-case friends that almost every page had held frequent converse with him.

It is doubtful if any man in the State was ever from reading and association better acquainted with public men and with public events of the State and nation than was Governor Luce during the last twenty-five years of his life. He knew almost every man in both houses of congress, from what state he came and what he was doing. He always followed faithfully the legislature of his own State and could name the members from the different districts and recall their votes upon important questions. This great State and her interests had become a part of his life.

From boyhood to the grave Cyrus G. Luce was a busy, active man. Every harness of labor fitted him and never galled. The only eulogy he ever craved was expressed to a friend a few days before he died when

he said, "When I am gone I hope it may be said of me that I have been industrious."

Every distinction that came to him he earned through industry, and he wore it with honor. When he became governor he moved with his family to the capital and during the four years he filled that office early and late he was found at his desk.

To him public office was not only a public trust but it was a constant trust.

Michigan may well be proud of her illustrious governors. No state has been more fortunate. "Tuebor" (I will defend) has been the living shield they have borne against private greed and public wrong; and faithfully it was carried by him of whom we speak today, the one who last fell to sleep.

In the long years to come the fires will yet burn brightly upon the altars of memory for Governor Luce.

He was exemplary. He was worthy of remembrance and of emulation in any home. He was temperate always. His intercourse with men was pure. His lips were clean. His spirit was buoyant and hopeful. He was honest and truthful, congenial and open-hearted. The warmth of his hand and his sincere welcome made all men feel that his hearthstone was theirs also.

When he had finished his labors as governor of the State, he took up his residence at Coldwater, and there spent the remainder of his days.

The late afternoon of his life saw the beautiful ripening of old age. His mind was clear, his eye was bright and his robust constitution yet lingered with him.

But a few short weeks before he died, I saw him rise to speak at a public assemblage. The fires within burned as of old. His grasp of thought, his command of language, his application, his storehouse of knowledge were then as always the marvel of those who knew him best. Through life he was the embodiment of manly simplicity and whether behind his plow or upon the platform before the cultured and refined, he was always the same plain man, free from all affectation.

Less than a year ago I went with the governor to his Gilead farm, where forty of his manhood years were spent, where his children grew and where every tree and field knew his strong hand.

He looked over the farm, his herd of fattening cattle, his sheep grazing in a pasture near by, and then, as we were about to go, he turned and leaning upon the gate his eyes went out again over the fields where every foot had felt his tread. Men were plowing for corn. The air was

fragrant with perfume from the blossoming fruit trees he had planted, and then turning to me, with eyes full of shining memories that I could not read, he said: "Do you wonder that this is the most loved spot on earth to me?"

There are no friends like the old friends
World wander as we may,
The heart grows young at the mystic spell,
And love at its ebb takes a wonderous swell
As we drink from memory's dear old well,
And live over our life's young day.

Governor Luce was a constant church attendant. He believed in the Christian religion and practiced its virtues. He had strong and abiding faith in a divine ever-present over-ruling Providence.

One thing I have yet omitted: The guiding star that led him on through life. How many times I have heard the sweet words from his own lips I can not tell, for tributes of love are not counted. His star was no brighter than a million others that illumine the sky, but his star was his Venus. It was the memory of a patient, loving Christian mother. To her he ascribed all that was, to her he gave all the praise.

Such influence and such reflections are sweeter than fame. They are imperishable. They never die.

Governor Luce climbed the heights alone. He honored his calling. He honored his State and when he lay down to rest he was covered with the love and esteem of his countrymen.

We have not wings, we cannot soar,
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

TENDER TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A NOBLE MAN.

BY HON. P. T. COLGROVE.[1]

He was great from the view point of those who believe that greatness is the child of rich scholarship, oratory, or emanates from victories won on land or sea. If, however, greatness lies in contentment to reach a station where all men can truthfully say, "He was a credit to himself, his family, his friends and his State;" if measured, I say, by such a standard, we might truly say that Cyrus Gray Luce was a great man.

In the quiet walks of life, by application to duty and faithful devotion to those underlying principles upon which alone true manhood is builded, he toiled.

Assembled here in these legislative halls, this perfect summer day, to pay tribute to the memory of a man who did everything he could to build and maintain the institutions of our State, the simplest truthful thought that comes to one and all may be expressed in few words, "He was indeed a manly man." His early life was spent in Indiana. Born at Windsor, Ohio, July 2, 1824, he moved to Indiana in 1836. In 1849 he settled in Gilead, Branch county, Michigan, where he lived and died. For eleven years he was supervisor of this township. For two terms he was the treasurer of Branch county. In 1854 he was elected to the legislature. In 1865 he was elected to the State senate and served for two terms. In 1886 he was elected governor of the State. For several years he served as a member of the State Board of Agriculture; was master of the State grange and president of the society under whose auspices we have met today. He was also president of the State Library Commission. He performed the duties appertaining to every office to which he was elected acceptably to the whole people. A plain, blunt man, he was not afraid to state his convictions and when he spoke it was to the purpose.

It would be idle presumption in me to attempt in this presence an analysis of his character or a portrayal of his magnificent manhood. In

[1] Philip T. Colgrove, was born in Winchester, Indiana, April 17, 1858. On his twenty-first birthday he was admitted to practice law by the supreme court of this State. In 1879 he married Rose Altoft of Hastings and moved to Reed City, where he remained until 1880, engaged in the practice of law, and was a member of the firm of Colgrove and Cooper; he then removed to Hastings and entered into copartnership with Judge Clement Smith, with whom he has since been and is now associated. He was elected prosecuting attorney from 1882 to 1888. In 1887 at the session of the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias he was elected Grand Chancellor, and is now United States District Attorney for western Michigan.

most touching and eloquent phrase this has been done by Mr. Campbell, who served him as private secretary and who was closely and intimately identified with him. In nothing were the traits of Mr. Luce more sharply emphasized than in the pride he felt in the institutions of his State and in the enthusiasm with which he cherished the confident assurance of their uplifting. His whole heart and his whole ability were always in his work; almost from his majority to his death he was officially connected with some organization tending to advance the interests of his State. The same untiring zeal which made him prominent in agricultural pursuits was contributed to everything with which he was associated. The people of this State soon recognized in Mr. Luce a man of keen and far-seeing judgment, a natural leader of men, conservative and at the same time progressive. His counsel was often sought and was always on the side of right, justice and morality.

On the pages of history, where are found the names of illustrious sons of Michigan who have proven themselves worthy and won their spurs by faithful devotion to the upbuilding and uplifting of the institutions of the State, Cyrus G. Luce's name will be conspicuous. He was clean —there were no secrets in his life, no hidden record which he feared would leap to life. The consciousness of this fact and that every act of the past in the service of the people was from a pure motive fortified him for the duties before him.

It is said that true genius lives two lives—the first with its own generation; the second in the thought of subsequent ages. The student of Michigan history in the decades to come will not fail to be inspired by the noble life of this plain man, who had no higher ambition than to perform well each duty that devolved upon him and to lift higher and still higher the banner of the State he loved so well.

Mr. Campbell has spoken of his loving and kindly nature. All he has said is true. He might have added, however, that Mr. Luce could and did hate with all the intensity of his soul all that was a sham and false. He hated hypocrisy and deceit. He hated those who were false to their profession. He hated the despoilers of men's characters and despised him who would rob his fellowman of his good name. He had no use for the pretender. He called upon every man who was admitted to his friendship to use the ability he possessed for good. The light he carried with him was always the light of the true and the just.

In this capital of the State he loved so well, in these halls of legislation where his voice was so often heard, we may well bow our heads and sit in silence while we do reverence not only to ex-Governor Luce, a

former president of this organization, but to a plain man who, in all things and in every walk in life, exemplified the highest type of true nobility.

There are men who pride themselves upon being "hard-headed" and "practical," who sneer at book learning and point to Lincoln and many other great Americans who had no opportunity to obtain a college education. While Mr. Luce was a hard-headed, practical man, he recognized and felt keenly the advantages to be derived from a broad and liberal education. He believed that the practical men of the world and the men who boast of being level-headed and hard-headed—that these men of sterling qualities would have been able to have served their State better and been more useful if they had enjoyed the advantages of a college education. Believing this, he was ever ready to give assistance to our educational institutions. He was a man who from boyhood did not wait for something very distinguished to do. He believed it was better to do well whatever was before him than to fail in something more conspicuous. It was one of the strongest elements of his nature that all labor seemed honorable and he believed that everybody could dignify and make honorable whatever task he had to perform.

He believed that an aimless life could be none other than a wasted life and that to live only to fulfill the pleasures of today, to disconnect tomorrow from the present, to disintegrate the years and to live for spots and single days was a crime. We find today thousands of men who have failed of the purpose of life, not because they were vicious, not because they were criminal, not because they were not clever in many respects, but because there was nothing toward which they aimed. Mr. Luce believed that only the earnest man succeeds and that the man who throws aside every weight and keeps his eye on the goal is the man to reach it. And so deprived of the advantages of a broad education, we find him the chief executive of one of the greatest commonwealths in the nation because he subscribed to the things I have spoken of.

We shall not profit by a study of his history if his example does not inspire us to a singleness of aim and unconquered persistence. He believed not only in keeping on, but bending and blending all our energies upon the subject before us. It may be truthfully said of him that he believed in putting aside whatever would waste our time and dissipate our energies and to press steadily along the path of choice, uphill and down, and not be satisfied until we attained our aim and achieved at least an honorable position. He believed that censure and criticism never hurt. "If false," he said, "they can not hurt you unless you are

wanting in character; if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble."

We murmur not at the wisdom of natural laws that affect alike the monarch and the surf.

Poor, indeed, this world would be without its graves; without the memories of its noble dead. "Only the voiceless speak forever." Lights and shadows in the warp and woof of life give to it its greatest value and to man his highest and best views of his fellows. The lights and shadows in the life of Mr. Luce give to it its greatest value as we look back over the years of faithful, loyal and devoted service, because we see in him the real citizen, who loved and revered his State and nation with all the fervor and earnestness of his great and loyal heart, applying always a clear intellect, a tender and unselfish devotion to the good of humanity. May I not say he needs no imposing shaft of bronze or marble to remind posterity of his manly deeds because he has left to us an imperishable memory of goodness and truth.

In the bosom of the great State, among the people who loved him and whom he loved so well, and in our hearts he rests forevermore.

His chair is vacant, his work is ended, his star is set, but,

Set as sets the morning star, that
Goeth not down behind the
Darkened west, but fades away
In the brightness of the rising day.

CHARLES H. HACKLEY.

BY MRS. MARY E. CHAMBERLAIN.

As there are periods in the lives of men when strong tides set towards success or consummation, which sometimes leave them stranded at its far limit, but more often turn slow ebb back to old channels, so with the lives of nations, even of places, that swing pivotal upon the ebb and flow of time. This little city of western Michigan—Muskegon—has had its three periods of favoring tides that touched high fortune.

Far back in the shadow—time of legendary history—that yet is as accurate very often as that transcribed—its blue lake waters washed with slow sweep the curving shore, its sand dunes crowned with herbage gave back the sunshine, and its primeval forests came down to the water's edge and were mirrored there. To the natives of the wilds this glancing lake and its winding river were known and they named them and loved them well. Long strings of birch bark canoes came drifting down the swift, deep river, when spring, returning from the far northlands, broke its icy fetters. From far and near through all the lake country the red children gathered and here they set up their lodges, and during all the moons of summer lived content, fished and hunted and reveled in the care-free, happy life of nature.

Swift years passed but they left the great, grand primeval forests, the glittering lake and the swift flowing river unchanged. The circling lodges grew greater in number and the villages crowding the blue lake's rim were prosperous and populous—the Ottawas and the Chippewas were at peace with each other and all the neighboring tribes.

But with the coming of the aggressive white race peace and prosperity fled; the ebb of the first period set in, and the red people faded away as the leaves of their own forests.

Another type of men invaded the shores of the beautiful lake and rent the quiet and peace of the forests. Now the ax of the woodsman struck out wide echoes blazing a path for civilization—as the white man understood it. Pines and hemlocks that had reached grand majesty, through years of undisturbed growth, no longer in serried ranks struck the sky line in the wide landward sweep, but fell with rending crash and crack of straining branch, and the river drifted them down upon fretted tide to mills that clustered thickly about the lake and there

the work of the saw completed that of the ax. The Indian village had vanished, but in its place there sprung up as if by enchantment one of the world's great lumbering centers. Wealth flowed down with the swift current of the river, and the moan of the forest was unheard in the rush and whir of machinery, the shrill whistle and panting of tugs, the grind and wash of logs, the shouts of men, the clamor of traffic. Hurry and unrest, toil and push, all in a wild, mad struggle that kept life at fever heat with no time left in which to think or rest. Still the serried lines fell, and farther and farther the forests receded. Still the river fretted with its burdens and the blue lake grew turbid where the mills that never ceased their toil by day or night crowded thick, and where long lines of docks extended piled high ready for the barges that swept their white wings to every clime.

But even at this flood tide there came at length a time when the forest ceased its moan and fell into silence.

Then slowly the ebb set in. One by one the great mills ceased their relentless grind and they, too, fell into silence. The rollicking lumber camps crumbled away, the ax of the woodsman was unheard. Men with their fortunes made and in hand went away to spend their lives in affluent ease, or, still unsatisfied, struck out other enterprises and other scenes of activity. The river fretted no longer at the crowding logs, the small residue it floated down was no more to it than the degenerate remnants of the once powerful tribes who came in their small canoes drifting lazily upon its slower currents, to look upon the white man's civilization as the Indian understands it. The shores along the river no longer resounded to the shouts of the river drivers—and they also fell into silence—the pathetic silence of the pine barrens.

The once thriving city at the blue lake's rim seemed stranded at the ebb of the tide. But with the passing of the picturesque rivermen (somehow strangely akin to the aboriginal inhabitants) and the efflux of lumbermen and mills, there were yet a few who kept to the old traditions and were content to abide in quiet ways.

Homes were built up and new projects of industry sought out. There were some staunch hearts that held to a faith—not then formulated—of better days to come. It was a period of readjustment, the fitting of old types to new conditions. There were some also, it is true, who gave up the endeavor, drifting with the ebb. There was a season of inactivity which was natural and necessary to this process of readjustment and change. The old foundations that were built in fever haste with clamor and push crumbled and failed and new must be laid. But who stood

ready to place the corner stone? And where the quarry from which to obtain it?

After all, it was only the one universal problem and its one unfailing answer that has always met civilization—progress—success—and that is education, education first for the individual and then for the masses.

One man awakened to this knowledge, and keen of vision, looked to the end while planning the present. Because of his affection for the city where he had lived and labored, because of the wealth that had come to him here, because of leisure by reason of it all, he formulated a creed and lived up to it. He gave a library that the people might learn the better way of progress that was to follow along the old blazed trail of Indian, pioneer, and woodsman, and cut wide avenues for many travelers. Then he gave schools where head and hands, mind and body should be prepared and fitted for the grand labors each are to perform in that broad scheme of education which today comprises the world's curriculum. He gave parks for breathing places for the toilers and set them with statutes of heroes and beautified them with trees and flowers and fountains. And, lastly, he built a hospital for the sick and infirm of body. All these on the grandest scale that modern methods have conceived. First for the people and the young, then, as age and infirmity came upon him, for sick and ailing humanity. He gave back the millions he had won to the city where they were gained, and he—this one man—turned the tide until its flood of prosperity has returned to sure currents.

To set a city upon the true way of progress, to fall in line with the world's swift movements, were the problems that were solved, and future prosperity was the great factor in their elucidation. Now, is the answer manifested in those splendid gifts that set this city of Muskegon uniquely apart from any other—no other can so proudly boast such numbers and such grand benefactions as are here congregated. Think, apart from the rest, of these schools, library, and a manual training school which is pronounced to be the best equipped in the world! People from far and near come to study its workings, and go away wondering at the grand opportunities for study and development along these lines of modern education.

But while, truly, Muskegon claims the giver, as well as his gifts, still, by reason of them, shall Michigan—yes, and the whole world as well, be benefitted. From them there shall go forth, year after year, trained minds and skilled hands, to take up the work that the world has

ready waiting for just such laborers who shall evidence that the truest and the best acquisition—above all riches and honors—is KNOWLEDGE—that knowledge which comprehends all good, excludes all evil, and which is POWER—the one and only power that rules the world.

Thus, through his gifts shall the giver live while the city stands beside its blue lake, while gratitude throbs in the hearts of men. "Being dead he yet speaketh, 'WRITE ME AS ONE WHO LOVED HIS FELLOW-MEN.'"

HACKLEY'S BEST MONUMENT, HIS GIFTS TO MUSKEGON.

Library	$155,000
Endowment	75,000
Manual Training School and Gymnasium	220,000
Endowment for same	400,000
Funds to maintain above	50,000
Hackley Park and endowment	60,000
Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument	27,000
Statue for Park	26,000
McKinley Statue	5,000
Phil Kearney Statue	5,000
Home of Friendless	25,000
Hospital	220,000
Endowment for same	100,000
Athletic Field	5,000
Congregational Church	6,525
	$1,389,525

THE EARLY FUR TRADE IN NORTH AMERICA.

BY REV. MEADE C. WILLIAMS.[1]

It is interesting to think of the progressive series of industries, as pertaining to the welfare of man, in connection with the vast stretches of land in our new America. And first of all came the hunting and trapping of the wild animals of the wilderness. As Prof. Shaler has written, "With the first step upward, and ever in increasing measure as he mounts towards civilization, man becomes a spoiler." The flesh of the animal served the aborigines of the forest for food, and their skins for clothing. But the Indians' operations of this kind were but a slight and insignificant prelude to what developed with the coming of the whites, particularly in our northern and western frontiers. With their advent the great fur trade began. The forests and the soil of these millions of acres were of importance only as being the lairs and roaming grounds of those fur-bearing creatures, large and small, which for nearly two centuries made a great element in the world's commerce. Only the slightest part of the immense captures was used for food, as the sole object sought was to obtain the skins of the animals. For these great companies organized and wrought and developed into well-nigh imperial power in the wilderness tracts.

[1]Author of "Early Mackinac," issued at St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. Dr. Meade C. Williams of 3945 Delmar Boulevard, associate editor of the "Herald and Presbyter," died August 22, 1906, at his summer home, Mackinac Island, Mich. He was widely known in the Presbyterian church as a pastor, and particularly as a keen and forceful writer on theological topics. He was of a disposition peculiarly genial and helpful, and there is not a mission church in St. Louis which is not under obligations to him, to say nothing of hundreds of individuals to whom he has shown great kindness. It was his continual pleasure among all sorts of people "to go about doing good." He was nearly seventy years of age.

This was Dr. Williams' eighteenth summer at Mackinac Island. He was one of the first to build cottages at the resort, and was acquainted with almost every resident there. His death was sudden. He had been suffering from malaria and general weakness, but nothing serious was expected. He developed alarming symptoms Tuesday and sank rapidly. His wife, his son Tyrrell W., and his daughter were at his bedside. His funeral will take place Friday, at Fort Wayne, Ind., his boyhood home, where he will be buried in the Williams family lot.

Dr. Williams was born at Indianapolis, Ind., his father being a Presbyterian elder. He was graduated from Miami university, Ohio, and Princeton theological seminary. While still a young man he married Miss Elizabeth Brown Riddle, daughter of Rev. Dr. David H. Riddle, who was the last president of Jefferson college, now Washington and Jefferson college. Mrs. Williams survives her husband, and he also leaves five children; four sons, David R., who is in the chemical business here; Jesse Lynch of New York, a well-known magazine writer; Tyrrell W., a lawyer at St. Louis; Burton, a cattleman in New Mexico, and one daughter, Miss Susan Creighton Williams.

REV. MEADE C. WILLIAMS.

Following this era, the forests themselves, so long the homes of the animals and the scene of their slaughter, became a most valuable element in our western settlements by the development of the lumber trade, connecting with human habitations and a higher form of social life. Then the soil itself, which for centuries had been covered by the dense forests, served another end in the interest of man by its trees giving way to the plow. The last form of industrial development in connection with the land has to do with "the earth beneath." The fur-bearing animals to a great extent gone, the forests largely a thing of the past, the surface of the earth occupied and tilled, the enterprise of man delves below and brings up the long hidden treasures of ore, coal and oil, which prove such mighty factors in modern civilization.

But the fur trade was the pioneer industry in North America. Its agents penetrated the primeval wilderness in the name of commerce, and in this sense were the precursors of civilization. They made distant and perilous journeys, and were often the first to reveal some solitary river or lake or new stretch of land. Their camps and petty forts became the outposts of colonizers, and to them is largely due the earlier opening to the civilized world of the unknown and inhospitable "regions beyond." The history of the fur trade is thus the history of exploration and occupation, with its own heroes and adventures and annals. By stimulating hunting and turning it into a sort of forest labor it served to create an industry among the Indians, though at the same time it diminished the animals upon which the tribes depended for subsistence and, most unfortunately, introduced among them the evil of ardent spirits.

The countries of Europe, together with our seaboard states, were the market fields, and from the whole vast regions of our Northwest, where now go the cargoes of grain and of ore, there then "went east," in the line of commerce, only the packs of peltry.

It was largely the pressing question "wherewithal shall we be clothed," and how shall we adorn and bedeck our bodies, that sent the hardy trappers and the keen traders out into the great wildernesses, and which organized the great fur companies. Civilized society wanted caps, hats, muffs, robes, boas, capes, collars, gloves, coat-linings, cloaks, etc. As the early Indian, when he would build his canoe, went into the woods and stripped the birch tree of its bark, so to the animal denizens of the native wilds came man's imperious demand, stand and deliver! Give us your furry coverings! The bear, the beaver, the lynx, the fox, the buffalo, the seal, etc., must be waylaid and beaten and

stripped, like the traveler in the parable going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, that their clothing may be transferred to other backs. In the enterprise of man the skins of wild animals thus became the luxury and the ornament, as well as the comfort of the fashionable and the wealthy. Valuable and luxuriously dressed skins were often the belonging of kings' houses, and took rank with their gems and jewels.

How few, as they go gorgeously arrayed in their beautiful trappings of fur, stop to think of the tales of travel and adventure and toil and difficulty, and of cruelty, too, which might be recounted in connection with these soft, glossy, luxurious articles of adornment. They have come from hidden wildernesses, from Arctic seas, from lands of perpetual snow, from the jungles of Africa. What distances they have traveled, what hands they have passed through, what processes, what barterings, what marts of trade! And the skins of the poor doomed creatures have played a part in the pages of history, too, and their lairs and roaming grounds as national territory, have figured in negotiations and boundary lines, and in the jealousies and strifes, and sometimes in the wars of empires.[1]

The animals that were hunted for their furs were principally the following: Beaver, marten, fox, lynx, mink, otter, badger, wolf, bear, buffalo, deer, muskrat, raccoon and skunk. They were taken in aston-

[1]Charles T. Harvey, of Toronto, Canada, general agent for the building of the Sault canal, in his reminiscences, quotes Missionary MacDougall as follows: The practice of the Hudson Bay Co. was to select indigent, hardy Scotch lads and send them to the vast wilds of Northern Canada to become expert trappers and, by encouraging them to marry Indian wives and raise families, to attach them to certain localities or districts for life, where they proved most valuable retainers or semi-official agents in training the native Indians to rely upon catching furs and dealing with the company for subsistence.

One of the rules of the fur company was that their high grade trappers, like himself, were to sign enlistment papers for a term of five years at a head office of the district before a chief factor. If, during that term, they left their districts without permission they were liable to be apprehended and forcibly sent back with heavy fines imposed for neglect of their vocation. When the time of enlistment came near the close of a successful term they were treated with special attention by the post officers, their families were invited to come with them and trade freely, jollity, feasting and drinking were in order until renewal of enlistment papers were signed and a new five years' life of exposure and hardship entered upon. In dealing with the company no money was used. The unit of value was a beaver skin of average quality. A certain number of various inferior skins, like muskrats and rabbits were worth a beaver skin. On the other hand, a silver grey fox pelt was worth so many beavers, and so on. The representative emblem or check for a beaver skin was a peculiar water-marked goose quill made in London which could not be counterfeited in that country. Hence, when a trapper's furs were brought to the post, inspected and tallied off, he received so many goose quills. These he took to the company's stores where he could exchange them for ammunition, clothing, food supplies or fancy articles of merchandise, as he chose. In case he did not come annually he could send his furs which were credited to him on account against articles bartered for.

ishingly large numbers. Sir Alexander Mackenzie,[1] writing concerning the fur trade in the British possessions of the northwest, and speaking only for the one company which he represented (The Northwestern), reported for one year the number of furred animals taken as 182,000, of which 106,000 were beavers. Of the choicer and favorite skins the beavers fell victims in the largest numbers. In one statement of fur collections for a single year in American territory, I saw the aggregate of beaver skins put at 200,000, the marten leading close at 130,000. The muskrat, however, the smaller but far less valuable animal, led all the others in the American collections, in the point of mere numbers. But the beaver always figured chief as a commodity in the fur business. And it is remarkable how that animal became associated with the early life of our western country. The industry, the thrift and the astonishing instinct, quite resembling the trained mechanical skill of man, which this little creature exhibited in the construction of his houses and dams and canals, ever made him an object of interest to the early Indians and to the white pioneer settlers. He has impressed his name upon the geography of our west to a large degree—Beaver river, Beaver dam, Beaver lake, Beaver Islands, etc.

The skins of the fur-bearing animals set the Indians up in business, so to speak. They would also sell wild rice, ready-made canoes, or canoe bark, gum and maple sugar, but it was the skins chiefly which made their stock in trade. The white traders, on the other hand, carried in their packs, and set forth in dazzling attraction before the eyes of these children of the forest, such varieties of goods as these: Guns, powder, bullets, tomahawks, knives, wampum, blankets, cloths, calico, ribbons, beads, looking-glasses, sashes, combs, finger rings, earbobs, playing-cards, kettles, beaver traps, muskrat traps, etc.[2]

[1]He was one of the partners in the Northwest Fur Company sent to Detroit in 1784, with goods on condition of his pushing into the interior or Indian territory. After "the severest struggle" known they were given a share of trade in 1787. He was sent to explore the northwest and discovered and named Mackenzie river. He was the first man to cross the Rocky Mountains and reached the Pacific coast June, 1793. He accumulated considerable wealth in the fur trade and wrote a book on his voyages, which he dedicated to George III. He started a rival fur company which was absorbed by the Hudson Bay company. He became a member of the Canadian parliament. In 1812 he married a Miss Mackenzie and moved to Scotland where he died on his way from his Avoch home to Edinburgh, March 11, 1820.

[2]William P. Moore of Brant, Mich., writes as follows: My grandfather was James Pearson, a fur-trader and clerk for the Hudson Bay Company in the seventeenth century. He worked twelve years for twelve dollars a month. He was a native of the Orkney islands and of Scotch descent. His headquarters were at Winnipeg, where he traded powder and shot and rum and such commodities as were usually kept in an Indian store. He bought and carried his furs all the way from the Rocky mountains to Montreal. In the fall and winter he had to fish and hunt for his living. Twice a week the company furnished him flour enough

The significance of the designation "Traders" is seen when we think of this work conducted by campers in the forests and on the remote river banks, far beyond the confines of civilization and social customs, and outside the methods and system of what is known as business and commercial life. These men were not called merchants, or dealers even. But it was a commerce among Indians known as trading, in which animal skins were traded off in exchange for manufactured goods. It was a reproduction, in this sense, of the methods in vogue in the earliest and most primitive periods of human history, before money, as a medium of exchange, was known. It might have been difficult to tell which party was purchaser and which was seller. No money, either coin or banknote, seemed to pass away out in those wilderness markets. The Indian had none, and the white trader needed none for his operations. It was simply trading—that is, an interchange of commodities. The Indian by his hunting and trapping had his stock of skin which the white visitor wanted, and the visitor on the other hand, like a roving peddler, had a variety of commodities which the Indian wanted. Hence they just made a trade.

While, no doubt, in the first stages this trading was conducted on no fixed system, and the white man overreached and defrauded the poor Indian; yet in time things got on a settled basis, and a regular schedule of values and equivalents was adjusted as between muskrats, beaverskins, bearskins, etc., on the one side, and guns, calicoes, blankets, etc., on the other side. I find the following quotations: In the "twenties" of last century, on the upper Mississippi where the muskrat was the unit or standard of value, the prevailing rates of exchange were:

A 3-point blanket	50	muskrats
A 2½-point blanket	40	"
A Montreal gun	100	"
A beaver-trap	30	"
A rat-trap	15	"

to make a pot-pie. His bread was the liver of the game he caught, and he had to depend on his traps for his breakfast. He said he had sometimes to put seven meals into one. The Indians were victims to the influence of liquor, and he said when the braves got drunk the squaws would steal their knives and guns; when the squaws got drunk the Indians would watch them.

In the spring the furs were put up in eighty pound packs and put in bark canoes and carried down the rivers or lakes until they came to rapids and then they had to be carried or portaged as they call it, on their backs to the next deep water. They used a tumpline or strap across their foreheads fastened to the packs on their backs. He said when the Frenchmen would carry only one pack he could take two at one time. He traveled through Michigan, or Mushigan as he called it, for he did not like the country because it was so low and wet.

In other localities, the beaver was the unit of value, and Mr. Henry R. Schoolcraft thus reports the market prices in the neighborhood of the "Soo":

A 3-point blanket	2	beaverskins
A Northwest gun	4	"
A beaver-trap	2	"
A fathom (2 yds.) of superfine cloth	3 or 4	"
A bag of flour	2	"

Further market quotations he gave as follows in his book, "A Narrative of an Expedition Through the Upper Mississippi." A prime beaver (or *plus* as the French termed it) went in exchange for as much vermillion as would cover the point of a case-knife, and the same price was paid respectively for four charges of powder or four charges of shot or fifteen balls or two branches of wampum. A fine gun worth ten guineas, was sold to a chief for 120 pounds of beaver—say $480. A keg of rum was sold at thirty beavers, and he says the rum generally had chief place in their list of wants so that when they came together to trade the Indians would first and foremost lay out the furs they intended as purchase for their liquor. Thomas Biddle wrote thus in sad testimony: "So violent is the attachment of the Indians for whiskey that he who gives the most is sure to obtain the furs, and if any one attempts to trade without it he is sure of losing ground with his rival."

Of course, at times, and at certain trading posts nearer the centers of business, furs were also purchased for money and were bought by weight. In the copy volumes of the American Fur Company's correspondence, now kept as relics in the John Jacob Astor hotel on Mackinac Island, I find the following quotations as given in 1820 by Ramsey Crooks,[1] the great manager of that company: "Beaver at four dollars (per lb.) is high, but rather than lose I would give that. Good rats (muskrats), twenty-five cents. Bears are worse than ever and ought not to cost more than two dollars and fifty cents for five. Cubs, one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents. Martens, seventy-five cents. Raccoon, thirty-seven and one-half cents. Fisher, one dollar. Lynx, one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars. Common wild-cat, thirty-three and one-third cents. Deer not over twenty-five cents per pound for those in season; their winter skins won't pay charges. Mink, twenty-five cents. Silver fox, four dollars. Very best Otter not over four dollars."

[1] For sketch of Ramsey Crooks see Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections, Vol. 6, p. 347.

RAMSEY CROOKS.

As an indication of the profits which sometimes attended the company's operations, Mr. Crooks reports in a letter from New York the next year that half the muskrats sold there at forty cents and the other half at forty-eight cents. There must have been just then a special demand for that class of skins which advanced the price, as in the following year, namely in 1822, we find them paying at Mackinac for muskrats thirty-five and thirty-seven and one-half cents. Of course, prices fluctuated, and in 1830 we find the prices at Mackinac had advanced to five dollars per pound for beaver, and the martens were bringing one dollar and twenty-five cents instead of seventy-five cents as formerly, while muskrats had declined to twenty-two cents. The Indians at the earlier stages at least of the trade, had little thought of the value of furs. They hunted, not for sport, nor for commerce, but for food, subsisting on the flesh. The skins of the animals were secondary and the traders often bought them for a trifling consideration, made them into articles of commerce and sold them at valuations a hundredfold beyond the purchase price. As Colonel Whittlesy, once commandant at Fort Mackinac, said of that spot, "It was the neutral ground of the

Indians who came from beyond the Mississippi to get goods, presents and whiskey, and the harvest ground of the white man who took furs for a penny and sold them to his brother or sister for a pound." (Wisconsin Historical Collections, Vol. 1, p. 66.) I myself recall what I used to hear, when a young boy, of tales which tradition had brought down of the "tricks of trade" from early Indian times—that in selling cloth to these "babes of the wood," traders had been known to run the yard stick over both sides of the material and thus get double the number of yards out of each piece sold. Very likely this and many other such tales were caricatures and exaggerations. But at the same time there is too much reason to believe that the poor Indian was an "easy mark" for the trader. Besides his ignorance of the value in which his commodities were held in the distant marts of trade, his simple and untutored mind made the victimizing still easier. I always think, with the deepest respect and admiration, of what is related of the Rev. Mr. Dougherty, a missionary among the Indians in the Grand Traverse region of Michigan, that when any of his people would go to Mackinac Island in the annual gatherings there for the annuities and for trade, he would go along and would pitch his tent among them during their stay, not only to guard their morals, but to protect and assist them in their dealings with the traders. (An interesting sketch of this missionary to the Indians in upper Michigan is given in Vol. 32 of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society.)

But it would be unfair to ignore the traders' side of this question or to forget, that after the fur commerce got into systematized and business-like forms, it was not all blackness and rascality by any means. General Lewis Cass, in a report to United States Senator Benton in 1828, said: "The average profits of the fur trade are not in proportion to the enterprise and skill required and the risk attending it." And he adds, "We believe it is generally conducted upon as fair principle as other branches of business in the United States, and we know many of the persons engaged in it who are honorable, intelligent men." John Jacob Astor called attention to the fact that the kind of blankets and other woven goods which they sold to the Indians could not be made in this country, but had to be imported from England, and were articles which had to pay the heaviest tariff duty. And he said (writing in 1829) that the American Fur Co. was employing a capital of one million dollars, and had not yet been able to declare a dividend.

Of course, too, we must bear in mind the great cost necessarily incurred in conducting a business of this kind in distant wildernesses and

under the conditions of those early days. From an official report written at St. Louis and made to General William Clark, superintendent of Indian affairs, I find it stated that while the goods exchanged (in face value) would give the trader a profit on the primary cost, say from 200 to 2,000 per cent, yet the real profits fell far short of even the minimum estimate, owing to the heavy expense. The trader, besides employing the hands necessary, has in most instances to have two or three times that number as protection to himself and his property. That this makes it necessary to sell at much higher rates while bringing no advantage to the trader.

Then again loss by the bad debts of the Indians used to be urged by the fur companies—one firm in St. Louis, in 1831, reporting that for the seven years preceding, their credits to the Indians had amounted to $136,768.62 of which they had been able in that time to collect but $83,-498.74. It was said in reference to Indian debts in general, that what was collected was at great cost, and that a large margin must always be allowed for uncollectable ones. That credits due from Indians if not paid the first year were to be considered *doubtful,* and after the end of the second year *desperate.*

Then further it used to be pointed out that a certain class of goods which they carried in stock were for gratuitous distribution to the Indians, such as: Flints, fire-steels, gun-worms, awls, needles, thimbles, thread, tobacco, etc.

A minor consideration, but one which it may be interesting to think about, was that the value of certain of the finer furs was made variable, and depressed on the market, by reason of the fickleness of fashion. That all the animals which have the most beautiful fur were not exterminated is due to the sudden and unaccountable changes of fashion. The demand ceasing for a while, and the animals spared, they had opportunity to recover their status as to numbers. It is said that the fashion of wearing the tall beaver hat beginning to change and the silk hat taking its place, thus greatly reducing the demand for beaver skins, had something to do with the declining fortunes of the American Fur Company.

Some trustworthy data of the early fur trade in the northwest and throughout the Lake Superior country are furnished us by Mr. Schoolcraft, at the time he was living at Sault Ste. Marie, about 1830. He is speaking of the American Fur Company and of the operators who went out annually from Mackinac island which was the company's headquarters, into those great northern wildernesses. He says each clerk

or factor, had his territory and post assigned before starting and no interference of one with another was allowed. That the goods were transported in boats to the posts on Lake Superior. The traders going farther, left their boats at the mouth of the principal rivers and divided the freight into separate portions which were then put into smaller canoes and managed by the boatmen with paddles and poles. When they reached the head of the river the goods were carried across the country to the next navigable stream or interior lake, and so on from stream to stream and lake to lake until they placed the trade on wintering grounds. In this way the most remote parts of the interior were penetrated, and every principal Indian village was supplied with a trader. Goods were thus pushed to the northwestern range of our national limits where they came into contact with the traders of the Hudson Bay Company. The distance thus traversed in this toilsome manner from Mackinac island, carrying goods there and returning with furs was estimated, he tells us, at nearly 1,200 miles.

While fur-trading in America was followed to some extent in the early days of the Dutch in New York, its magnitude of operations, its longer continuance, its relation to governments, to boundary lines and to civilization, and its romance withal, belong rather to the business as conducted in the western half of North America—more particularly in the northern and northwestern parts. From the earliest settlement of the French in Canada, the fur trade ranked as of first importance. "Beaver skins were the life of New France," it was said.

But the greatest development of the fur-seeking enterprises on this continent was that of the famous Hudson Bay Company—a company chartered in England by King Charles II in 1670, for the purpose of importing furs and skins into Great Britain. The grant of territory given for their operations was construed to be all the immense tracts of land watered by streams flowing into Hudson's Bay. And with that was given them besides, the complete lordship and entire legislative power, judicial and executive, within those limits. This gigantic enterprise, conducted in far-away, uninhabited and almost unknown territory in regions of England's North American possessions, awakened the excitement, the enthusiasm, the spirit of daring and withal the spirit of commercial speculation among the people of that county. The Poet Dryden, who flourished in that period, touched it off in the following lines:

"Friend, once 'twas Fame that led thee forth
To brave the Tropic Heat, the Frozen North,
Late it was Gold, then Beauty was the spur;
But now our Gallants venture but for Fur."

In process of time the company acquired a fur trade territory more than half as large as all Europe, extending from the Arctic circle to the Red river on the south, and west to the Pacific coast. While their territory was afterwards sold and transferred to the Dominion of Canada (in 1869), yet the company, as a business corporation, has existed for fully two centuries and still continues its operations, and is perhaps the earliest link now left connecting business interests of to-day with the remote past.

For more than a century the great company had flourished without much competition. Then a formidable rivalry developed. About 1787, after Canada had been wrested from France by England, the Northwest Fur Company took shape, and became a very powerful organization; "The mighty Northwesters" its people were called. Washington Irving wrote of it in his "Astoria": "It held a lordly sway over the wintry lakes and boundless forests of the Canadas, almost equal to that of the East India Company over the realms of the Orient."

The principal partners resided in Montreal and Quebec, and constituted a commercial aristocracy, and in their relation to the various grades of the hundreds in their employ, the old feudal and fief idea seemed restored. Every year a delegation of these magnates would journey to their wilderness headquarters at Fort William, on the north shore of Lake Superior, where a conference was held with the inferior partners and agents from the various outlying trading posts. They traveled in large palatial canoes equipped with every convenience and luxury possible, taking with them their own cooks and bakers, and delicacies of every kind. With business they combined pleasure in their sojourn at Fort William, and in the halls of the Council-house regaled themselves with banquets and revels. The Lake Superior fur trade, with its opulence and its commercial power, held in that day the position which the Lake Superior ore trade holds in the present day. They were the Fur Kings, as to-day we have the Copper Kings.

Besides having the territory of the Canadas for its operations, the new company stretched its lines indefinitely to regions beyond and, as was inevitable, when reaching the border lands they clashed in trade jealousy with the Hudson's Bay Company. The mutual strife and ani-

mosity were very bitter and long continued. Removed far beyond the reach of civilization, they were a law unto themselves, and deeds of violence and slaughter were common. The Northwest Company in time extended its operations into United States territory. Indeed, up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the whole of the fur trade in America, with the exception of that of the Russians in Alaska, was a British monopoly. The treaty of 1783, which secured the independence of the United States, was very tardily recognized by the British government as respects these Northern latitudes. British traders pretended to regard all this country as still in some sense belonging to the throne, or at least that the boundary question was an open one; and as the conflict of 1812 was approaching, they used to tell the Indians that that war would settle it. The war did settle it, but not as they had imagined.

Michilimackinac (or Mackinaw, in the abridged form of the name) had been a fur mart from the early days of the French occupation. This was continued by the English when, by their conquest of Canada, their flag waved over the Straits. Traders established themselves within the palisades of the fort enclosure to barter with the Indians—cloth, beads, knives, powder and rum passing in exchange for the peltries brought in from the woods. With the removal of the fort from the mainland to the Island of Mackinac, in 1780, the fur trade continued, though with the change from the custom which had prevailed before that, no longer were the traders allowed to have their business, their homes, their church and their whole community life within the fort enclosure. They thus formed a settlement at the foot of the fort hill which developed into the village of Mackinac. The Mackinaw Fur Company was formed, and later the Southwestern Company took shape, both under British control.

The spirit of American enterprise began to assert itself. John Jacob Astor, of New York, on a suggestion dropped by a chance fellow traveler on shipboard, had made a venture in Canadian peltries which proved very remunerative. This led to his embarking further into the business. It was not long before he secured a controlling interest in both of these companies. Besides conducting operations in the regions already familiar, Astor sought to establish an agency on the Pacific coast, a venturesome and unsuccessful enterprise, minutely described by Washington Irving in his "Astoria." The competition of the British traders, particularly of the powerful Northwest Company, was found wherever Astor turned. And the war of 1812 naturally proved unfortunate for his business schemes. But his prospects were vastly improved at the close

of that war by an act of Congress, which prohibited all British traders or companies operating in the United States. The Northwest Company, which had been freely so doing, now found its establishment in those parts of little worth to its business. Astor went to Montreal and at almost his own price bought all their trading posts within the limits of the United States. Together with its posts, the Northwest Company transferred many of its experienced agents, clerks, interpreters and boatmen. The rivalry between the two British companies having now ceased their old strife did not long continue. The Hudson's Bay Company, and the Northwest settled their long-time feud by joining together, the latter giving up its name in that of the older association—the Hudson's Bay Company of two centuries ago.

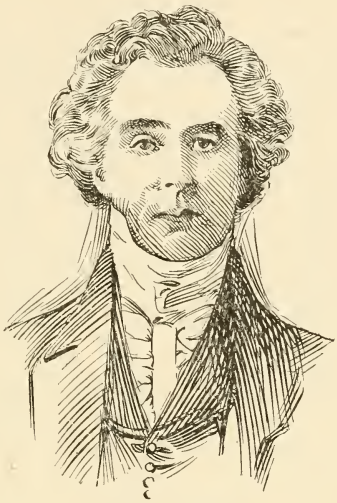
Astor now had a free course. The two companies, the Mackinaw and the Southwest, which he already controlled, were merged under the popular name of the American Fur Company. The business of the company grew and assumed great proportions. It had its connections and dependencies throughout the regions of the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Yellowstone rivers as well as those nearer by.

Mackinac Island was the company's headquarters of operation, and the little village took on an almost metropolitan character. It was a great mart of trade long before Chicago, Milwaukee or St. Paul had entered on their first beginnings, and vied with its cotemporaries Detroit and St. Louis. The capital and enterprise on the island pertained prinicpally to the business of the Company. They furnished employment to a great number of men, who, with their families, largely contributed to the life of the village. In the summer, when for several weeks the agents and *voyageurs* (or canoemen) and the *engages* of different kinds gathered in from the widely scattered hunting and trading grounds of the wilderness, they made, together with the local contingent employed the year through, a force of some twenty-five hundred men, all representing the work of the great organization. The company's warehouses, stores, offices and boat-yards occupied much of the town plat. The present summer hotel, The John Jacob Astor, was originally built for their business, furnishing quarters for the housing of their men, particularly at the great summer gatherings, and also ware-rooms where the peltries were weighed and packed and kept in storage.

The American Fur Company continued to flourish at Mackinac for a period of some twenty years. Mr. Robert Stuart,[1] a well-known figure

[1] For sketch of Robert Stuart see Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections, Vol. 3 p. 52.

in the northwest during the first half of last century, was the resident partner and manager of the great business there, and was a leading citizen of the island for about seventeen years.



ROBERT STUART.

In 1834 Mr. Astor sold his interest, and the business declined. At length the company withdrew entirely from the island, and for the remainder of its career was simply an agency for handling furs in New York. The old warehouses and other quarters of the company, once the scene of activity and bustle, stood only as mute witnesses to a former life, until removed or reconstructed and put to other uses.

In the Astor House on the island there are two large copy-volumes of letters written from the company's office at Mackinac, and dating from a period the most flourishing in its history. These old books interest many of the summer guests to-day. Also belonging to the same hotel, and preserved as relics, are an old-fashioned, high-legged desk at which one of the clerks used to work in the company's palmy days, and an old style scales or "balances" which was used in weighing the peltries as they were packed and bound for storage or for shipment.

The fur trade in the earlier days, to which we have been confining our attention, was one of the chief lines of commercial enterprise in

our country, having a commanding rank in the markets of the world, and was a more conspicuous feature than it is to-day when hundreds of other forms of commerce have arisen. But while it has lost that conspicuous position it once held, and we do not to-day hear so much of its operations, yet that does not mean it has declined. The fur business in America is still one of vast proportions, albeit many of its primitive features have passed away. Its earlier methods of operation, its work of exploration in frontier and virgin territory, the spirit of adventure and daring and romance which accompanied it, the wilderness life of the trappers and traders far beyond the limits of civilization, the *voyageurs* with their recklessness and gayety, and their boat songs floating on the air, the excitements, the dangers and the wild life —all these are things of the past. It is something more prosaic and more systematic, too, and is less seen and heard of in the immense network of business schemes to-day, as compared with the times when it ruled almost supreme. But as a line of business and commerce it flourishes and holds high rank.

St. Louis was one of the earliest seats of the fur trade in the United States. Its business therein was established over one hundred years ago. That city has continued to be a seat of operations ever since and to-day holds first place in that line, and is reported as the largest primary fur market in the world. That is to say, to its market come furs direct from the trapping grounds of all of North America, including Alaska. To it dealers and manufacturers and exporters gather from all parts of the United States to make their purchases, while buyers representing England, Germany, France, Russia and other foreign countries, either in person or by agents, also attend the great sales which are held there. The half dozen or more houses which conduct this immense business do it as commission agents, receiving the furs direct from the trapper, hunter or country dealer from all parts of the land. The St. Louis business had greatly increased in the last ten years, and one house alone, that of Funsten Bros. & Company, is reported as now selling more furs in one month than all the fur companies of the early day when they made their slow canoe expeditions up the Missouri river, would collect and sell in a year's time. The total volume of fur business passing through the St. Louis market for the season just closed, is estimated at about six million dollars.

The pelts of almost all fur-bearing animals extant are to be seen in these depots, but especially those of American origin. Raccoon, mink, skunk, red, gray and cross fox, oppossum, wolf, lynx, marten, beaver,

otter, muskrat, bear and wild-cat pelts are received daily in amounts that exceed a whole year's receipts of twenty years ago. The catch of beaver, bear and otter, however, is much smaller than in former years, more especially of beavers. The catch of bear, also, for several years past, has been affected by the large decline in price of that particular fur.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that there has not been that decline by natural extinction in the numbers of these wild animals, that we might have supposed would result from the spread of civilization throughout our territory everywhere. A few of the fur-bearing animals that flourished extensively as late as fifty years ago may have become practically extinct—such, especially, as the buffalo which had to live in the open, and could not hide or find protection against often ruthless and wasteful destruction, and whose tramping grounds were the large fertile ranges which human settlements required for the plow and as the site for cities. But, contrary to the prevailing impression, the fur-bearing animals in general, such as enumerated above, and which live in streams and in wooded recesses and in mountain fastnesses—these, as the experts tell us, and as the fur business reports would indicate, are not becoming extinct.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF "INJUN JIM." AN INCIDENT IN THE LIVES OF TWO ALPENA COUNTY PIONEERS.

BY JAMES A. CASE.

Many incidents in the lives of pioneers, well worthy of preserving, are forgotten for lack of a pen to record them. It should be, and often is, a delightful task to write up items of early local history and thus rescue them from oblivion. To me it is regretable that so many events in the lives of the pioneers are carelessly permitted to pass from remembrance. The State Pioneer and Historical Society is laboring with commendable zeal to gather up interesting incidents in the lives of our early settlers; and these are being recorded by hands that love their work in imperishable records. But he who would engage in such "labor of love" is often doomed to disappointment. Too often he finds that death has forever sealed the lips that might have imparted such information as would have made such "labor of love" possible.

Not so in regard to the incident I am about to relate, for one of the chief actors is not only living, but is also possessed of an excellent memory. From her I obtained the facts in relation to a most interesting event in her pioneer life.

It happened in 1862 or 1863. On this point Mrs. Oliver is not entirely clear. The incident occurred at Ossineke, or Devil river, as it was then called. Communication with Alpena in those days was mostly by water, though occasionally some one came overland, but such visits were of rare occurrence.

"Injun Jim" they called him. He had been at Devil river in days gone by and was not entirely unknown to the people living there. He was a quiet sort of man with the taciturn ways of his race. One day he appeared in the place again. He was sick; said he had been taken sick at Bay City. The civil war was raging and Injun Jim had gone to Bay City with the intention of "joining the army," but whether he had enlisted or not, Mrs. Oliver could not say. He had made his way back to Alpena and from there had gone to Devil river by boat with Gus Michiloski.

The latter will be remembered by old citizens as the owner of a little black sailboat, the capsizing of which afterwards sent poor Gus and a number of others to their death. His mother, familiarly known as "Auntie" Michiloski, a refined and educated lady, was a friend and companion of Mrs. Oliver. The tragic death of her son cast a shadow over her life, in which dear "Auntie" walked until her sweet, sad life came to an end. I have digressed a little to pay a tribute of respect to this dear woman, but I am sure that such of my readers as knew her will pardon the digression.

Mrs. Oliver was alone except for her children and "Auntie." Mr. Oliver was absent on a land-looking trip and was likely to be away for some time, but Mrs. Oliver was not the woman to turn a sick and homeless creature from her door; so Injun Jim was taken in and treated with all kindness. Physician there was none; but such simple remedies as were at hand were administered to the sick man and it was hoped that these, together with watchful care and good nursing, would soon restore him to health. But, as the days went by, he grew steadily worse. In vain the women increased their efforts. Weary days and still more weary nights came and went, bringing changes, and always for the worse. At last it became plainly apparent that the spirit of "Injun Jim" was soon to pass to the "happy hunting grounds." Toward the end he fell into a strange condition. He neither spoke nor moved, but lay

staring with wide, open eyes into vacancy. Four days he lay in this way and then died. He seemed, during these four days, to be in an unconscious condition, but may it not have been otherwise? May not the dying Indian have caught glimpses of the Spirit Land and of the dusky shades of his kindred beckoning him away? Who shall say?

Well, "Injun Jim" was dead; and now a new problem presented itself for solution, the disposal of the body. This was not easy for two lone women to solve. Mr. Oliver had not returned, and Gus came only after long absences. Then it occurred to them that they must meet the emergency, that they must be the undertakers, coffin-makers, grave-diggers and pall-bearers. They hesitated when they thought of all this, but not for long. Hesitation soon gave way to resolute action and, after a short consultation, they fell to work.

At the now idle mill they found a wide draughting board and a pair of saw-horses, placing the board on the saw-horses, they lifted the limp body from the bed, placed it on the board, and decently composed it for burial. Lumber and nails, saws and hammers were at hand, and they "set to" in such an earnest way that at sundown they had a coffin made, a grave dug and all other arrangements for the burial completed.

The coffin was not a very elaborate affair. It was probably a little "off" on shape, and certainly not at all profusely trimmed, but it was strongly made and of ample dimensions. Poor Jim wouldn't be cramped in it. He could turn over and stretch himself, if he cared to.

All this time the children had been looking with wondering eyes on the unusual proceedings. Something, to them incomprehensible, had interrupted the joyous flow of their lives. The Angel of Death had spread his sombre wings over the place; the children felt his presence and their voices were hushed to low whispers.

The burial had to be put off until the next day. The women were too tired to undertake that part of their heavy task sooner, and would have preferred it otherwise. The presence of the dead man lying there under the white cloth cast a gloom over things not easily dispelled. As the shade of evening fell, the weary watchers drew close together, not from superstitious fears, however—these two were not of the kind that "see things."

Early the next morning the body was placed in the coffin, the sheet in which it was wrapped thoroughly saturated with spirits of camphor, the lid nailed on, and all was ready. It required quite an effort to remove the body thus prepared from the house. Once there, it was placed on a dog train (a dog sledge such as was used by the French and Indian

mail carriers). The women were sufficiently acquainted with mechanical devices to know that rollers placed under the train would greatly facilitate the work of getting the body to the place of burial.

At last all was ready; and then, one pushing, the other pulling, the children silently following, this strange procession started for the grave. The route lay over rough ground, the way was long, and progress slow. Frequent halts had to be made to rest and to adjust the rollers. A hot summer sun, its rays unmitigated by not so much as a passing cloud, beat down upon their heads. All these things so retarded progress that it was noon when they reached the place of burial.

Some one had dug a cellar near the river bank intending to build a house there, but had abandoned the project. This spot was selected as the burial place. The cellar had partially caved in and, where this had occurred, a shallow grave was scooped out and into it, with a crowning effort, the coffin containing the mortal part of Injun Jim was lowered. After a short rest they filled up the grave and heaped the earth above him.

It was a quiet day in June. No sounds were heard, save the gentle murmurings of the zephyr winds among the pines, mingled with the voice of the little river; together singing, as it might be, a requiem for the soul of Poor Jim; and now, their labor finished, the women devoted the remaining hours of the day to needed rest.

A few days later, "His bones from insult to protect," they enclosed the grave with rude pickets and planted a few flowers there; but of these not a vestige remains.

Forty years have come and gone since this happened. Indian Jim in his grave beside the little river with its pebbly shores and rose-crowned banks has mouldered to dust. His grave unmarked, his merits unknown, his name and memory will soon have passed into oblivion.

But to the women, both the living and the dead, whose deed I have recorded, and to both of whom may justly be ascribed the womanly quality of gentleness, who yet in an emergency exhibited the sterner qualities of our nature, to them be praise. Of them and of their dead it may be said, "He was a stranger and they took him in;" kindly ministered to his wants while living, and then, when the end came, fashioned with unskilled but willing hands his coffin, dug his grave and gave him decent burial. Faithful disciples who heeded that saying of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me," to them be honor and lasting remembrance.

Thanks to them for the proof they have given us of the kind of stuff the pioneer women of Alpena county were made of.

THE BENCH AND BAR OF KENT COUNTY.

BY DWIGHT GOSS.

The bench and bar of Kent county have had an existence of about seventy years and the time naturally falls into three periods which can be called the poetic age, the romantic age, and the prosy age. Each age had its typical judge and its typical lawyer; and in each period the bench and bar made their imprint upon the history of our commonwealth, and the development of Kent county.

In the pioneer days the judges came to Grand Rapids across the county, either by stage or on horseback, disposed of the business on hand, either in a day or a week as the business required, and departed for the next county. Sometimes lawyers from Kalamazoo, Marshall or Detroit came with the judge and assisted local attorneys in the trials of important cases, but those were events in the old days for important cases were few and far between. In 1837 Judge Ransom held the first term of court in Grand Rapids, in a private house on Monroe street just above where now is the City National Bank. For the next two years court was held in private houses or at the village taverns and the business was disposed of in a day or two, but in 1838 the county built a court-house on what is now Fulton Street park. It was a two-story frame building, thirty by forty feet in size fronting east and west. It was built by Sylvester Granger and William J. Blakely at a contract price of $3,000. A few years afterwards Sylvester Granger was admitted to the Kent county bar in the building he had helped to erect.

On July 12, 1844, the court-house was destroyed by fire. The county at once built, at a cost of $300, a single room building on the site of the old court-house, which was used for about eight years as a place for holding court, and then for nearly forty years the Kent county court, like the Hebrews of old, wandered in the wilderness and had an abiding place in rented halls and vacant buildings until the present court-house was completed in 1892. The itinerant judges of the early days were not profound jurists, but they did know human nature and the needs of the growing communities in which their lot was cast. They

knew how to apply common law and common sense to the disputes of the pioneers, and in criminal matters knew how to give fair play to the accused, and how to dispense justice to the convicted. There were not many appeals from their decisions; they commanded the respect and confidence of the bar and the public. They worked hard and received little pecuniary reward, but they did a great work for Michigan in establishing law and order, and making business methods fair and honest. All honor and glory to the bench of by-gone days.

The bar in pioneer days was decidedly different from the bar of to-day. The pioneer lawyer did little law business for the simple reason that there was little law business to do. During the first fifteen years there was not enough legitimate law business in the courts of record of Kent county to support a single lawyer and his family at the prices then paid for legal services. The result was that the pioneer lawyers did other work than law business. The petty cases of justice court furnished some business. Many of the pioneer lawyers were elected justices of the peace and were glad to increase their professional incomes with the perquisites of the office. Many obtained agencies from insurance companies and solicited insurance; nearly all acted as local representatives for outside land owners, and whenever there was a real estate transfer made a few honest shillings in commissions and for conveyancing. A few lawyers added journalism to their accomplishments and edited and managed local newspapers. Many were politicians, and whenever it was possible, added the fees of office and the pleasures of public life to their professional incomes and honors. The real aristocrats of the profession acted as loan agents for eastern capitalists, and negotiated loans to the settlers, or were representatives of eastern commercial houses who gave credit to local business men, and collected payments when due, or secured good promises for the future.

The old-time lawyer was not troubled with a large number of law books, and law periodicals to distract his attention from other professional duties, but those that he had were generally well read and well worn. He did not have ready-made forms and precedents for his cases, but had to use his own knowledge and genius in preparing his pleadings. The old-time lawyers did not become rich and affluent, but if they were wise and shrewd they obtained control of cheap lands and town lots and franchises that afterwards rapidly increased in value and made them and their families comfortable and independent.

In the pioneer or poetic age of the Kent county bar the average lawyer was a Jack of all professions, and practicing law was but an in-

cident in his career, but many of them in the romantic age reaped the fruits of their studies and experiences in the poetic age. The pioneer lawyers were good fellows and good citizens. They knew everybody and everybody knew them. They did much for Grand Rapids and Kent county.

After Grand Rapids was organized as a city in 1850, and Kent county had become well settled, there came a time when the attorneys of the county could give their entire time and attention to the practice of law and obtain good incomes therefrom. Grand Rapids had a resident judge and the business of the courts rapidly increased. Many settlers came and commenced to clear up farms in the wilderness. They had their troubles and needed the assistance of courts and lawyers. Lumbermen began to buy lands and cut timber and ship forest products. They made many contracts with one another and with farmers, and with business men, both at home and abroad, that were broken or not lived up to, and the result was extensive litigation for lawyers and courts.

Again, soon after 1850, Grand Rapids became an attractive point for projected railroads, plank roads and transportation companies, and the usual attending troubles of such enterprises brought business to lawyers and courts. About that time also many corporations were organized, and as "corporations have no souls" they had to employ lawyers to furnish them a conscience with which to transact business. At that time, too, Grand Rapids began to be the headquarters for conducting business enterprises in adjoining counties which tended to increase the legal business of the city.

Early in this period lawyers began to accumulate books for law libraries, and the city soon possessed the leading reports of the country, and all the text-books of law, both American and English.

During the romantic period of the law practice in Grand Rapids the attorneys retained their leadership in public, municipal, and political affairs which they had obtained in pioneer days. Each lawyer of any standing had his clients and acquaintances throughout the community upon whom he could call for aid in a worthy enterprise or assistance in a political or business scheme. The consequence was that in those days lawyers knew what was going on, knew how to start things going, and how to keep them going, after they had started. Lawyers dominated in social and business affairs.

But it was in politics that the lawyers demonstrated their chief power and influence. In the days preceding and during the great civil

war, National and State politics were often in a chaotic state and political excitement ran high. Political prizes became valuable. Large sums of money were collected for national defense and State improvements. All these things helped the business of the lawyers and increased their prestige.

With their leadership in general affairs each lawyer developed a personalty and cultivated a following that advertised his business, his influence and his success. Lawyers fostered their own social qualities and improved all opportunities to extend their acquaintanceship and their standing. Goodfellowship was cherished as a valuable business asset. But it was in the court-room, in the trial of causes, that the lawyer of the romantic age was at his best. Important cases were frequently tried and people flocked to the court-room for entertainment. They went in crowds to hear attorneys who had become famous for eloquence, repartee, wit, shrewd cross-examination, good story telling, and humor. Attorneys who had idiosyncrasies of word and manner never lacked for an audience. Lawyers' arguments, manners, and smartness were discussed and commented upon outside the court room; outside attorneys who attended court were compared with home attorneys, and both modesty and loyalty compel the admission that the Kent county bar did not suffer in the comparisons.

In those days there were men who enjoyed law-suits and paid their attorneys well for the excitement of the contest and the love of possible victory. They were public benefactors who liberally patronized the law for the entertainment it furnished the public. In these degenerate days such patrons of a noble profession have almost ceased to exist. In that happy period the people applauded and appreciated their lawyers. It was the romantic age of the law practice.

What a change to this prosy age of the law practice! Nowadays cases involving hundreds of thousands of dollars are tried with a lawyer and his clerk on one side, another lawyer and his stenographer on the other, the judge, the jury, and a half dozen setters on the back seats, and all acting as if the whole thing was a bore.

These declining days have seen a court room filled with attorneys of national reputation, representing different interests, at a hearing where the issues involved millions of dollars who argued for hours with an audience of less than a dozen persons beside the interested attorneys and their assistants. Very seldom do civil causes attract any attention from the public. Cases filled with romance and pathos are tried to empty benches. The great public, which in the old days took such an interest

in law-suits and lawyers, has almost ceased to attend the courts. The successful lawyer has ceased to be a hero; the romance of the law has departed. A law-suit is no longer a drama in which the end is waited for by the public with bated interest. The public no longer discusses the dress, personality, the manners and the appearance of attorneys. Attorneys themselves are dry and prosaic. Most law-suits are simply investigations of mistakes and misunderstandings in business transactions. Lawyers are no longer orators, actors and artists; they are plain business men who receive their chief fees and glory in keeping their clients out of trouble. They no longer entertain and amuse and instruct the public.

The first murder trial in Kent county was had at the May term of 1843. Judge Ransom presided. The people were represented by Thomas B. Church, who had located at the Rapids less than a year before, and who was assisted by Samuel Clark, an attorney of Kalamazoo. The defense was represented by Simeon M. Johnson, Julius C. Abel and George Martin, all pioneer attorneys.

In December, 1842, two white men named Miller and Hovey, driving an ox team from the forks of the Muskegon river to its mouth, fell in with a squaw named Nega. The Indians of Muskegon river, soon after missing the Indian woman who was a daughter of a chief, searched for her and found her body with a broken neck, near where the white men had camped. They took up the trails of the white men and found that Hovey had taken the team to the starting place while Miller had fled down the river and up the lake shore towards Saugatuck. Hovey claimed to know nothing of the murder, while Miller was a fugitive. T. D. Gilbert, who was then sheriff of Ottawa county, after a time arrested Miller, at the lighthouse near the mouth of Kalamazoo river, and brought him to Grand Rapids. The Indians immediately demanded a "life for a life," but were restrained by the efforts of Louis Campau and Rix Robinson.

Miller was tried and convicted, chiefly upon the evidence of Hovey. At that time capital punishment prevailed in Michigan and the convicted man was sentenced to be hung, but he was reprieved until the bill abolishing capital punishment became a law, when he was sent to prison. In a few years Hovey died, and on his death bed confessed that he was the guilty party. Miller was then pardoned. Thus Kent county escaped the stain of an execution. A scaffold was prepared under the direction of Sheriff Withey, but for the reasons given, was never used.

In 1851 occurred the celebrated Mills trial. George Mills was a character who had been in Grand Rapids from early days and by questionable methods had accumulated considerable property and with certain classes had much influence. He possessed a quarrelsome disposition and a vindictive, revengeful temper. Many citizens were not surprised when he was arrested for burning a granary. There were many delays but finally the case was brought on for trial.

The prosecution was conducted by E. E. Sargeant and Tom. Church, of Grand Rapids, and John Van Armen of Marshall; the defense was conducted by Judge Goodman of Detroit and Samuel Clark of Kalamazoo, assisted in outside work by local attorneys. The trial took sixty days and was held in an audience room on the west side near Bridge street. From start to finish every step was stubbornly contested and every point of law ardently disputed. The court room was crowded at every session. Many ladies attended. Platforms were erected on the outside near the windows to accommodate the hearers. Everybody knew George Mills and many people had a personal interest in his conviction or acquittal. In his closing argument Tom. Church made one of the greatest speeches in his life. When the trial closed the court officers, the jury and the attorneys were in a state of physical exhaustion from their duties. The respondent was convicted and sentenced to prison, but was released before completing his term. He did not return to Grand Rapids to reside.

A leading case in the admiralty and interstate commerce of the United States was the case of "The Daniel Ball" decided by the United States supreme court in December, 1870. It was a Grand Rapids case. In March, 1868, "The Daniel Ball," a steamboat of one hundred and twenty-three tons burden was navigating Grand river between Grand Rapids and Grand Haven and transporting merchandise and passengers without having been inspected or licensed under the laws of the United States. The government filed a libel in the United district court at Grand Rapids to recover a penalty for want of inspection and license. Two questions were presented for the decision of the court: First, whether the steamer was engaged in transporting merchandise and passengers on a navigable water of the United States within the meaning of the acts of congress; second, whether those acts were applicable to a steamer engaged as a common carrier between places in the same state when only a portion of the merchandise transported was destined to places in other states, or came from places without the state. Both questions were decided in the affirmative by the supreme court, and the

principles of law declared in that case became the basis for the interstate commerce act and the decisions sustaining it.

The libel was dismissed by Judge Withey of the district court, but his decision was reversed by Judge Swan of the circuit court and the libel was sustained by the supreme court of the United States. Col. A. T. McReynolds appeared for the boat, the U. S. officials for the government.

A case in these later days that attracted unusual attention from the public and the profession was the case of Haines vs. Hayden, reported in 95 Mich., at page 332. It was tried in the Kent circuit court in February and March, 1892, in the old court rooms of the Norris block just before the court-house was completed. Eminent counsel were employed on both sides. It was a will case. For the proponent were Major J. Dunham, E. A. Maher and Willard Kingsley of Grand Rapids, and Alfred Russell of Detroit; for the contestants were C. H. Gleason, M. J. Smiley and Edwin F. Uhl. It was a case filled with scandal, hatred and all the baser passions of human nature. In popular parlance it was known as the "Jockey Brown" will case.

In June, 1891, James H. Brown died at the age of eighty-four, leaving an estate amounting to about $160,000, and two daughters who were sisters, or supposed to be sisters, and who were both past the meridian of life. Brown for years had been a familiar figure in the courts of Kent county. He was a sharp, shrewd, unyielding, and in a measure, unscrupulous man, who drove hard bargains and always insisted on all his legal rights. He was a money loaner and speculator and universally known as "Jockey Brown." In his last years he was blind, but nevertheless always had cases pending in court and gave personal attention to their conduct.

By the terms of his will he gave almost his entire estate to his eldest daughter and made her an executor of his will; to the other daughter he simply gave the income from $10,000 and even that portion was to be held and controlled by the favored sister and the income doled out as her judgment might dictate.

The less favored sister contested the will on the grounds of undue influence and mental incapacity, and produced evidence tending to show that the favored sister had poisoned her father's mind, when the will was made, into believing that the less favored sister was not the child of the testator; in fact, the favored sister gave testimony tending to show that her own mother was unchaste and that her younger sister was illegitimate. Of course the testimony took the usual wide range of a

will case; everything said and done by "Jockey Brown" and his family for fifty years was investigated. All the dry bones of the family skeleton were thoroughly shaken and dusted. When the arguments came it was a contest of giants. All connected with the case were well known advocates. Mr. Uhl and Mr. Smiley had long been considered among the leaders of the Kent county bar; they had long been rivals and generally on opposite sides, but now they were associates and each was determined to equal if not to surpass his own best efforts. Mr. Russell had a national reputation as a lawyer and an advocate. During the entire trial of weeks the court room was filled, and when the arguments came all available space in reach of the voices of the advocates was crowded. But the jury did for "Jockey Brown" dead what no man had been able to do for him living, *they broke his will*, and their verdict was sustained by the supreme court.

The probate court of Kent county was organized in 1836. For many years the volume of business was small; the first year there were two cases; the second year one case, and the third year three cases. Last year, 1904, there were 852 cases.

The first business was on August 1, 1836, when an order was entered arranging October 19th for a hearing in appointing an administrator in the estate of Rowland W. Sizor. In the report of that estate it appears that the lot on which Powers opera house now stands sold for twenty dollars. The probate judges of Kent county are as follows:

Jefferson Morrison, August 1, 1836 to December 31, 1844.
James A. Davis, January 1, 1845 to December 31, 1848.
Solomon L. Withey, January 1, 1849 to December 31, 1852.
Robert P. Sinclair, January 1, 1853 to December 31, 1856.
William A. Robinson, January 1, 1857 to December 31, 1864.
Benjamin A. Harlan, January 1, 1865 to December 31, 1876.
Cyrus E. Perkins, January 1, 1877 to December 31, 1884.
Lyman D. Follett, January 1, 1885 to May 30, 1887.
Cyrus E. Perkins, June 7, 1887 to December 31, 1896.
Harry D. Jewell, January 1, 1897 to the present, 1905.

When the first settlers came into the present limits of Kent county it was a part of Kalamazoo and in the records of that county can be found the early judicial history of Kent county, but the first citizens were peaceable, and as far as known, did not make history in court annals. Kent county was organized March 24, 1836, and soon after began its judicial career.

In 1860 nearly all the early court records of Kent county were de-

stroyed by fire so that it is now impossible to find accurate data of the early judicial history, but from meager records, village newspapers and tradition, it seems that from 1836 to 1852 the following judges held court on the circuit bench at Grand Rapids: Epaphroditus Ransom, Charles W. Whipple, Edward Mundy and George Martin. Under the old constitution these judges were judges of the State supreme court who "rode circuit," or went from county to county to hold terms of court. In those days the itinerant judges were assisted by associate judges, two chosen from the body of the county for a term of three years each. The associate judges were seldom lawyers. As far as can be ascertained the following pioneers of Kent county acted as associate judges: From 1837 to 1841, John Almy and Arnot Davis; from 1841 to 1844, Ezekiel W. Davis and Philander Tracy; from 1844 to 1847, Rix Robinson and Lewis Reed. John Almy had been elected but failing to qualify Lewis Reed was appointed in his stead.

Under the new constitution, commencing with 1852, the following acted as judges of the Kent circuit: From 1852 to 1858, George Martin of Grand Rapids; from 1858 to 1870, Louis S. Lovell of Ionia; from 1870 to 1882, Birney Hoyt; from 1882 to 1888, Robert M. Montgomery, when he resigned and William E. Grove was first appointed and then elected to fill the vacancy. He continued in office until January 1, 1902. By an act of the legislature of 1889 a second circuit judge was provided for the county and Marsden C. Burch was given the position by Governor Luce on June 1, 1889 and continued in office until February 5, 1891, when, by a decision of the supreme court Allen C. Adsit became judge in place of Judge Burch and continued in office until January 1, 1900.

The appointment of Judge Burch under the act of 1889 resulted in litigation that became celebrated in Michigan judicial history. At the general election in the spring of 1889 an amendment to the constitution was adopted that the legislature might provide for the election of more than one circuit judge in the judicial circuit in which Kent county was situated. The amendment also provided that it should have immediate effect. The legislature being then in session thereupon passed an act creating the office of an additional circuit judge for the seventeenth judicial circuit which composed the county of Kent; and the act also provided that the first judge should be appointed by the governor and hold office until January 1, 1894. Judge Burch was appointed and held office until deposed by a decision of the supreme court. Judge Burch was a republican; Judge Adsit was a democrat.

At the general election in the fall of 1890 the democrats claimed that the governor only had authority to appoint a judge to fill a vacancy until the next general election, and that there was a vacancy in the office of circuit judge. The republicans claimed there was no vacancy, and made no nomination. The democrats nominated Allen C. Adsit to fill the alleged vacancy, and he received the votes of his party. After the election legal proceedings were instituted to ascertain who was entitled to the office and the supreme court decided in favor of Mr. Adsit, who at once assumed the duties of the office.

At the general election of 1899 the present incumbents, Alfred Wolcott and Willis B. Perkins were elected judges for the Kent circuit and assumed office on January 1, 1900. They were both re-elected in the spring of 1905.

Epaphroditus Ransom, the first judge to hold court in Kent county, was a native of Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, born in 1797. He read law in Vermont and graduated from the Northampton law school in 1823. In 1834 he settled in Kalamazoo and in 1836 became judge. In 1847 he was elected governor which ended his judicial career. In 1856 he removed to Fort Scott, Kansas, where he entered the government land office and died in November, 1859. He was judge of the old third judicial circuit which was made up of the settled counties in the western portion of Michigan. He was a large, fine looking man of commanding presence, full of force and energy, yet withal kind and courteous.

Charles W. Whipple was born at Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1805. He was a graduate of West Point and afterwards studied law at Detroit. He was admitted in 1829 and practiced at Detroit. He was secretary of the constitutional convention of 1835, and was a man of large intellectual attainments and stood well in his profession. He died in 1855.

Edward Mundy was born in New Jersey in 1794, and was graduated at Rutgers in 1812. He came to Ann Arbor in 1831 and was admitted to the bar in 1834. In 1848 he was appointed judge of the newly created fifth judicial circuit and removed to Grand Rapids where he acted as judge until his death, March 13, 1851. Judge Mundy did not enter the legal profession until late in life, but the experiences of a checkered business life, a clear head and a sympathetic heart made him a good judge. He was a man of fine personal appearance. He had quick perceptions, a ready tact, and a dignified manner. He was not

dismayed by misfortune nor elated by success. Those who knew him best were his most devoted friends.

George Martin was born at Middlebury, Vermont, June 30, 1815. He was graduated from Middlebury college in 1833 and at once commenced studying law with an uncle, Harvey Bell, at Montpelier, and also with Daniel P. Thompson of the same place. Thompson was the Vermont lawyer-novelist who wrote "The Green Mountain Boys," "May Martin," and other works of fiction. As soon as he had been admitted to the bar George Martin, soon after attaining his majority, came to Grand Rapids in September, 1836, where he settled for the practice of his profession, and resided for the remainder of his life.

During his early years there was little litigation in the courts of record and Mr. Martin, like other frontier lawyers, added to his income by acting as justice of the peace, land agent and insurance agent, and other employment extraneous to a legitimate law practice. In 1849 he was elected county judge, and in 1851 was chosen circuit judge, and under the judicial system of Michigan at that time he was also *ex-officio* a member of the supreme court. Judge Martin continued as circuit judge until 1857, when the present supreme court was organized. Judge Martin was chosen the first chief justice and continued to preside over the court of last resort in Michigan until his death, which occurred at Detroit, December 15, 1867.

He was a man below medium stature, of pleasing address, agreeable manners, and amiable disposition. He was a quick thinker, a fluent speaker, and a graceful and facile writer, yet he was never a profound nor industrious student. His intellectual resources were always ready and in consequence he was indolent in habit. As a judge he was given to deciding questions on technical grounds rather than laboriously investigating them on their merits. In his later years he was a victim to intemperance, yet he was always genial and light-hearted.

Judge Martin had an easy, graceful, incisive literary style. His opinions are models in their statements of facts and legal principles. The case of People vs. Blodgett in the 13th Michigan, p. 127, was one in which the profession and the public were deeply interested. The question was whether soldiers in the field during the Civil War could legally vote under the constitution. A majority of the court held that they could not. Judge Martin dissented with fire and vigor and ended his opinion with an epigrammatic utterance that attracted universal attention at the time and has since been frequently quoted. He said he

could not "allow to judicial doubts more potency than to legislative certainty." Politically Judge Martin was an ardent republican. He was social in his habits and died as he had lived surrounded by friends.

Louis S. Lovell was born in Grafton, Vermont, November 15, 1816. He prepared for college in the academies at Chester and Bellows Falls and was graduated from Middlebury college at the age of twenty. He studied law at Springfield, Vermont, and New York, and was nearly ready to be admitted when his father died and the care of the estate and family fell upon him. In 1841 he settled in Ionia and soon after was admitted. He practiced in Ionia until 1857 when he was elected judge of the eighth judicial circuit which then included Kent county. He presided in the Kent circuit until 1870 when Kent county was separated from the eighth circuit. He retired from the bench December 31, 1880. After his retirement from the bench he engaged in the banking, lumber and money loaning business at Ionia until his death March 30, 1894. Judge Lovell was an ideal judge. He had a judicial temperament, was dignified, courteous and impartial. With a commanding presence and a desire for justice he possessed the respect of the bar and won the admiration of the public.

Birney Hoyt, who was the first judge of the seventeenth district, both while it was composed of Kent and Barry counties and after Kent county became a district by itself, was born at Sinclairville, New York, October 13, 1841. His parents moved to Oakland county, in 1845, and in 1852 to Detroit. In 1857 the family moved to a farm just south of the city limits of Grand Rapids. Birney Hoyt was educated in the public schools of Detroit, the Grand Rapids high school, the Castleton seminary in Vermont and Birmingham academy of Michigan. In 1860 he commenced the study of law in Grand Rapids, in the office of Stephen G. Champlin, and afterwards continued his studies with Holmes and Champlin, and C. C. Rood. In 1862 he entered the Union army and served to the close of the war. He was permanently disabled at Liberty Mills, Virginia, by a shot through the left shoulder, so that ever after he was obliged to have artificial support for his arm. In 1865 he entered the law department of the State university, from which he was graduated the following spring. He at once commenced practice at Grand Rapids, and continued until he entered upon the duties of a circuit judge May 1, 1871. He was re-elected in the spring of 1875 for a term of six years. December 31, 1881, he completed his second term and retired from office to practice his profession in the city of Grand Rapids, and this he continued until his death which occurred

on February 20, 1900. Judge Hoyt was of quiet, unassuming manners. He delighted in chancery practice and enjoyed delving in equity both as judge and practitioner. He was not a society man, but he enjoyed books and friends. Those who knew him best loved him most.

The first practicing lawyer in Kent county was Julius C. Abel, who settled in Kent county in 1834. He built the first house in Grandville and was one of the first supervisors of the county. Like Lincoln, he was a land surveyor, and also like Lincoln, he was a man of large physical frame. He had a voice that pierced case, court and jury. He always was a man of vigorous action in trying cases. His gestures frequently intimidated witnesses, and often the court was obliged to suggest moderation of word and act. Abel was a self-made lawyer. He possessed shrewd wit, knowledge of human nature, and full appreciation of himself and his cause. Keen and wily, he knew the value of bluff and bluster and all the tricks of bush-whacking in the petty litigation of the frontier. Esquire Abel died in 1871.

John Ball was born on Tenny Hill, Grafton county, New Hampshire, November 12, 1794. He was educated in country schools and at Salisbury academy. He worked his way through Dartmouth college and was graduated in 1820. During the next four years he studied law at Lansingburg, New York, and taught school. He was admitted in 1824. His brother-in-law, a business man of extensive interests, died soon after and John Ball settled his estate, which took several years. In 1832 John Ball crossed the continent by way of Pittsburg, St. Louis, Independence, the South Pass, and the Columbia river. He was gone two and a half years, during which time he visited much of the territory now composing Washington, Oregon, California, and also the Hawaiian islands.

For two years he practiced law at Lansingburg and then came to Grand Rapids as a land-broker for capitalists and investors in 1836. During the next few months he located much land in Kent county and in the spring of 1837 he opened a law office at Grand Rapids, where he practiced for nearly fifty years. He had at different times for partners, George Martin, S. L. Withey, Edward E. Sargeant, E. S. Eggleston, and James H. McKee. The partnership of Ball & McKee continued for thirty-two years, from 1852 to Mr. Ball's death. No law firm of the Kent county bar has had a longer existence. The firm was never active in litigation, but was engaged in money loaning, real estate and business matters and often acted as counselors. Mr. Ball died at Grand Rapids, February 5, 1884. He left a gift to the city of forty

acres of land which now forms a beautiful park that bears his name. Mr. Ball traveled and saw much of life. He did not marry until late in life, but left a family of several children who have every reason to be proud of their father. He was a representative progressive citizen who won the confidence and esteem of all who knew him.

Simeon M. Johnson took the first law books into Grand Rapids, which, when first used in Kent county, were not as dry as law books usually are. He carried them in his trunk which, on October 13, 1836, was lost in the Thornapple river by the capsizing of the stage wagon; the trunk was not recovered until the next day, when its contents, including the law books, were opened to the world for inspection and absorption. Johnson, like all pioneer lawyers, did not stick close to his profession. In 1837 he engaged in fire insurance; in 1838 he was cashier of a wild-cat bank which suspended business almost before it began operations; it borrowed nine hundred dollars in silver from Rix Robinson to make a show of assets to the State bank examiner and the cashier forgot to return the money before the bank went into liquidation. For his forgetfulness in the transaction Uncle Rix administered bodily chastisement to Simeon. No financial trust of modern times has been as much discussed or furnished more excitement for Grand Rapids. In 1841 Johnson started the Grand Rapids "Enquirer," which for years was the leading newspaper of Grand Rapids. He was a politician as well as lawyer and editor, and in 1852 he left Grand Rapids to enter the government service at Washington.

C. Osgood was an early attorney of Kent county who settled in Grandville. He was appointed prosecuting attorney by Judge Ransom at the beginning of the first term of circuit court held in the county. He owned the Grandville plat and hoped and worked to make it a great city, but his hopes were doomed to disappointment. He died at Grandville many years after the village was founded.

Charles P. Calkins was a pioneer lawyer of Grand Rapids, who was born in Hinesburg, Vermont, January 24, 1803. He attended the schools of his native State, but came to Michigan as a young man and completed his literary and law studies at Kalamazoo and Ann Arbor. He was admitted to the bar of Michigan in 1835. The next year he settled in Grand Rapids where he practiced law until 1879 when he retired. He died September 2, 1890. Soon after coming to Grand Rapids he formed a partnership with Benjamin G. Bridge, who died in 1839. In 1853 he formed a partnership with John T. Holmes. Charles P. Calkins was not a court lawyer, but he was a safe counselor,

and excelled as an office lawyer. He was honest, industrious, prudent and conservative. At different times he owned considerable property and land which after it passed from his hands became valuable. At one time he dealt in lumber and pine lands. In 1839 he married Miss Mary Hinsdale. They left several children who are now representative citizens of Grand Rapids. Charles P. Calkins was faithful to every duty of life and always held the respect of his fellows and affection of his friends.

Alfred D. Rathbone was one of the pioneer lawyers of Kent county. He was born at Aurora, New York, January 18, 1806. He was educated, studied law and was admitted to the bar in his native state. At the age of thirty he came to Grand Rapids, opened a law office in 1836 and continued a resident of the town until his death, April 5, 1856. Mr. Rathbone was an earnest democrat and always took an active interest in political and municipal affairs. He was postmaster of Kent, the old village name of Grand Rapids. In 1839 he was elected the first prosecuting attorney of Kent county and held the office for four years. With him were associated strong and able lawyers. At various times he had for partners, George Martin, John Ball, Thomas B. Church and James Miller. In the old days legitimate law business was not brisk in Kent county, but Mr. Rathbone was too active and ambitious to wait for business to come; he made business, but he did not encourage litigation, for he was exceedingly careful in observing professional and business ethics. He fostered and promoted business enterprises and dealt largely in real estate. He was alert, farseeing and methodical; as a result, he became wealthy and left an estate which was so invested that his family has ever been and now is numbered among the capitalists of Grand Rapids. His son, Alfred D. Rathbone, was born in Grand Rapids in 1842 and always lived in the city and died in 1902. His grandson, Alfred D. Rathbone, was born in 1868 and is now an active business man of the town.

Thomas B. Church was born in Bristol county, Massachusetts, September 13, 1813. He was given the best of educational advantages and was graduated from Trinity college at Hartford. He came to Michigan in 1838 and engaged in surveying and civil engineering; studied law at Marshall, Mich., took a course in the Harvard law school and was admitted to the bar in 1841; in 1842 he settled in Grand Rapids for the practice of his profession, where he resided until his death, July 30, 1890. Mr. Church was a genius—a man of marked mental powers; he wrote much for the newspapers and had great literary

ability; he was an orator whose eloquence often astounded and delighted his audience, both upon the stump and in the court room. He was not always eloquent in trying cases, however, sometimes the fire did not flash, but let his powers be aroused by a just cause weighing in the balance, an act of injustice, the obstinacy of a witness, or the force of a worthy opponent, and he would suddenly call together the vast stores of his memory and overwhelm court and jury with his oratory. It did not need a great case or a large audience to arouse his talents. In justice court he sometimes overwhelmed court and jury with his eloquence if he detected injustice or oppression in an adversary. He was appointed prosecuting attorney soon after coming to Grand Rapids and conducted the first murder trial in the county. He assisted the prosecution in the Mills case, more than fifty years ago. He assisted in the prosecution of Vanderpool when he was tried at Kalamazoo and Hastings, a case which attracted wide-spread attention in Michigan nearly forty years ago. The memory of no member of the Kent county bar is surrounded with more romance and regard than is that of Tom. Church.

John T. Holmes was born December 11, 1815, at Carlisle, N. Y. He attended the common schools of Niagara county and select school in Cherry Valley. In March, 1836, he married and the next year moved to Detroit; in 1838 he came to Grand Rapids and engaged in business for about three years, devoting his leisure hours to studying and finally giving his entire time to the study of law. On May 19, 1843, with Solomon L. Withey and Sylvester Granger, before Judge Ransom, he was admitted to the Kent county bar. They were the first law students admitted in the county. In 1845 he was chosen justice of the peace; in 1852 and 1854 he was elected prosecuting attorney. In 1875 he was elected the first judge of the superior court and held the office for six years. In April, 1882, he was elected judge of the police court and held that office until his death, June 16, 1891. Judge Holmes was always a democrat, but during the war was an ardent supporter of the Union cause. When not engaged in official duties, he was a successful practitioner of law and had his share of success, being careful and painstaking in preparing and presenting his cases. He always lived a clean, useful life and commanded the respect of his fellows.

Solomon L. Withey was born at St. Albans, Vt., April 21, 1820. His father was Solomon Withey, who came to Grand Rapids in 1836 and was sheriff of Kent county from 1842 to 1845. When Solomon Withey came to Grand Rapids, his son, Solomon L. Withey, stopped at

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, where he worked and attended school until about 1838 when he came to Grand Rapids and taught school near where now is the court-house. In 1839 he commenced to study law with the firm of Rathbone & Martin; he was admitted May 17, 1843, while his father was sheriff of the county. For a year after his admission he remained as clerk in the office of Rathbone & Martin and then commenced practice for himself. In 1848 he was elected judge of probate and held the office for four years. His professional partnerships at different times were with George Martin, John Ball, Edward E. Sargeant, E. S. Eggleston and George Gray. During the years of his practice, he was a leading lawyer of the county and obtained a State reputation. Few important cases were tried in Kent county in which he was not retained. In 1861 he was elected State senator and did good service for the State by his efforts and success in preventing the railroad companies of the State from securing title to public lands for building railroads before the roads were actually completed. On March 11, 1863, he was appointed by President Lincoln the first United States district judge for the western district of Michigan, and ably performed the duties of that office for the rest of his life. He was also a member of the constitutional convention of 1867, taking a leading part in its work. He died at San Diego, Cal., April 25, 1886.

Judge Withey was not a profound student of the subtleties and technicalities in the law, but he possessed a large fund of common sense and an intuition for justice and equity that made him a successful lawyer and a good judge; he knew men and their motives, and how to apply legal principles to business affairs, and as a result, he won success at the bar and commanded respect on the bench; he was sagacious in business and laid the foundations for successful business enterprises and investments that are still managed and controlled by his family.

Sylvester Granger came to Grand Rapids in 1836; in 1838 he helped build the old court-house; in its early days he wrote much for the Grand Rapids "Enquirer." On May 17, 1843, with John T. Holmes and Solomon L. Withey, he was admitted to the bar; the next year he was elected justice of the peace.

Charles C. Rood was born in northern Vermont, October 24, 1815. In 1822 his father moved to Michigan and settled at Pontiac. He obtained such an education as he could in the frontier schools, studied law at Detroit and Marshall, was admitted and came to Grand Rapids in 1846 where he practiced law forty-five years. He died February 21, 1891. He was not a brilliant, dashing lawyer. He seldom appeared

in the courts, yet he always had a lucrative business. His practice was almost wholly commercial, collecting claims and accounts, and real estate transactions. He was conservative by temperament and in his methods of business. He was a wise, safe, counselor and kept his clients out of litigation, if possible. Successful in business and investments he left a competence for his family.

Lucius Patterson was a prominent lawyer for many years in Grand Rapids. He was born at Constantia, Oswego county, New York, November 29, 1814, where he was educated in the common schools and studied for the bar; he came to Michigan and settled in Otisco as a farmer in 1844; two years afterward he was admitted to the bar at Grand Rapids, and in 1847 moved into the village and commenced to build up a law practice. He lived on the west side and took a deep interest in west side business enterprises and social affairs. In 1850 he was elected justice of the peace; in 1853 he became a law partner of Stephen G. Champlin. He aided in building a new west side school house in 1854. In 1855 he was captain of the west side military company and in 1856 was elected alderman. Politically he was a staunch democrat. During his professional career he often "rode circuit" in the northern counties.

Mr. Patterson was not a learned lawyer, but he understood human nature and knew how to apply his legal knowledge in winning cases; he was a good friend and a bitter enemy, yet genial and generous. Devoted to his profession and his city, he was a successful lawyer and a good citizen. He died March 23, 1871.

James Miller was born in Winsted, Connecticut, February 11, 1823. His father was an early settler of Gull Prairie, Kalamazoo county. James was educated in the schools of Michigan, studied law and settled in Grand Rapids. He was a practicing lawyer for many years but in later life was engaged chiefly in real estate transactions and other business. He died November 27, 1879, at which time he was president of the board of public works.

E. E. Sargeant was for many years a business partner of Solomon L. Withey and John Ball; he was village attorney in 1848, and in 1850 helped to draft the new city charter. In 1850 he was elected prosecuting attorney, and during his terms of office prosecuted the celebrated case of the People vs. Mills. In addition to his legal business Sargeant also wrote editorials for the Grand Rapids "Enquirer." He died in 1858, aged thirty-seven years.

Ralph Cole was a lawyer, journalist and politician of the old days.

In 1849 he was appointed postmaster of Grand Rapids. In 1850 he was city attorney; in 1851 he was elected mayor; for several years he wrote Whig editorials for the Grand Rapids "Eagle;" in 1854 he was a supervisor in the city and on July 29, 1853 he died from smallpox.

Ebenezer S. Eggleston was born at Batavia, N. Y., May 2, 1825. When twelve years of age he came to Hillsdale county, Mich., where he received a good education and studied law. In 1851 he came to Grand Rapids and completed his legal studies so that he was admitted the next year. In 1856 he was elected prosecuting attorney; in 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln consul to Cadiz, Spain; in 1872 he was elected a member of the State legislature. He was once a candidate for circuit judge, but aside from those ventures in politics, Mr. Eggleston made the practice of law his life work. For more than forty years he was a lawyer and known as such to the profession and the public; he was never a specialist but always conducted a general practice, and was equally eminent as a counsellor, a pleader and an advocate; he was always a courteous gentleman, well thought of by his associates, his natural suavity of manner and sweetness of temper being cultivated and refined by his diplomatic experiences. He appeared in all courts and could hold his own in all branches of litigation. On August 28, 1892 he died in the harness and exemplified the traditions of the profession by living well and dying poor.

Stephen G. Champlin was for many years a leading lawyer of Grand Rapids. He was born at Kingston, N. Y., July 1, 1827. He was educated in the common schools of Ulster county and in the academy at Rhinebeck. He commenced the study of medicine at fifteen years of age and its practice when he was eighteen. When twenty-one he commenced to study law and was admitted the next year. He located at Richmond, Ulster county, N. Y., and practiced there for a few years. He came to Grand Rapids in 1853 and formed a partnership with Lucius Patterson. In 1856 he was elected judge of the recorder's court and served two years. In 1858 he was elected prosecuting attorney for Kent county and performed the duties of the office for one term. At the commencement of the Civil War he enlisted and on May 13, 1861 received his commission as Major of the Third Michigan Infantry. Soon after entering active service he became colonel of the regiment. In the Peninsula campaign of 1862 he was severely wounded at Fair Oaks, Virginia, but continued in the service. November 29, 1862 he was promoted to brigadier general, but he did not recover from the wound he had received and was obliged to obtain leave of absence. He returned

to Grand Rapids and died from the effects of his wound on January 24, 1864. He was a brother of John W. Champlin, afterwards chief justice of the supreme court of Michigan.

John W. Champlin was born in Kingston, N. Y., on February 17, 1831. He lived on his father's farm and attended common schools and neighboring academies until he was twenty-one years of age when he attended the Delaware institute and completed a course in civil engineering. He followed surveying for a few years but in 1854 came to Grand Rapids and studied law in the office of his brother. In 1855 he was admitted to the bar before Judge Martin. He at once entered upon the practice of his profession at Grand Rapids which he followed until his death except as it was interrupted by his official career as judge of the supreme court of Michigan. He served one term as city recorder of Grand Rapids; three terms as city attorney, and one term as mayor of the city. In 1883 he was elected justice of the supreme court, and entered upon his duties January 1, 1884. At the end of his term of office in 1892 he resumed his practice in Grand Rapids, which he continued until his death, July 24, 1901. For five years he was lecturer in the law department of the State university but resigned in October, 1896.

In politics Judge Champlin was a democrat; in religion he was an Episcopalian. He was a genial man who enjoyed good wholesome fellowship. He was wise in counsel, keen in a trial, and successful as an advocate. He was a great lawyer and a good man and he made a reputation as an attorney and a judge which is national.

George Gray was born in the county of Tyrone, Ireland, June 20, 1824. He was a graduate from the university of Dublin. In early life he was a civil egineer and took high rank in his chosen profession. He came to Grand Rapids in 1855. December 22, 1856, he was admitted to the bar of Kent county before Judge Martin, and at once became a partner of Solomon L. Withey, which partnership continued until 1862. He entered the military service and became colonel of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry. He saw active service and won distinction in the Gettysburg campaign of 1863. After the war he resumed the practice of his profession at Grand Rapids and continued until 1870 when he entered the service of the Northern Pacific railroad and removed to New York city. He afterwards became general counsel for the company. He died several years ago. Colonel Gray was a thorough lawyer who achieved success by his genius and ability coupled with great industry. He knew the principles of law and he knew men and he knew the art

of convincing men whether they sat in the jury box or on the bench. Having won distinction in a profession which required industry and precision before he studied law, and having mingled much with the world, and having an extensive acquaintanceship with men of affairs, Colonel Gray did not have to wait for clients after he commenced to practice law and was not obliged to drum up business. From the start business came to him. His talents at the outset won him a commanding position. Only the early years of his professional career were spent in Michigan, yet Colonel Gray undoubtedly was one of the greatest lawyers our State ever produced. It is sad to note that his private life was not always in accord with his high professional standing.

George H. White was born in Saratoga Springs, New York, July 17, 1836. He was educated in the schools of that famous resort of olden days, and studied law in the office of Chancellor Walworth. He came to Grand Rapids in 1856, where he resided until his death, May 28, 1902. In his early years he was in active and successful practice, but as the years went by he withdrew from the tumult of the courts to the privacy of his books. The prosaic age of the law did not appeal to him and he became a dreamer of the days that had gone.

Christopher W. Leffingwell was born in Albany, New York, September 9, 1808. In his early manhood he taught school and studied law in Ohio. Having been admitted to the bar he came to Michigan in 1836 and settled in DeWitt, Clinton county. In 1854 he came to Grand Rapids and practiced law until the days of the civil war. At one time he was a partner of Lucius Patterson. In 1856 he was chosen city attorney. In 1861 he was elected justice of the peace. Although advanced in years before the Civil War he took an interest in military affairs in the local militia. After the war commenced he enlisted and saw active service. After the close of the war he remained in the government service looking after government property in the southern states. In 1866 he returned to Grand Rapids and settled on a farm in Grand Rapids township, where he remained until 1871, when he came to Grand Rapids and practiced law until 1878. He then removed to Illinois and lived at Rock Island and Henry until his death, July 17, 1879.

Gen. Andrew T. McReynolds was born in Dungannon, Ireland, December 25, 1808. His father and grandfather were lawyers. In 1833 he settled in Detroit. Soon after arriving in Michigan he was elected alderman of Detroit. In 1839 he was delegate from Michigan to the Harrisburg convention. In 1847 he was a member of the Michigan State

senate. In 1848 he was a soldier in Mexico. In 1852 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Wayne county. In 1859 he came to Grand Rapids, but at the commencement of the Civil War he entered the military service and remained until the end of the war. He was appointed United States attorney for the western district of Michigan by President Johnson. In 1874 he was elected prosecuting attorney of Muskegon county. He passed his last years at Grand Rapids and Muskegon and died November 26, 1898 at the age of ninety years. General McReynolds was in the public life of Michigan for more than sixty years.

James Blair was born on the shores of Lake George in Putnam county, New York, January 2, 1830. When twelve years of age his father's family moved to Michigan and stopped for a few months in Jackson county and then located in Walker township, Kent county, where James Blair lived on a farm until he was eighteen years old, when he came to Grand Rapids, which was his home until his death, December 18, 1892. His education was obtained in the common schools. After coming to Grand Rapids he was in business with Porter & Roberts and C. C. Comstock for many years. In 1856 he was city clerk. Soon after Colonel Gray returned from the war Mr. Blair commenced to study law with him and was admitted to the bar soon after the close of the war. He was employed by Colonel Gray until the latter left the city, when Mr. Blair succeeded to his business. In 1871 he formed a partnership with Lyman D. Norris under the firm name of Norris & Blair, which afterwards became Norris, Blair & Kingsley, and then Blair, Stone & Kingsley, followed by Blair, Eggleston, Kingsley & Kleinhans, and then Blair, Kingsley & Kleinhans, which continued for many years until Mr. Blair's death.

Mr. Blair was a member of the Grand Rapids board of education for eleven years and served as its president for four terms. He was appointed by Governor Begole a member of the board of trustees for the Industrial School for Boys and served one term. In 1885 he was appointed postmaster of Grand Rapids by President Cleveland and held the office for five years. Mr. Blair was a director in many industrial and financial institutions, and did much to promote the municipal and business growth of Grand Rapids.

At the bar he occupied a peculiar and remarkable position, one unparalleled in Kent county, if not in Michigan. Mr. Blair was a practicing lawyer for more than twenty years and during all that time was a member of a leading law firm of the city, and yet he never tried a case, more than that, he never saw a case tried. For years at a time he

never appeared in the court room, and when he did appear, it was only for a brief period to assist his partners in some point or phase of a case of which he had particular knowledge. Yet he was always an active force in the business of his firm. He thoroughly knew the business end of law-suits and had an unerring judgment in the management of cases and office work. His business experience in early life coupled with his law studies and quick intuition of men and situations made him a wise counsellor and a good business man's lawyer.

James A. Rogers was born in northern Vermont, June 30, 1834. When a small boy his people moved to Michigan, but when he was sixteen years old he returned to Springfield, Massachusetts, where he graduated from the high school and learned pharmacy. In 1857 he was married at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. For the next two years he was in the drug business at Indianapolis, Indiana. Then he studied law for a time and came to Grand Rapids about 1860 and soon after was admitted to the bar. He was a partner with James Miller and afterwards was a member of the firm of Rogers, Clay & Sliter. He died May 25, 1895. He generally let his partners and associates try the law cases while he devoted himself to chancery practice.

G. Chase Godwin was a native born Kent county lawyer who first saw the light in Wyoming township, April 18, 1840. He was educated in the common schools of the county and the city schools of Grand Rapids. In 1862 he began the study of law in the offices of Holmes & Champlin, and was admitted in 1864. He soon after commenced business for himself and was a practicing lawyer of Grand Rapids until his death, February 26, 1891. Mr. Godwin always took an interest in public affairs and was an ardent democrat. He was judge of the recorder's court from 1871 to 1875 and was city attorney in 1879. In August, 1886, he was appointed United States district attorney for the western district of Michigan by President Cleveland and held the office until 1890.

Mr. Godwin was a trial lawyer who enjoyed forensic combat. He was a persistent and hard fighter in court trials and commanded the respect of his opponents and the admiration of his associates. He was a good judge of law and of men; no one better understood the passions, prejudices and motives of men, and the art of obtaining evidence from witnesses and favorable verdicts from jurors. In his day he conducted many celebrated cases and was often pitted against distinguished adversaries.

D. Darwin Hughes was born at Camillus, Onondaga county, New York, February 1, 1823. He secured his education in the common

schools of the county and academies at Syracuse and Canandaigua. In 1840 his family removed to a farm in Eaton county, Michigan, where his mother soon after died and he was thrown upon his own resources. In 1842 he went to Charlotte where he learned the practical side of law practice by acting as deputy county clerk, deputy county surveyor and under sheriff. During his leisure hours he studied law; the next year he taught school and studied law at Bellevue. In 1844 he went to Marshall and studied law and acted as clerk in the offices of Gibbs & Bradley. In August, 1846, he was admitted to the Calhoun county bar. For the next four years he was editor of the "Democratic Expounder." In 1850 he commenced to practice law as partner of Isaac E. Crary. In 1854 he became a partner of Justice D. Molley. For twenty years he was the leading trial lawyer of southwestern Michigan. In 1871 he was appointed general counsel for the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad and moved from Marshall to Grand Rapids, where he soon after formed a partnership with T. J. O'Brien, and later M. J. Smiley became a member of the firm, which was known as Hughes, O'Brien & Smiley. For a dozen years it was the leading law firm of western Michigan. Mr. Hughes died June 12, 1883.

He was a democrat in politics but did not seek public life. He was once mayor of Marshall for two terms and was a member of the school board for many years. He was a student of ornithology and an authority upon the birds of Michigan. Mr. Hughes was undoubtedly one of the greatest lawyers Michigan ever produced. He had a marvelous genius for managing cases. His talents were as versatile as his practice was varied. He probably tried more important cases than any other man of his time. Cases of all kinds came to him, criminal, probate, negligent, real estate and chancery, and he seemed equally at home in them all. He could argue points to a court with the same felicity as he argued questions of fact to a jury. He excelled as a counselor, a pleader and an advocate. He left his imprint upon the jurisprudence of Michigan. His death was a loss to the State. He was a great lawyer and a good man. What more can be said?

Lyman D. Norris was born in Covington, Genesee county, New York, May 6, 1823. In 1827 his father came to Michigan and settled on the present site of Ypsilanti. Lyman D. Norris was educated in the schools of Ypsilanti and was prepared for college in a preparatory school at Marshall. He was the first student to enter the State university when it was opened in 1841. At the end of his junior year he went to Yale and was graduated in the class of 1845; he returned to Ann Arbor and

also received his degree there the same year with the first class graduated from that institution.

Soon after he entered the law office of Alexander D. Fraser of Detroit, and in 1847 was admitted to the bar. In 1848 he went to St. Louis, Mo., to practice law. Two years later he visited Europe on legal business, and took a course of lectures on civil law at Heidelburg. While practicing at St. Louis he was counsel for the Emerson estate in the case brought against it by Dred Scott for his freedom. Mr. Norris won the case for his client in the supreme court of the State of Missouri. An action was afterwards brought by Dred Scott in the federal court, and appealed to the supreme court of the United States where its decision became a land mark in the political and constitutional history of the nation. While in St. Louis, Mr. Norris was also editor and part owner of the "St. Louis Times," a leading democratic newspaper of the west. In 1854 he returned to Ypsilanti on account of the failing health of his father, where he remained for seventeen years practicing law and managing his father's estate.

In 1871 he came to Grand Rapids and formed a partnership with James Blair under the firm name of Norris & Blair. Soon afterwards Mr. Kingsley was admitted to the firm which became Blair, Norris & Kingsley, and still later Norris, Blair & Stone. In 1875 he became associated with Edwin F. Uhl under the firm name of Norris & Uhl, which continued until 1887, when his son, Mark Norris, became associated with him under the firm name of Norris & Norris. Mr. Norris was a member of the State senate for one term and for a time was a regent of the Michigan university. He was a ripe and ardent student of literature and jurisprudence. He was an industrious, capable lawyer. Important cases and large business interests were confided to his care which he managed with fidelity, zeal and success. Lyman D. Norris died at Grand Rapids, January 6, 1894.

Edwin F. Uhl was born near Avon Springs, New York, August 14, 1841. When he was three years old his parents moved to Michigan and settled on a farm near Ypsilanti. He attended district school and prepared for college in the Union school of Ypsilanti. He entered Michigan university in 1858 and was graduated in 1862. He at once entered the law offices of Norris & Ninde at Ypsilanti and was admitted to the bar in January, 1864. Two years later he formed a partnership with his preceptor, Lyman D. Norris, which continued until 1871, when Mr. Norris removed to Grand Rapids. In 1873 he formed a partnership with Albert Crane which continued until 1876, when Mr. Uhl removed to

Grand Rapids. January 1, 1877 he formed a new partnership with his old partner, Mr. Norris, which continued for ten years. In 1888 he again formed a partnership with Albert Crane which continued until January 1, 1894.

Mr. Uhl was elected mayor of Grand Rapids in 1891 and re-elected in 1892. In November, 1893, he was appointed assistant secretary of State and soon after moved to Washington. In May, 1896, he was appointed, by President Cleveland, ambassador to the German court, where he represented the United States for a year and a half. He returned to Grand Rapids and resumed the practice of law, which he continued until declining health compelled him to withdraw from the activities of life. He died May 17, 1901. Mr. Uhl excelled as a trial lawyer and an advocate. He was not only a lawyer but had excellent executive abilities. He managed large corporate, financial, and estate interests with success. He had high ideals in life and made himself admired and respected in public life, in business affairs and in his professional career.

Peter Voorheis was born in Oakland county. He was graduated from the literary department of the Michigan university in 1870, and from the law department in 1872. He came at once to Grand Rapids and practiced law until his death, September 17, 1890. Mr. Voorheis literally died in the harness; he was trying a case in justice court when he fell dead from heart disease.

Niram A. Fletcher was born at Oakland, Brant county, Ontario, February 13, 1850. Obtaining a common school education he taught school for a time and then came to Grand Rapids and studied law. He was admitted to the bar in 1873, and soon commenced practice for himself. He had for partners at different times Edward Taggart, S. S. Simons, G. A. Wolf and others. In 1883 the partnership of Fletcher & Wanty was formed which continued until Mr. Fletcher's death.

In many respects Mr. Fletcher was one of the most remarkable lawyers of the Kent county bar. He was not gifted with the brilliant qualities of an orator; he was not a man of commanding physical presence. He commenced practice with quite an ordinary preparation; he had neither wealth nor family influence to aid him in obtaining clients, and yet no man ever had a more rapid rise to a commanding position in his profession or retained it with more phenomenal success.

He was exceedingly industrious and energetic. In the early years of his practice he burned the midnight oil and was constantly delving with untiring energy into law's problems, and later he supplemented his professional duties with studies of languages and literature, read-

ing in history, arts and sciences, so that he became a learned man. His mind was analytical and philosophical. He possessed rare faculties of discriminating the essential from the non-essential elements of a case. He had unusual abilities in stating a case so that his position stood out in bold relief for the inspection of a court and jury, and he could always fortify his position with all the authorities that could be found in the books.

Mr. Fletcher commenced practice just as old methods in the law were giving way to new, when the executive qualities of the manager and the organizer were taking the place of the brilliant court lawyer and the eloquent advocate. He instinctively knew how to organize men and business interests to accomplish results. He was the business man's lawyer. In the organization and management of corporations he instinctively moved along the right lines. The consequence was that he quickly built up an extensive and lucrative practice, which by his industry and genius, increased year by year. Commencing his career in poverty and without friends he ended it with wealth, position and influence. He won success on his merits, and his death was a loss to his city and the State. For many years he was a member of the Grand Rapids school board and did much to develop the public school system and maintain its efficiency. He was elected a member of the State legislature in 1882 and served a term as member of the board of control of the Kalamazoo asylum for the insane. Mr. Fletcher died August 15, 1899.

Henry J. Felker was born in Park township, St. Joseph county, January 22, 1847. He was educated in the common schools of St. Joseph county and the Three Rivers high school. He was graduated from Albion college in 1872. Soon after he began to study law at Charlotte, Mich., in the office of Philip T. VanZile. He was admitted in April, 1874. He commenced practice in Marcellus, Cass county, but soon removed to Grand Rapids and for a time was clerk in the office of Godwin & Holmes. In 1876 he formed a partnership with A. J. Reeves which continued until 1883, when he formed a partnership with E. A. Maher which continued until 1890. In 1894 Mr. Felker was appointed city attorney and held the position for five years. Soon after leaving the city attorney's office his health began to fail. He was a member of the Grand Rapids school board for fifteen years, for three years of which he was its president. He died November 26, 1902.

William H. Haggerty was born in Clay Banks, Muskegon—now Oceana county—Michigan, March 19, 1854. He worked on the farm

and attended and taught country schools until he reached his majority, when he entered and worked his way through Hillsdale college, from which he was graduated in 1881. He then taught school in academies of New York and high schools of Oceana county until 1885, during which time he read law. In 1885 he entered the law department of the State university and graduated in 1886, when he at once located in Grand Rapids where he lived and practiced law until his death, March 30, 1904. In 1888 he formed a partnership with Dwight Goss which continued until 1892. In 1891 he was elected judge of the police court to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Judge Holmes. At the close of his term he was re-elected. In 1898 he resumed private practice. In 1902 he was again elected judge of the police court and held the office at the time of his death. Judge Haggerty was an ideal police court judge. Intuitively he seemed to know when to be severe and when to be lenient. He took a personal interest in all juvenile offenders, and looked well to the needs of the poor and the unfortunate. He was a christian gentleman and a conscientious judge, whose sudden death in the midst of his official duties, was a loss to the bench and bar of Kent county.

Nathaniel A. Earle was born in Allegan county, September 28, 1848. Soon after his parents moved to Van Buren county where he was educated in the common schools and in the high school at Paw Paw from which he was graduated in 1870. For the next two years he taught the grammar school of Paw Paw; then for two years he was principal of the Paw Paw high school. During his leisure hours he read law. In July, 1874, he came to Grand Rapids and entered the law offices of Hughes, O'Brien & Smiley. In September, 1875, he was admitted, and until 1879, was a clerk in the offices of Hughes, O'Brien & Smiley. He commenced practice in August, 1879, with Hon. John W. Stone, member of congress for a partner. January 1, 1880 the firm became Taggart, Stone & Earle. January 1, 1884 he became a partner with M. J. Smiley under the firm name of Smiley & Earle. Mr. Earle after two or three years of declining health died July 18, 1891.

In the spring of 1880 Mr. Earle was elected a member of common council, and in the fall of the same year he was elected a member of the legislature. Mr. Earle had a brief but brilliant career at the bar. For several years before he commenced practice he was clerk in an office that had an extensive business and he had full charge of important business and legal matters so that he was well equipped when he began business for himself.

Mr. Earle's active practice continued only for about ten years, but during that time he took high rank as a successful attorney. He was a clever trial lawyer, a convincing advocate, and a safe counselor. His early death was a loss to the bar of his adopted county.

Leonard A. Ward was born in Ada township, Kent county, May 13, 1854. He was educated in the common and village schools of Kent county, and taught country school for a few terms, during which time he read law. He also studied in the office of Judge Parish and was admitted in 1878. Almost immediately he commenced practice for himself. Early in 1884 he formed a partnership with his brother, Charles E. Ward, under the firm name of Ward & Ward which continued until the death of Leonard A. Ward, September 8, 1892. Leonard A. Ward was a Kent county product of which the bench and bar can well be proud. He was an earnest student and early built up a good practice. In the management and trial of cases he developed genius of a high order. His early death was a loss to the community.

Isaac M. Turner was born in England, April 6, 1851. He came to the United States when fifteen years of age and settled with a brother in southern Illinois. He attended school, studied law and in 1876 entered the law department of the State university from which he was graduated in 1878. He located in Grand Rapids and built up a good practice. He was elected prosecuting attorney in 1882 and re-elected in 1884. He died in the city of Washington, February 5, 1895, where he had gone to argue the contested congressional election case of Belknap vs. Richardson before the election committee of the house of representatives.

Charles Chandler was born at Clinton, Michigan, April 16, 1838. He lived on a farm and attended country schools until he was eighteen years old when he entered the Union school at Adrian and in 1859 he entered the University of Michigan from which he was graduated in 1862. In 1863 he became superintendent of the Union schools at Grand Haven, where he remained for two years and then went to Hastings where he taught for one year. In 1866 he came to Grand Rapids and for eleven years was principal of the grammar school when he resigned to study law. He was graduated from the law department of the university in 1879 and at once entered the law office of J. C. FitzGerald as law clerk where he remained until 1893 when he commenced practice for himself. Although fifty-five years of age when he commenced business for himself he was successful, yet he never tried cases. As an office lawyer and a counselor he excelled. Even in the court room as

second man in a case he was no mean adversary for he was quick to detect flaws in the facts or theories of an opponent. His end was tragic. On January 7, 1905, while attending a hearing in probate court he fell dead in the court room.

Mr. Chandler was a lovable man. Everybody liked him. All his old scholars respected and admired him. To the courts he was a genuine aid for all his pleadings and briefs were models of perspicuity. He was courteous and kind, yet if occasion called for it he had a righteous indignation for injustice, dishonesty or oppression. Few men have died in Grand Rapids whose death was a personal bereavement to more people.

Arthur R. Rood was born in Lapeer county, Michigan, September 27, 1858. He worked on a farm and attended district school until thirteen years old, when he entered the Lapeer high school, from which he was graduated in 1876. The same year he entered the literary department of the Michigan university and was graduated from college in 1881. During his college course he spent one year in teaching. The year after graduation he was superintendent of schools at Saline, and at the same time studied law. He was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1882 and immediately entered the law department of the university from which he graduated the next year.

He located in Grand Rapids and for something more than a year acted as clerk in various law offices and then commenced business for himself. He practiced alone until 1893 when he formed a partnership with Will E. Ryan which continued until 1897 when Mr. Ryan was succeeded by A. C. Hindman. Mr. Rood specialized in commercial law and practice and was usually successful. He took an interest in political and municipal affairs. In 1896 and 1897 he was chairman of the republican city committee. In 1898 he became a member of the State central committee. In the spring of 1898 he was nominated for mayor, but was defeated. In 1902 he was again nominated and conditions were such that his election was assured, but the day he was nominated he was taken sick and three days before election he died. He was buried at Lapeer, April 7, 1902. He was a member of many fraternal orders and secret societies. He was interested in art and traveled much both in America and Europe. He never was married.

JUDGE NOAH W. CHEEVER.

REMINISCENCES BASED ON THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE BENCH AND BAR OF WASHTENAW COUNTY.

BY JUDGE NOAH W. CHEEVER.[1]

The Indian name Washtenaw is usually defined to mean beautiful, a very appropriate designation for our county. The first settlements were made in this county at Ypsilanti in 1809 and at Ann Arbor in 1824. Washtenaw county was fully organized December 31, 1826.

COURTS OF WASHTENAW COUNTY.

The following is from the published history of Washtenaw county.

The first court established in Washtenaw county was that known as the county court. Its first session was held at the house of Erastus Priest, in the village of Ann Arbor, the third Monday in January, 1827, in conformity to an act of the territorial council, establishing the time and place for holding court in this county. Hon. Samuel W. Dexter, chief justice, and Hon. Oliver Whitmore, associate, appeared and constituted said court. David E. Lord was the clerk.

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[1] Noah W. Cheever was born in New York State in 1839. He entered the University of Michigan in 1859, graduating from the Literary Department in '63, and from the Law Department in '65. Soon after his graduation he began the practice of law in Ann Arbor, continuing it until the time of his death, July 20, 1905. His active business life in our city thus covered a period of forty years.

In '73 Mr. Cheever was elected to the office of Probate Judge, which he held for one term of four years. He was author of "Cheever's Probate Practice," and "Cheever's Corporation Form Book for Michigan."

Judge Cheever's intellectual characteristics are well known to all old residents of the city. He was a radical believer in all social, legal, and moral reforms. His interest in the University, in its curriculum and teaching force, and in the manners and morals of its student body, continued as strong as when he was himself a student. He was an ardent advocate of the cause of Woman's Suffrage. He took advanced ground upon all aspects of the liquor question. He was for many years president of the Humane Society, and keenly interested in its work. He was not a member of any church, but believed heartily in practical Christianity, and was for more than twenty years trustee of the Congregational Society, and for more than twenty years a member of its church choir.

The number of addresses which Mr. Cheever delivered, and articles which he wrote, in defence or propagation of these various interests, was astonishing.

His sketches of the men who had been conspicuous in the city or the University were many and valuable. For the "Inlander" he wrote an article on James Craig Watson; for the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, "Bench and Bar of Washtenaw County;" and for various occasions, biographical sketches.

These articles and addresses indicate better than anything else, the number and variety of Judge Cheever's interests. He was always identified with the progress of the city, and was equally ready with commendation or protest as the cause required.

CIRCUIT COURT OF WASHTENAW COUNTY.

The following is from the published history of Washtenaw county.

The circuit court of the county of Washtenaw—a court established by an act of the legislative council of the territory, approved April 13, 1827, and presided over by one of the judges of the supreme court of the territory, held its first session in the county in November, 1829. It was presided over by Hon. William Woodbridge. Its last session appears by the record to have been held in June, 1833.

By an act of the legislative council, approved April 15, 1833, the judges of the supreme court were relieved from holding the circuit courts, and a circuit judge appointed for that purpose. Hon. William A. Fletcher was appointed to this office, and held the circuit courts here from 1833 until the territorial courts were superseded by the judicial tribunals organized under the State constitution. The same act, however, retained the old circuit court organization, but changed its name to that of the superior circuit court of the territory of Michigan, and confined its jurisdiction mainly to the decision of questions of law. This court continued to hold its sessions in this county until the territorial government ceased.

The first court held in the county after the organization of the State government, was the circuit court for the county of Washtenaw. The circuit courts of the several counties in the State were, by statute, required to be held by one of the judges of the supreme court of the State, and to the circuit embracing Washtenaw, with several other counties, Hon. William A. Fletcher, who had been appointed chief justice of the supreme bench, was assigned as presiding judge. The first term of said court commenced here November 8, 1836, and Judge Fletcher continued to hold its terms until 1842, when he resigned the office. He was succeeded as presiding judge of this court by Hon. Alpheus Felch, who held his first term in the county in 1842, and continued to hold the terms until his resignation in November, 1845.

Judge Felch was succeeded by Hon. Warner Wing, who was appointed in November, 1845, and held the December term of the court in that year, but was soon after assigned to another circuit and was succeeded in the Washtenaw circuit by Hon. George Miles, who was appointed in October, 1846, and held his first term here in December, 1846. He was succeeded by Hon. David Johnson, who held the courts here, under his appointment as judge of the supreme court, until the adoption of the new constitution in 1850, and the organization of the courts as therein provided.

The judges under the State organization above named were all judges of the supreme court of the State, but under the provisions of the constitution of 1850, and subsequent legislative action, the judges of the circuit courts were elected in the several counties comprising the circuit, to act as circuit judges only, and were not members of the supreme court of the State.

Hon. David Johnson was the first elected to the office, and continued to hold the circuit courts for this county until the expiration of his term. His successor was Hon. Edwin Lawrence, who held the office from 1857 to 1869, when he was succeeded by Hon. Samuel Higby. Judge Higby held the terms until 1874, when he resigned, and Hon. Alexander D. Crane was appointed to fill the vacancy. He continued until 1876, when Hon. George M. Huntington was elected.

THE FOLLOWING IS A CONTINUATION OF CIRCUIT JUDGES.

George M. Huntington died May, 1879.

Governeur Morris of Monroe held the office of circuit judge from June, 1879 to January 1, 1882.

Chauncey Joslyn from January 1, 1882 to December 31, 1887.

Edward D. Kinne was elected circuit judge January 1, 1887 and has held the office for three (3) terms and has just been re-elected and entered upon the duties of the circuit judge for the fourth (4th) term.

SUPREME COURT OF WASHTENAW COUNTY.

In addition to the courts already named, sessions of the supreme court were held here annually, until the statute requiring it was repealed and the sessions discontinued. These terms were held by Hon. George Morrell, chief justice, and Justice Epaphroditus Ransom, Charles W. Whipple and Alpheus Felch.

CHANCERY COURT OF WASHTENAW COUNTY.

An independent court of chancery was established in 1836, and sessions were held in this county until the court was discontinued in 1847. Hon. Elon Farnsworth was the first chancellor, but resigned in March, 1842, and Hon. Randolph Manning was appointed in his place.

DISTRICT COURT OF WASHTENAW COUNTY.

A court denominated the district court of the county of Washtenaw was organized under the act of the legislature, and Hon. Benjamin F.

H. Witherell appointed judge. He held the first term of this court in Washtenaw county, in April, 1843, and the last in March, 1846, when the court was discontinued by act of the legislature.

COUNTY COURTS OF WASHTENAW COUNTY.

By an act of the legislature, approved May 18, 1846, county courts were established in the several counties throughout the State, but the act was soon afterward repealed. Under this act, Hon. Charles W. Lane was elected county judge for Washtenaw county, and held the office until his death. Hon. Edwin Lawrence was his successor, and held the terms of the court until it ceased to exist.

PROBATE COURT OF WASHTENAW COUNTY.

The probate court of the county of Washtenaw has existed from the first organization of the county. The judges of probate who have presided in this court are as follows:

Bethuel Farrand, first judge of probate, was appointed in 1827, and held the first term of court April 5 of the same year.

James Kingsley, elected in 1828 and re-elected in 1832, serving two terms.

Robert S. Wilson, elected in 1836.

George Sedgwick, elected in 1840.

Samuel P. Fuller, elected in 1844. Died before the expiration of his term.

Elias M. Skinner, appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Fuller.

The following persons were elected judges of probate for Washtenaw county for the terms mentioned:

Churchill H. Van Cleve from January 1, 1848 to January 1, 1853.

Chauncey Joslyn from January 1, 1853 to January 1, 1857.

Thomas Ninde from January 1, 1861 to January 1, 1865.

Hiram J. Beakes from January 1, 1865 to January 1, 1873.

Noah W. Cheever from January 1, 1873 to January 1, 1877.

Judge Cheever is the author of "Cheever's Probate Practice" for the State of Michigan, which has passed through three editions and is also the author of "Cheever's Corporation Form Book, for the Organization of Private Corporations."

William D. Harriman was elected for three terms and held the office from January 1, 1877 to January 1, 1889.

J. Willard Babbitt held the office from January 1, 1889 to January 1, 1897.

H. Wirt Newkirk held the office from January 1, 1897 to January 1, 1901.

Willis L. Watkins held the office from January 1, 1901 to January 1, 1905.

Emory E. Leland was elected judge of probate in the fall of 1904 and entered upon his term January 1, 1905.

It will be impossible to give a full list of the persons who have been admitted to the bar in Washtenaw county, because most if not all of the graduates of our large law school of the university of Michigan since it was established in 1860 have been admitted to the bar at Ann Arbor, and of course, among these are many who have become eminent in the profession and in the business and political life of the nation, but it will, however, be impossible to mention many of the names of this very long list.

I will endeavor to make the list of names of those who have been admitted and have practiced law in Washtenaw county as complete as possible.

The following are the names of most, if not all, of the attorneys-at-law who have practiced their profession in the earlier days in Washtenaw county:

Elisha Belcher came to the county in 1825.
James Kingsley came to Ann Arbor in 1826.
Gideon Wilcoxson came to Ann Arbor in 1827.
Marcus Lane came to Ann Arbor in 1827.
George W. Jewett came to Ann Arbor in 1829.
Olney Hawkins came to Ann Arbor in 1832.
John Allen came to Ann Arbor in 1824.
Calvin Smith came to Ann Arbor in 1824.
Elias M. Skinner came to Ann Arbor in 1825.
Jonathan E. Fields came to Ann Arbor in 1833.
Norton R. Ramsdell came to Ann Arbor in 1835.
Robert Wilson came to Ann Arbor in 1835.
George Miles came to Ann Arbor in 1835.
George Sedgwick came to Ann Arbor in 1835.
James M. Walker came to Ann Arbor in 1847.
Samuel T. Douglass came to Ann Arbor in 1837.
Justus Goodwin came to Ann Arbor in 1831.
George Danforth came to Ann Arbor in 1835.

Origen Richardson came to Ann Arbor in 1826.
Samuel W. Dexter came to Ann Arbor in 1824.
Elijah W. Morgan came to Ann Arbor in 1829.
James B. Gott came to Ann Arbor in 1829.
John N. Gott came to Ann Arbor in 1840.

Among the earlier members of the bar of Washtenaw county we find the following names:

Sylvester Abel, Richard G. De Puy, Daniel S. Twitchell, Richard Beahan, Calvin H. Chase, Caleb Clark, Edwin E. Clark, Thomas C. Cutler, Edwin Lawrence, Donald McIntyre, Ezra C. Seaman, John L. Tappan, C. H. Van Cleve, A. D. Stephens, M. D. Howard, George M. Danforth, Homer H. Finley, Sibley G. Taylor, Edward L. Maynard, T. J. McDonnell, Charles D. Coleman, Erastus Thatcher, E. P. Pitkin, Edward Slawson, Chauncey Joslyn, Amos W. Blodgett and Edwin F. Uhl.

THE FOLLOWING LIST, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY, CONTAINS THE NAMES OF THE MEMBERS OF THE WASHTENAW BAR ABOUT THE YEAR 1880 AND THEIR PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

ANN ARBOR.

Hiram J. Beakes, John Burleigh, Byron W. Cheever, Noah W. Cheever, Charles D. Colman, D. Cramer, Mr. Corbin, Frank Emerick, R. E. Frazer, Eugene K. Frueauff, Mary E. Foster, Alpheus Felch, James B. Gott, John N. Gott, Bradley F. Granger, William D. Harriman, Henry R. Hill, Zina P. King, Edward D. Kinne, A. W. Hamilton, Joel W. Hamilton, Edwin Lawrence, J. F. Lawrence, Patrick McKernan, A. McReynolds, James McMahon, Elijah W. Morgan, James H. Morris, O. L. Matthews, Frederick Pistorius, Tracy W. Root, A. J. Sawyer, J. C. Knowlton, John Q. A. Sessions, L. F. Wade, Henry C. Waldron, E. B. Gidley.

YPSILANTI.

E. P. Allen, J. Willard Babbitt, D. C. Griffen, Albert Crane, S. M. Cutcheon, D. B. Greene, Franklin Hinckley, Fred A. Hunt, C. Joslyn, C. R. Whitman, Thomas Ninde, Howard Stephenson, Clarence Tinker.

CHELSEA.

William E. Depew, David B. Taylor, George W. Turnbull, Michael Lehman.

DEXTER.

Alexander D. Crane, James T. Honey, James S. Gorman.

MANCHESTER.

A. E. Hewett, A. F. Freeman, Ezra B. Norris.

SALINE.

William B. Gildart, Frank E. Jones.

SKETCHES OF EARLY LAWYERS IN WASHTENAW COUNTY.

Elisha Belcher came to Washtenaw county in 1825 and was the first attorney here and practiced in this county for six or seven years and then went further west.

James Kingsley came to Ann Arbor in 1826. In 1828 Mr. Kingsley was appointed judge of probate, which office he held until 1836—eight years. From 1830 till 1833 inclusive, he was a member of the legislative council of the territory of Michigan, and March 3, 1831 he was appointed a trustee of the University of Michigan. In 1837 he was a member of the lower house of the State legislature, and in 1838, 1839 and 1842 a member of the senate. While a member of the senate in 1842 he drew the charter of the Michigan Central railroad by which it went into operation—its first charter. In 1848 he was again elected a member of the house, and in 1850 was a member of the constitutional convention, in which he was on the judiciary committee and occupied a prominent position in the proceedings and deliberations of the convention. In 1852 he became regent of the university, belonging to the first set of elected regents, the regents prior to 1852 having been appointed by the senate upon the nomination of the governor. This office he held for the full term of six years. In 1869-1870 he was again elected to the lower house, which was the last official position held by him. He was also the second mayor of Ann Arbor. Judge Kingsley disliked the routine of office work, and the purely technical branch of his profession. He was an unusually able advocate before juries and very successful in the trial of jury cases. In his official and professional life he was known as "Honest Jim." He was respected and honored by all classes in society during his long and successful life.

Gideon Wilcoxson came to Ann Arbor in 1827. He was a very successful lawyer of considerable note in the earlier days. He was the father of James M. Wilcoxson who was clerk of the probate and circuit

courts for many years, and also of Mrs. John Maynard who was held in very high esteem in social and church circles during her long life in Ann Arbor.

Marcus Lane was another attorney of 1827, who settled in Ann Arbor, but afterwards moved to Ypsilanti. Mr. Lane served in the legislature and was a member of the convention assembled to fix and determine the new boundary line of the State.

George W. Jewett was from the State of Ohio, and settled in this county in 1829. His practice was not very extensive, and as a justice of peace he attained more distinction than as an attorney. He died in 1840.

Olney Hawkins came to Ann Arbor in 1832 from Detroit where he had studied law with Judge Witherell. With the exception of a short residence in Chicago, Ill., he remained in Ann Arbor until his decease. Mr. Hawkins was a man of fine presence, being over six feet in height, straight and well built, dignified in his bearing. He was a gentleman of the old school, wore a ruffled shirt bosom and was always well dressed. He was a very successful trial lawyer, had a good knowledge of the law, and was especially skilfull in the examination and cross-examination of witnesses. I have known him to try cases for two or three days in succession when there were no shorthand reporters and with taking a few notes he would never misstate the testimony of the witness. Mr. Hawkins was invariably kind and considerate to the younger members of the bar. He was very quick witted and ready at repartee. A learned opponent in an important trial used the old Latin quotation, "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus." When Mr. Hawkins replied, he said, repeating the quotation, "I don't understand very well what all that means, but I can guess at a part of it. I suppose he means to say that a fellow who will lie in a uno, will lie in an omnibus. Now, I know that that is not true, for I have been riding in omnibuses all my life and never knew any one to lie in an omnibus any more readily than anywhere else, except the driver, and he is on the outside."

Elijah W. Morgan came to Ann Arbor in 1829. He had studied law in the State of New York and was considered one of the best read lawyers in Ann Arbor. He held several county offices, but did not engage much in general politics. Mr. Morgan possessed a strong mathematical and mechanical mind. His statements were usually too condensed and mathematical to be effective before juries, but he could make very effective arguments to the court. He was very largely an office lawyer, and one of the best draftsmen of legal papers that we have had in

this county. He engaged quite largely in real estate. Soon after coming to Ann Arbor he located about half a dozen eighty acre lots within the territory that was afterwards incorporated into the city of Jackson. These were located for Mrs. Morgan, his wife, and afterwards became very valuable. He was a member of the Ann Arbor land company, and was one of the seven members of that company, that gave the forty acres now occupied by the University of Michigan, to the State for that purpose. He also sold to the city of Ann Arbor at a moderate price the present high school grounds. These were very wise and farseeing measures on his part, as they greatly increased the value of all the real estate owned by him in Ann Arbor. Mr. Morgan and Judge James Kingsley were law partners for a great many years, and occupied the small law office directly east of the court-house, from some time in the forties until Mr. Morgan's decease.

John Allen studied law with Judge Kingsley and was admitted to the bar in 1832. He is well known as the first settler in Ann Arbor. When the California gold fever broke out, he emigrated to that "land of promise" and there died.

Calvin Smith was also a student under Judge Kingsley, and was admitted to the bar in 1832. After being admitted to the bar he removed to Dexter, where he practiced his profession and served as justice of the peace. In 1838 he was elected a member of the legislature, but died before taking his seat.

Elias M. Skinner was the first attorney in Ypsilanti, and settled there in 1825. He was a good lawyer and an honorable man, and was prosecuting attorney some years. He died in Ypsilanti.

Jonathan E. Fields was from Massachusetts, and was a brother of Judge Fields, of the United States supreme court. He settled in Ann Arbor in 1833, where he practiced his profession a few years and then returned to his native state. He was an excellent lawyer.

Norton R. Ramsdell was a New York man who removed to Ann Arbor in 1835. In his native State he was a licensed exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal church, but concluding he was better adapted to law than the ministry, he pursued a course of study, was admitted to the bar, and came West to practice. He was regarded by his colleagues, as well as the community, as a good lawyer, one who excelled as an advocate. He died in Ann Arbor.

Robert Wilson came from Allegany county, New York, in 1835. He was a man of ability and knew how to influence a jury. He was judge of probate in this county one term. In 1855 he removed to Chicago,

and afterward served many years as one of the police justices of the city.

George Miles was also from Allegany county, New York, and came to Ann Arbor about the same time. He was a lawyer of more than ordinary ability, well posted in every department of law, and died here in 1850. He was one of the judges of the supreme court.

George Sedgwick came to Ann Arbor about the year 1835. He was a good lawyer and served as judge of probate in this county one term. He removed to Chicago and died there some years after.

James M. Walker studied law with Judge Miles and was admitted to the bar in 1850. After practicing his profession for some years in Ann Arbor, he removed to Chicago, where he occupied a leading position as an attorney. He died January 22, 1881.

Samuel T. Douglass was a resident of Ann Arbor and a member of the Washtenaw county bar two years. Leaving Ann Arbor he went to Detroit, and has since become one of the most noted lawyers in the State. After leaving, he often returned to try some important case in the courts of the county.

Justus Goodwin was a lawyer of some merit, practiced in the courts of this county at an early day. Was member of the legislature one term.

George Danforth came to Ann Arbor about the year 1835. His practice was not very extensive, but he was a man full of wit and managed to keep all about him in good humor. He died here about the year 1856.

Origen Richardson was admitted to the bar at Ann Arbor. He removed to an adjoining county, but often returned and attended cases in the courts of this county. He was elected lieutenant governor of the State.

Among other members of the early bar were Sylvester Abel, an excellent man, of fair abilities as a lawyer, and who was honored with many public offices.

Richard G. De Puy, a young man of good legal ability, an excellent advocate and a loyal man, who gave his life for his country in the war of the rebellion.

Daniel S. Twitchell, a graduate of the university, and a man of more than ordinary ability.

Hon. Edwin Lawrence came to Ann Arbor in 1836 and practiced his profession here until he was elected judge of the Washtenaw circuit in 1857, and he held that office from 1857 to 1869. The Washtenaw circuit at this time consisted of Washtenaw, Jackson and Ingham counties. At that time the number of cases in Washtenaw county alone was

as large as at the present time, and the business of the Jackson circuit was also very extensive. Judge Lawrence was a man of great physical strength and endurance. At that time there were no shorthand reporters and the judge had to take down in long hand the substance of the testimony taken before him. This just about doubled the work required of the circuit judges, and still I have known him to hold court here all day as late as 10 o'clock at night. I have heard it said that Judge Lawrence was never known to request an adjournment of the court. He possessed strong logical powers and strong legal instincts for grasping the import and intricacies of legal propositions.

Hon. Samuel W. Dexter was a graduate from Harvard university and came to Michigan in 1824 and located near the present village of Dexter in Washtenaw county. He was the father of Wirt Dexter, who for a number of years was one of the leaders of the Chicago bar during the civil war and until his decease. Mr. Dexter established the first newspaper published in Washtenaw county in 1829 at Ann Arbor. It was called "The Emigrant." In 1826 he was appointed chief justice of the county court by Hon. Lewis Cass. He held the first court for the county of Washtenaw at the house of Erastus Priest in Ann Arbor, on the third Monday of January, 1827. In 1826 Judge Dexter established a private postoffice in his own house, and carried mail on horseback to and from Ann Arbor once a week. In the year 1825 he located Saginaw city and also Byron in Shiawassee county. Judge Dexter was an anti-mason, a strong temperance advocate, and a thorough-going anti-slavery man. He never sought office, always followed his conscience and better judgment in acting upon all public questions, without reference to the numbers who favored or opposed the questions under consideration. In a word he was a model politician, the kind that we need very much in these times. If living now, I am inclined to think that our present president, Theodore Roosevelt, would make him a member of his cabinet.

Hon. Claudius B. Grant graduated from the literary department of the University of Michigan with the class of 1859. He was superintendent of the Ann Arbor high school for several years. When the civil war commenced he was appointed captain of the 20th Michigan infantry July 29, 1862, he was appointed major Feb. 18, 1864, Lieut. Col. Dec. 31, 1864, and colonel Feb. 27, 1865. Soon after returning from the army he engaged in the practice of law as partner with his father-in-law, Governor Alpheus Felch in Ann Arbor. He afterwards moved to Houghton, Michigan, and practiced his profession there for several

years. While living at Houghton, he was regent of the University of Michigan, from 1872 to 1880. He was also elected circuit judge of the 25th judicial circuit and by vigorously enforcing the law, broke up many of the infamous dens located in the northern peninsula, and compelled the liquor saloons to obey the law. While Judge Grant has never assumed the roll of the reformer he has done much to improve the condition of things as regard the social evils and saloons by advocating a vigorous enforcement of the laws that we have. Judge Grant was elected as one of the justices of the supreme court of our State January 1, 1890, and still occupies that position.

HON. ALPHEUS FELCH.

Honorable Alpheus Felch was born September 28, 1804, in Limerick, York county, Maine. He was left an orphan at about three years of age, and lived with his grandfather, Abijah Felch, a soldier of the revolution who had removed to that region while it was still a wilderness. Young Felch was ambitious to obtain an education and prepared for college and for that purpose entered Phillips Exeter academy in 1821. He afterwards entered Bowdoin college and graduated therefrom in 1827. After graduating from Bowdoin, he entered upon the study of law, and in 1830 was admitted to the bar at Bangor, Maine. Soon after being admitted he determined to settled in the west and removed to Monroe, Michigan, in 1833, and entered upon the practice of his chosen profession. In 1843 he removed to Ann Arbor where he resided until his decease June 13, 1896, at the ripe age of ninety-two years.

Governor Felch was a member of our State legislature in 1835-7 and in 1838-9. He was also appointed one of the State bank commissioners in 1838 and served as such for two years and did much to improve the banking system of our State. In 1842 he served as auditor general for a short period. He was appointed one of the justices of our State supreme court in 1843 and served until 1846 when he assumed the duties of governor, to which office he had been elected. He was ex-officio regent of the University of Michigan 1842-45 and 1846-47. In 1847 he resigned his position as governor of the State and was elected to the senate of the United States in which position he served until 1853. He was afterwards appointed by President Pierce one of the commissioners to settle the Spanish and Mexican land claims in California under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidelgo and was chosen president of the commission. The work of this commission involved many important questions and decisions, and the reports of the same filled forty volumes.

The work of the commission was completed in 1856. Governor Felch retired from the practice of law in 1873 and was a member of the faculty of the law department of the University of Michigan from 1879 to 1883. In 1877 Bowdoin college bestowed upon him the degree of LL. D. Governor Felch was president of the State pioneer society for many years previous to his death, and took great interest in preserving the early history of our State. He was a christian gentleman, patient, charitable and generous to a fault in his consideration and treatment of others. Shakespeare's words very aptly express his broad and generous nature,

> "And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

He was a strong man, physically as well as mentally, and was very earnest and diligent in the performance of all the labors and duties that were imposed upon him by the people and by his chosen profession, and yet so faithfully did he obey all law in his everyday life, that he maintained a remarkable degree of mental and physical vigor to past ninety years of age.

During his long life, Governor Felch has almost constantly held positions of great public trust and responsibility. He performed all of the duties of these great and responsible positions and trusts faithfully, honestly and successfully, which is an achievement worthy the greatest and purest statesman in the history of our country. Having opportunities for political and official speculations, such as come to but few men, he lived with frugality and possessed during his long life an unsullied reputation for fidelity and integrity in all of the official positions that he occupied, and we simply express the greatest praises that can be bestowed upon any public man when we state the well known fact that upon his decease, he left but a moderate fortune. For his very able and faithful performance of all of his official duties and trusts, Governor Felch always has, and as time adds luster to his noble life, will continue to receive, in an ever increasing measure, the spontaneous and unreserved praise and approbation of the people of this State and of the nation. The words of Longfellow aptly express the influence of our deceased brother:

> "So when a great man dies,
> For years beyond our ken,
> The light he leaves behind him lies
> Upon the paths of men."

Most of us knew Governor Felch best in our relations with him at the bar and as a citizen and neighbor. He was always very earnest and zealous in his support of every institution in the community that would tend to elevate and ennoble his fellowmen. When he was in active practice, he was among the leaders of our bar, and did much by his unwearied industry, great genius and learning, and noble example to elevate and ennoble the practice of our profession. His life stands as a perpetual beacon light to guide the generations that shall follow him to purity of life, integrity of character, fidelity to duty and to worthy and noble citizenship.

In the words of George Elliot, we may fitly express the feelings of our brother when he departed from us:

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

HON. THOMAS M. COOLEY.

Judge Thomas M. Cooley was born at Attica, New York, January 6, 1824 and died at his home in Ann Arbor, Michigan, September 12, 1898, aged seventy-four years. He received his education in the common schools and in a private seminary. At the age of seventeen he began teaching. At the age of nineteen years he commenced the study of law. In 1843, when twenty years of age, he moved to Michigan and settled in Adrian in Lenawee county. When twenty-two years of age he was admitted to the bar at Adrian in January, 1846. He was married to Mary Elizabeth Horton, December 30, 1846. Judge Cooley often said, and everybody knew it without his saying it, that without the aid of Mrs. Cooley's noble life and example, and her everyday assistance and support in a thousand ways, he would never have been able to accomplish the great work that crowned his life.

For several years, beginning with 1848, he was practicing law in Adrian, was editor of the "Adrian Watch-Tower," a weekly newspaper, was circuit court commissioner for Lenawee county, and recorder for

the city of Adrian. He was the official reporter for the supreme court of Michigan from 1858 to 1864. Judge Cooley was Jay professor of law in the law department of the University of Michigan from 1858 to 1884 and was also dean of this department during most of the time. In January, 1857, Judge Cooley was appointed to compile the statute law of Michigan, and made the compilation known as the "Compiled Laws of 1857." He was one of the judges of the supreme court of our State from 1864 to 1885.

Judge Cooley was the author of a number of noted law books, among the most important were, "Cooley's Constitutional Limitations," "Cooley's Blackstone's Commentaries," an edition of "Story's Commentaries on the Constitution," "Cooley on Torts," and "Manual of Constitutional Law."

After Judge Cooley became connected with the law department of our university he was constantly called upon to deliver public addresses before important assemblies and conventions. Frequently he wrote important and able articles for the leading magazines and periodicals of this country. It would be impossible in the short space alloted to us, to even give a list of them. He held other important positions such as one of the members of the advisory commission to investigate and report in regard to railroad charges and rates. He was appointed receiver of the Wabash railway and held this position for some time. He acted as chairman and member of the interstate commerce commission for several years.

Judge Cooley was of medium height, weighing about 130 pounds, had a shrill tenor voice that was not pleasant to hear until you became accustomed to it. He was exceedingly modest, courageous to a degree and ambitious beyond his powers of endurance. With his slight build he however possessed a strong nervous organization and almost perfect physical and mental health. When in his prime I think he could do as much mental work as two ordinary men without fatigue. He was a total abstainer as to the use of all kinds of liquors and tobacco, moderate in eating and very fond of outdoor exercise, and yet, he attained to the very highest position among American judges and legal authors and will be known, respected and honored as long as the English language shall endure. He had but one serious defect in his methods of labor, he never took a vacation and worked too many hours each day. He told me that he had a light arranged over his bed, so that he could raise the light and read in the night time when he was unable to sleep, a very injudicious and dangerous practice. He sometimes

slept not over four hours during the night. He also told me that if he did not feel real well any day, he worked a little harder the next day and come around all right. There could be but one result from this excessive labor, it shortened his working days at least ten years and possibly more, and these, the most valuable years of his life. If Judge Cooley had worked ten hours a day and taken a month's vacation during each summer, entirely freed from all care and labor, he would undoubtedly be with us today, giving us the crowning work of his great genius.

For the encouragement of young men who are endeavoring to get a start in the law with very moderate means, I will give an anecdote of the early life of Judge Cooley. Benjamin L. Baxter, an attorney-at-law at Tecumseh in Lenawee county, was a warm friend of Judge Cooley, and was regent of our university from 1858 to 1864 and did much to obtain the appointment of Judge Cooley as one of the professors in our law department. They were such close and intimate friends that they always addressed each other by their given names. Mr. Baxter was always called Ben. and Judge Cooley Tom, whenever they met. Mr. Baxter went to Adrian, which is ten or twelve miles from Tecumseh, rather early one morning and called at Judge Cooley's house, and Mrs. Cooley met him at the door. "Where is Tom," said Ben. Mrs. Cooley smiled and made some rather evasive answer. "Well," said Ben, "isn't he at home?" "Why, yes," replied Mrs. Cooley with some hesitation, "the fact is, Tom is in bed while I am mending his only pair of trousers." Ben tells other stories of similar import to illustrate the struggles and privations of their early professional life.

Judge Cooley started at the bottom of the ladder in respect to nearly everything, but by persevering, persistent and methodical industry and the strictest integrity, temperance and virtue, he reached the highest rung of the ladder at the end. I think that many of our citizens are not aware that Judge Cooley was as well known in England, especially among scholars, as in this country. In 1889 I visited the great library of the British museum in London, England. While visiting one of the rooms in this library, I noticed on the wall a photographic copy of the Magna Charta. One of the attendants stood near and I remarked that I would like very much to see the original. He replied that it was becoming injured some by the exposure to the light, and they did not often show it to visitors. I told him that I was an American and would like very much to see it. He replied that he would introduce me to the head librarian and see what could be done. We went in and I was

presented to the head libarian as a gentleman from America who would like to see the original Magna Charta. I gave the librarian my name and told him that I was from Ann Arbor, Michigan. He looked up at me quickly and said, "Why, that is the home of Judge Thomas Cooley, do you know him?" I said I did very well and live only a few doors from his home, and have been a member of the board of trustees of the First Congregational church of Ann Arbor with him for about twenty years and have known him intimately. "Well," replied the head librarian, "if you are a neighbor and friend of Judge Thomas M. Cooley, we will let you see anything we have in the library." "Why," I replied, "he never was over here and I am sure you haven't met him." "No," he said, "I never saw Judge Cooley or met him, but we have all his law books in our library and all the leading lawyers and judges of England read and consult them with interest: I myself have read all the works that he has published and I consider him one of the greatest law writers of this century." He then called the assistant librarian and told him my name and that I was from Ann Arbor, Michigan, and was a friend and neighbor of Judge Thomas M. Cooley and wished to see the original Magna Charta. The assistant librarian immediately replied, "Why, I was formerly a law student in the northern part of England and have read several of Judge Cooley's law books and admire him very much as an author," and he continued, "I shall be delighted to show the Magna Charta to any friend of Judge Thomas M. Cooley," and he proceeded to show me the Magna Charta, which was kept in an enclosed case, covered with glass and also showed me the original propositions of the barons of England, from which the Magna Charta was derived. I was very much surprised myself that these eminent men seemed to be so familiar with Judge Cooley and his works, and was much pleased with the privileges I received in this magnificent library, through the great reputation of our American jurist.

Judge Cooley had great confidence in his fellowmen and trusted them to the largest extent possible. He was charitable towards error of all kinds, and was zealous and energetic in his support of every institution in society, that he believed tended to promote the elevation and welfare of his fellowmen.

While Judge Cooley's reputation will probably rest mainly upon his legal writings, still I think the largest and most beneficient and lasting influence came from the purity and simplicity of his everyday life, and the pure and noble home life, that the Judge and Mrs. Cooley maintained for so many years in Adrian and Ann Arbor. Their home was

always the center of the highest and purest domestic and social atmosphere, which always did and will continue to leave its beneficient impress upon all who came within its influence in ever enlarging circles as time advances.

Lawyers from the nature of their profession are obliged to deal considerably with the criminal classes, and with persons who have serious differences in regard to personal and property rights.

The theory of conducting lawsuits has been pretty well established by the law and almost universal custom. This theory requires that the attorneys on each side shall bring out and establish all the points of law and fact that they fairly and honorably can on behalf of their client's side of the case. This has led many worthy people to form and express the opinion that members of this profession are quite generally tricky and in some measure unprincipled. Notwithstanding this quite general opinion in society, I think we may fairly state that the members of the legal profession are as honorable and conscientious in the practice of their profession, as any other class in society, and that the standard of character and conduct among the members of the Washtenaw bar has been as high as that of the bar in any other county in our State.

Washtenaw county is one of the richest agricultural sections in the State. The products shipped from some of its townships equal, if not exceed, those of any other township in the State.

It is also noted as a successful fruit belt. The hills bordering on the Huron river, on both sides of Ann Arbor, have been used for a great number of years as a successful peach belt. Most every kind of fruit is successfully cultivated in this county.

The common schools of the county are well organized and are very successful feeders of the higher institutions of learning. The State Normal college at Ypsilanti has turned out annually, for a great many years, a very valuable and successful corps of teachers who have tended to raise the standard of requirements in our schools, and have generally advanced and elevated public sentiment in the educational matters of the State.

The State university at Ann Arbor has now something over four thousand students annually in attendance, and is sending out several hundred graduates each year. These graduates can be found engaged in the professions or in business in nearly every town in this State. They are almost universally of high character and are found, by example and precept, advocating and supporting the cause of universal educa-

tion and all that is best in our christian civilization. There are but few cities in this nation that do not contain several of the graduates from our university, and almost without exception they live lives, and advocate and support measures, that tend to promote the intellectual and moral welfare of humanity.

There are now about eight hundred women students in the university.

The State of Michigan, much to its credit, has taken a very advanced and progressive position in regard to the rights and privileges of women. The State very early gave to women equal property rights with men. Now they have equal educational privileges in all of our educational institutions. They have a limited right to the ballot in the election of school officers.

The State has been very progressive and liberal in matters relating to the educational advancement and elevation of women, and has also been very liberal in all matters relating to the general education and elevation of its people.

Possessed of great natural resources, has tended to make the State one of the most progressive and one of the strongest States in the Union.

LEGAL REMINISCENCES OF FORTY YEARS.

BY JUDGE C. P. BLACK.

It is my purpose to briefly refer to some of the circuit judges and lawyers with whom I have been personally acquainted during the past thirty-five or forty years. It will be seen that the brief time that I could properly trespass upon your indulgence would not permit of more than a passing notice of a few.

When I first became acquainted with Josiah Turner, now living at the advanced age of ninety-three years, he was judge of the old seventh circuit, which included the counties of Shiawassee, Livingston, Genesee and Tuscola. He had then been upon the bench for some years, and though strong and vigorous, his hair was nearly white and his bearing venerable. In appearance he was a typical judge of the old school, his dress unique and his temper judicial. He usually opened court at eight o'clock in the morning and invariably held evening sessions, dispatching business with great expedition, though a word of impatience or a reprimand of an attorney seldom passed his lips, consequently the

lawyers' esteem for him approached veneration. He had a happy faculty of keeping the attorneys' attention directed to the issues of fact they were trying, and away from the useless shoals of legal technicalities; hence very few legal questions were ever discussed before him at great length. He always seemed to be impressed with the idea that his chief duty was to see that suitors in his court had a fair opportunity to try the questions of fact pending.

His charges were models of brevity, concisely stated in the language of a lawyer, fifteen minutes usually being a long time for him to formulate the issues of the case and state in apt words what the jury were to consider; the result being that few of his cases were reversed by the supreme court. He never fell in the way of, nor had any sympathy with the idea that it is the duty of a circuit judge to so shape a trial that the right party wins—he believed and acted upon the theory that under the constitution his duty was performed when he defined the law and stated the issues to be passed upon by the jury, leaving them to perform their duty under the constitution and law. Judge Turner was never considered a great trial lawyer, but history will bear record that he was born for the ermine that he worthily wore for so many years. This commonwealth never has and never can repay him. As one whose professional life commenced in his court, I desire here to publicly declare I owe much to him, and shall ever cherish his memory as that of an honest man and a noble, upright judge.

At my coming into Michigan forty years ago, Jabez G. Sutherland was judge of the tenth circuit, then including the important counties of Saginaw and Bay.

It happened that I tried my first circuit court case before him, and thereafter I became intimately acquainted with him, which acquaintance continued while he remained upon the bench—and afterwards.

It is perhaps unnecessary to state what is so well known, that Judge Sutherland was a great lawyer before he became judge, engaged in the most important litigation of the State. He was recognized by members of the supreme court as having no superior in the State in the preparation of a brief upon, and the argument of, important and intricate legal questions. As a judge he carried to the position this profound learning, which, coupled with his remarkable reasoning power and urbanity of temper, at once marked him as a great judge. He would sit through a long, tedious trial apparently looking away into vacancy, permitting the attorneys to try their case without interference on his part as long as they remained good natured. But no sooner was

a legal question raised than he was ready with a ruling which if it in any way involved the evidence given showed he had not overlooked the most unimportant testimony in the case.

He had a remarkable power beyond that of any judge I ever knew of concealing his own opinion as to the merits of a case being tried before him. No word, look or intonation of voice ever disclosed to the hearer how he thought a case ought to be decided while it was being tried, and no argument or position of counsel ever broke through his guard. Sometimes when he caught a lawyer indulging in sophistry a merry twinkle would be seen in his eye, but it seldom developed into a smile. He could, as was said of Chief Justice Waite, "hold in his steady and equal hand the balance of justice undisturbed."

He was always a student of law and literature, and while he was upon the bench he was preparing the manuscript of his great work on the law of damages, that has rendered his name immortal throughout the English speaking world, though it was not published until some years after he left the bench and had spent a vast amount of time in revising and correcting it. While he discharged the duties of judge he had not the aid of official stenographers, and his minutes of a trial were kept with method and neatness so that little difficulty was had in preparing a bill of exceptions on appeal. A bill of exceptions from his court was not a rehash of a stenographer's minutes, but a concise statement of that part of the record that involved the legal question he had passed on, and nothing more.

In 1870, soon after he had been re-elected for a second term without opposition, he was nominated and elected to congress and resigned the office of judge, and within a few years after emigrated to Salt Lake City, where he soon became one of the renowned lawyers of the country, and for twenty years was engaged in the most important litigation of the great west, dying recently. I may be mistaken, but it is my opinion from what I know of him and from what I have heard great lawyers of Michigan say of him, that all in all Jabez G. Sutherland was without a peer amongst the many great trial judges who have honored this State. He not only had a judicial mind, but he had also what is just as necessary for a great judge, he had a judicial heart. He was a lovable man, and "the good he has done will live after him."

Thirty-nine years ago, Sanford M. Green, then residing at Pontiac, was judge of the sixth circuit, honored and respected by the people of the entire State, having been a circuit judge for eighteen years and a part of the time judge of the supreme court under the old constitution.

He had passed the meridian of life and had well earned the right to retire upon his honors, but he was not so minded, and early in 1866 he resigned the office of judge and took up his residence in Bay City, and entered upon the practice of law. It was here that I first became acquainted with him, and as a lawyer in active practice I chiefly knew him, though I saw him frequently upon the bench, after he had been chosen judge of the eighteenth circuit, and I also learned much about his peculiarities from the lawyers of that circuit.

When he was elected judge of the eighteenth circuit he was an old man and without doubt was wanting in much of the vigor that had marked his early career upon the bench. No one ever questioned his integrity and every one conceded his great knowledge of the law. If any one ever had any doubt upon this point he will have it removed by consulting his opinions found in the early volumes of the supreme court reports, in which great legal learning is blended with the principles of common sense. He was a student of polite literature and of mental and moral philosophy, and his rulings and opinions were many times gilded with his knowledge of mankind. In his later years he became impressed with the theory of heredity of crime and as judge was prone to extend clemency where some thought it ought not to be extended. But without doubt his wisdom was greater than that of his critics, as his study and experience were greater than most of them. Nevertheless, whatever he did upon the bench was accepted by all as the act of a kind hearted, able and incorruptable judge. The lawyer's remedy frequently taken from the judgment and rulings of the court, of cursing the judge was seldom taken to the opinions of Sanford M. Green.

In 1873 I became a resident of the upper peninsula of this State and at that time there presided in the important twelfth judicial circuit one of the most original and yet eccentric judges that ever graced a judicial bench, James O'Grady. He was a typical Irish gentleman. He had been a resident of the Pacific slope, holding some judicial offices in the city of San Francisco, and in going up and down the world had gathered a rich fund of general information and a good understanding of legal principles. He discharged the duties of judge with general satisfaction to the people, but at times was severely criticised by the leading lawyers of the circuit. But on the whole his eccentricities were overlooked and his failings forgiven, as his official integrity was never questioned.

Being of a social nature he was never happier than in the company

of his friends and when off duty he was wont to draw them closely to him. But as soon as he ascended the bench, every lawyer understood that he was before a dignified court and no one ever deigned to address him except under the due guard and sign of a genteel attorney.

One incident I well remember shows that he would permit no foolishness. During a term of the Marquette court he had spent an evening with several of his lawyer friends, in which they had all been more than usually festive. One very prominent lawyer on returning to his home wore away the judge's glossy silk hat, leaving his own, somewhat the worse for wear, for the judge to go to court with in the morning. This greatly displeased O'Grady and the next day at the hour of recess he approached the lawyer and in the most earnest and decided tones said: "John, how dared you take away my hat last night? Hereafter, I would have you know, sir, that while my hat may be big enough at night for you it will not be in the morning."

He had read thoroughly the origin and history of the court of chancery, and always seemed possessed of the idea that a judge sitting in chancery was discharging a much more exalted function than while sitting in a court of law, and that certain attributes of his nature were called upon that were unusual and almost supernatural, and that while sitting in chancery the judge should be guided by a quick and tender conscience, and that a party violating the order of a court of chancery was guilty of a most serious offense. Upon one occasion a prominent merchant of Negaunee had unwittingly violated an injunction allowed by the judge. Upon an order to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt, the court found him guilty but did not inflict the punishment as the defendant's attorneys signified their intention of appealing, and so the matter rested until the time for the appeal had expired. Thereupon the judge cited the defendant to appear for punishment. The defendant, knowing the judge's trend of thought upon matters pertaining to the respect due to an order of the court and expecting that unless something extraordinary was done in his behalf he would receive an excessive punishment, retained nearly all of the prominent lawyers of the upper peninsula to defend him, amongst others my partner, D. H. Ball of Marquette. Mr. Ball having had some experience in defending a juryman before the judge, in which a fine of $200 had been inflicted because the juryman had failed to respond to a summons for his attendance upon court, frankly told the defendant that he did not believe he could do anything for him, but that perhaps his

young partner might, that he had better have him go with the other attorneys to see what could be done.

On going before the court with our client we found the judge in an austere condition of mind, clad in the most chilling habiliments of dignity. Putting off our sandals we approached the court and opened our arguments in defense of our client, and every legal reason possible was urged in his behalf.

Some contended there were absolutely no merits upon the face of the complainant's bill, others that the injunction had been improvidently granted, and as one after another addressed himself to the judge's reason, he became more and more impatient and constantly warned the advocate that the point he was making had already been settled, that the defendant had violated the injunction of a Court of Conscience, and deserved the most condign punishment. Being the youngest of the defendant's attorneys and greatly embarrassed by the manner in which my associates had been received by the court, I resolved to approach him from a different direction.

The judge being naturally of a kindly nature, noting my youth, softened his voice as I arose, but in a decided manner said: "Mr. Black, I have already heard enough, the reasons advanced by the defendant's counsel are but adding insult to injury. No! Mr. Black, this is a Court of Conscience. I cannot permit this argument to go farther. The defendant has violated one of the most sacred of writs, and I must now discharge the painful duty of inflicting the penalty." But I resolved to be heard and in a trembling voice said: "May it please your honor, I do not come before the court to justify his acts, upon that question my brethren have already spoken. But I come into this most sacred Court of Conscience to ask that mercy may be extended to him for acts done, without the intention of violating your honor's injunction." The judge instantly seeing the opportunity of disposing the matter without reflecting upon the dignity of the court, said: "Mr. Black, I will hear you, go on," at once turning his most attentive ear to what I might say. In a few words I recounted the facts, excusing my client's acts, placing stress upon the enormity of the offense if the injunction had been violated wilfully, but contended that such was not the case at bar and sat down.

The judge sat for a few moments as if calling to his aid the highest impulses of his being, and then with great deliberation and solemnity said: "This is indeed a Court of Conscience. The defendant has violated its most sacred writ. But he now comes asking mercy, and

what should a Court of Conscience do but to extend clemency if the defendant's acts were not wilful. I do not believe they were, and I now order and adjudge that the defendant pay a fine of one dollar, and stand committed to the custody of the sheriff for this county for twenty-four hours." Of course, the whole proceeding was taken by the lawyers as a farce, but it was not so considered by the Judge. He did finally what he thought was right as he always did when upon the bench.

The snows of many winters have fallen upon O'Grady's grave, but they have not washed out the recollection of the many noble traits of mind and heart which he possessed, and the reports of the supreme court will ever bear record that he was a judge of no mean ability.

While a resident of the upper peninsula I became acquainted with Judge Daniel Gladwin, who was born in 1799. He held many important public positions in this State, amongst such being that of United States attorney, judge of the supreme court and for many years judge of the district court of the entire upper peninsula. Twice he came within one or two votes of being chosen United States senator.

When I first knew him he was a judge of the circuit court, his circuit including the lower portion of the upper peninsula. I had the great good fortune of practicing in his court and thereby learning of the order and method with which this eminent man discharged his official duty. He was at that time nearly eighty years old, but his mind was clear and his reasoning powers strong. He held the scales of justice with an impartial hand, always obeying what he so well knew, the rules and principles of law. I cannot close this short reference to him better than to quote what his biographer has said: "He was a model judge and lived a spotless life."

Thirty-five years ago there suddenly appeared within the public eye a judge of remarkable parts and great ability.

I refer to Augustine H. Giddings, who was for seven years judge of the fourteenth circuit. He was a man of fine personal presence and would have been readily selected amongst a hundred as one born for an exalted place. He was a good lawyer, possessing to an eminent degree that equipoise of manner and keen discrimination of principles so necessary to a judge.

I distinctly remember when he opened his first day of court, he had recently been appointed and had consented to exchange terms with Judge Turner, and it was not until the close of the session that the attorneys learned that this was his first term upon the bench. At the opening of this term he marched in with the majesty of a king and took

his seat upon the bench, and in a deep and melodious voice addressed the bar in the most felicitous and appropriate manner, then called the docket and immediately entered upon the trial of an important case, over which he presided with the politeness of a Chesterfield and the learning of a Story.

He had a faculty possessed by few of beating a lawyer in such a way as to make him think he had but extended a gracious favor—and when he had gone the lawyers all agreed that during the whole term he had decided everything right. But with all the pre-eminent ability and noble characteristics possessed by him he was weak in this, his social nature and periodical appetite for intoxicants finally left him wrecked upon a lee shore. But whatever may have been the cause of his weakness, a question that judges of the world can never solve, the brilliancy of his career like the recollection of a shooting star, will remain with us who knew him. His life and early death afford an impressive lesson.

Amongst the many circuit judges I have known in the past forty years there is one whom I cannot pass without notice, and he of whom I speak was Judge Levi L. Wixson of the twenty-fourth circuit. He was a good trial lawyer before being called to the bench. It so happened that I was engaged in the first and last trial he ever presided over and during the time he was upon the bench I was intimately acquainted with him.

He was nervous and quick in speech, but what is seldom found coupled with such characteristics, he was gentleness personified, and though fearless in his rulings, he carefully refrained from saying or doing a thing that would leave a sting if it could be avoided. He had a retentive memory and was ready at all times to cite a ruling of the supreme court as his authority. He was more than esteemed by the bar and was loved with brotherly affection. After serving for some years the state of his health necessitated his resignation, and dying soon after, he was succeeded by Judge Beach who has continued judge of that circuit since Judge Wixson's resignation.

A reference to the judges I knew thirty-five years ago would be incomplete if I omitted the name of William T. Mitchell of Port Huron. Though I have been intimately acquainted with Judge Mitchell ever since I have been a resident of this State, and can testify to his high standing as a lawyer at the time he was elected circuit judge, I never saw him upon the bench but a single time, that being at Bay City, where he presided for Judge Sutherland. At that time his hair, which is now silvered with over eighty years, was dark and clustered thickly about

his brow. I know that I thought at that time that he was a very handsome man and that he presided with urbanity, dignity and ability. Judge Mitchell, now in his advanced years, is in the retention of his faculties and still practices law, respected by his many friends throughout the State.

During my residence in Bay City Judge C. I. Walker of the Wayne circuit also held a term of court there, which was my first acquaintance with him. I now remember him to have been impatient and irritable and quick to see the weakness of a suitor's cause. His opinion upon the merits of a case he quickly disclosed to the jury and it could not be generally said that he was an impartial judge, though he was the very soul of integrity.

While holding court at Bay City, the late Judge A. C. Maxwell tried a case before him in which Maxwell was badly beaten by the jury. Conceiving himself aggrieved by the verdict, he, while smarting under his defeat, entered a motion for a new trial, basing it chiefly upon the prejudice of the judge in charging the jury. The clerk called the attention of the court to the motion, who became, as he had a right to be greatly incensed at it. As soon as Maxwell came into court the judge stopped the proceedings and summarily inflicted a fine upon him of fifty dollars for contempt of court. Maxwell at once cast off his coat as was his custom on entering court, and sat down and commenced writing as if nothing had occurred to ruffle him.

Subsequently when in Detroit he told Judge Walker's acquaintances that the judge had fined him fifty dollars, but had paid the sum back to him out of his own pocket and apologized for the wrong done, saying he would not have done it if he had not been angry at the time. This story of Maxwell was related to Walker who, being of a sensitive nature, was very uncomfortable over it for a long time.

If time permitted I would like to speak at length of Judges Grier of Bay City, Hawes of Kalamazoo, Dewey of Pontiac, Lovel of Ionia, Williams of Marquette, Gridley of Jackson, Vance of Port Huron, and Eldridge of Mount Clemens, all of whom have joined the great majority. I knew them well, and can testify to their high standing as circuit judges. "These men for small pay have done much in maintaining the high record of the Michigan judiciary."

There was one circuit judge, however, whom most of you knew that I wish to refer to briefly, and that is Erastus Peck—late judge of the Jackson circuit. His eminent position amongst you, and his lovable traits of character were so well known, that make it necessary for me

to say but little. He was by education and training a trial lawyer of high standing, by pre-eminent mental endowments a great judge, by God-given traits of heart and soul a nobleman. We shall no more see his genial face, no more clasp his hand in friendly and loving greeting, but we shall carry with us while we live a feeling that it was a good thing that he was born, lived and acted amongst his fellow men.

"Green may his memory ever be."

It will perhaps not be out of place to here refer to one of the federal judges of Michigan, whom I intimately knew for some years—Judge Henry B. Brown, now justice of the supreme court of the United States. Judge Brown possessed a classical education and was a lawyer of great learning, but he was always ready to learn more and if he ever found that he had made a mistake, he possessed that quality of mind of correcting himself easily. It was not an uncommon thing for him to announce in court that he had made a mistake upon some question, seeming to take delight in being right where he had once been wrong. He was usually inclined to be merciful in the infliction of sentences in criminal cases, except in "burglary cases." Upon one occasion a burglar entered his bedroom and the judge engaged in a revolver duel with him, and ever after a burglar convicted in his court usually received the full penalty of the law.

Once he said to me, "Brother Black, I hope you will have no more indictments against postoffice burglars, as I really do not think I ought to preside in such cases." I replied that I thought his *expert* knowledge rendered him the best kind of a judge to hear those cases.

His demeanor towards the members of the bar was always dignified, yet polite and kind. I heard him say once that during his long service upon the bench he never had an attorney address him in a disrespectful manner, nor had he ever found it necessary in his court to order an attorney to sit down.

Some people thought him cold in his nature, but such was not true. He did not have the faculty of letting everybody know it, but he really was, and desired to be, a warm-hearted man. He was loyal to his friends he believed in and after he became justice of the supreme court he urged upon President Harrison the appointment of Judge Howell E. Jackson to a seat on that bench, though Judge Jackson was a democrat. Judge Brown had learned from associating with Judge Jackson upon the federal circuit bench of the latter's pre-eminent fitness for a seat upon the supreme bench and politics did not affect Judge Brown's

judgment, and so Judge Jackson was appointed and during his short life thereafter adorned the position.

Time will not permit me to speak at any length of the lawyers whom I have known in the past forty years, and to single out a few would seem almost unjust to those I cannot speak of. However, I desire in a brief way to refer to some.

Forty years ago George V. N. Lothrop of Detroit was acknowledged by all to be the leader of the bar of Michigan, which place he easily held for many years. Whilst there were lawyers in the State who excelled him in different directions, yet as a whole he was unexcelled. He was learned in the law as well as in the branches of human knowledge, honorable and high-minded, and was an orator of sweet and persuasive eloquence. The first time I ever heard him he was addressing a vast assembly of people, and he swayed them with magic power.

Much of his force as an orator was due to his magnificent presence, charming voice, and graceful and rounded periods. He was a master of the art of using nothing but precise legal terms in addressing a court, his definitions as they came rolling quickly upon him being well nigh perfect. It was a good thing that the younger lawyers of this State had for so long a time such a model as George V. N. Lothrop. His life both as a lawyer and gentleman will for years to come result in great benefit to both bench and bar.

Forty years ago, Theodore Romeyn of Detroit had been engaged for a long time in the practice of his profession in this State. He was an old man when I first knew him. Whilst he was lacking in Lothrop's eloquence and dramatic methods in trying a suit, he was not his inferior in legal knowledge or in the principles of logic. As a real estate lawyer he had no equal, as I once heard Mr. Lothrop state in an argument in the supreme court. For many years after he retired from active practice his towering form was frequently seen upon the streets of Detroit, and he was always pointed out as one of Michigan's greatest lawyers.

Judge C. I. Walker to whom I have referred, as being a short time upon the circuit bench, was known thirty years ago as one of the older lawyers of the State. I met him frequently at the bar and can testify that a more painstaking, careful lawyer never tried a case. He had in early life been extensively engaged in business and brought to the bar his knowledge of correct business methods. This was noticeable even in the way he presented his authorities to the court. He arranged

them in a sort of chronological order, carefully marked with a slip of paper, and never would read one out of its order. He never burdened a court with anything but the pertinent point of a case cited, and was always ready to state what was the pith of the case cited by his adversary as he studied the cases against him with as much care as he did those in his favor. His success in his profession, and he had great success, was without doubt due to his wonderful ability to find, arrange, and classify the decisions of the courts rather than that of presenting his own original reasons.

Levi Bishop was a contemporary of Lothrop, Romeyn, and Walker, and attained a high place at the bar. I never knew him except as I heard him in the argument of cases in the supreme court. He seemed always to be ready with authority and much reason to support his contention, having a strong and somewhat ponderous style, rendering his arguments forceful yet involved and lacking in the graceful precision that always marked those of Mr. Lothrop. He was a poet of some repute, and a gentleman of high standing, and a credit to the city and State in which he lived so many years.

Bethune Duffield had thirty-three years ago attained a prominent place at the Detroit bar. He was a poet and scholar, as well as a good lawyer, a lovable man, and continued in the practice of his profession until his death some fifteen years ago.

Of all the Detroit lawyers I ever knew none excelled the late William P. Wells in the presentation of great legal questions to the court. He was a master of logic, broad in his conceptions of general principles, learned in the decisions of both American and English courts, a classical scholar, and peerless in the use of pure English. To hear him at his best was to listen to his arguments upon constitutional questions, where he could draw to his aid his knowledge of the history of the country in the light of which the constitution was to be construed.

To the outside world he was supposed to be cold and exclusive. A story is related of him that when he was a member of the board of education in Detroit, a person desiring his daughter to be employed as a teacher in the public schools asked his partner if he would not intercede with Mr. Wells in her behalf, to which his partner replied. "I can not do it, as I am not very well acquainted with Mr. Wells myself." I remember of telling this story to Mr. Wells, and of his enjoying it much. He was not cold and repulsive in his nature but kind and genial, and when one came to know him he was found to be a

generous hearted man. I knew him intimately, and never found anything but genial kindness in his nature.

But the great lawyers of Michigan in the years gone did not all reside in Detroit any more than they do now.

Forty years ago the Saginaw valley numbered amongst its bar some of the greatest lawyers of the State, amongst those were John Moore, William L. Webber, Gaylord and Hanchett, and John J. Wheeler of Saginaw, T. C. Grier, Archibald McDonnel, Isaac Marston, and H. H. Hatch of Bay City. At this time the immense lumbering business done at these places called for the best legal talent that could be found, and these lawyers together with others there, had most of this immense business in charge.

At this time T. C. Grier was scarcely thirty years of age, and in firey zeal and indefatigable labor he had no superior in the valley.

Isaac Marton, a graduate of the university law school and protégé of Judge Cooley, with a rich Irish accent, was a conspicuous figure of the Bay county bar. He was at that time a ready trial lawyer of great resources when closely pressed, and it was a difficult matter to get him into a place from which he could not escape, and if any person could do it, it was T. C. Grier. Grier was a companionable man of a social nature. He served a short time as circuit judge, but before his sun reached its meridian, laid down in the furrow. Marston lived longer, but died young. Both were good lawyers and will long be remembered.

William L. Webber of Saginaw was for many years recognized as one of the ablest lawyers in Michigan. He possessed business knowledge of the highest order and seemed to delight in unraveling complicated affairs. He was high-minded and respected throughout the State.

John J. Wheeler, also of Saginaw, small of stature was great in intellect. He could draw a contract or pleading in the fewest words and in the most understandable form of any man I ever knew, and could manage a chancery case absolutely to perfection.

John Moore, now living at an advanced age, forty years ago was recognized as an educated lawyer and able advocate. His voice was as clear as a silver lute, his style captivating, his reasoning cogent, all of which rendered him a dangerous opponent in jury trials, but it must not be understood that he was only a jury advocate, for he was a great all around lawyer.

Benton Hanchett at that time was one of the younger lawyers who had won a respectable place at the bar and then bid fair to attain to the high position that you all know he occupies today. It was Judge Sutherland's opinion at that time that he had the most accurate knowledge of practice of any lawyer in the valley.

At Flint forty years ago there was a brace of lawyers who were foemen worthy of the best steel in the State, amongst whom were William Newton, William M. Fenton, Sumner Howard, Levi Walker and George H. Durand.

It was generally understood amongst the lawyers that the Genesee county bar tried their cases as closely as any bar in the State.

Newton was at that time an advocate of great power, his argument always being couched in good language and tinctured with a vein of sadness which rendered him impressive.

Sumner Howard was a fine jury lawyer and a renowned wit.

Levi Walker was a walking encyclopedia of equity law, and the rules and practice of courts of chancery.

George H. Durand was a young, handsome, genial, careful lawyer and already stood well in his profession for his years.

I knew but few of the great lawyers of the Oakland county bar, but those I did know were worthy to be classed with the best, and these were Michael E. Crofoot, Augustus C. Baldwin and Charles Draper.

I never knew D. Darwin Hughes personally, beyond hearing him in the supreme court, but I remember of the tremendous force and great reasoning power he exhibited. In one case Prof. Kent was opposed to him, and during the professor's argument he had analyzed the sentences in the terms of a contract and had parsed the words in the sentences for the purpose of showing that the contention made by Hughes was untenable. When Hughes came to reply he assailed Kent's several propositions with unanswerable logic and great fury, and at each climax he thundered to his opponent, "Parse that, Professor Kent," to the merriment of those present, and at the close of his argument Benton Hanchett, who was present, said to me, "I always feel my own inability when I hear that man argue a case."

There was one great lawyer, while not a resident of Michigan forty years ago, yet he was claimed as really belonging to the bar of the State. I refer to John Van Arnam, who crossed swords at Detroit with William H. Seward in the great railroad conspiracy case over fifty years ago, and bore away the trophies of victory. I knew him intimately and his methods as a lawyer. He was thick set and swarthy as an

Indian, with a magnificent head, strong lower jaw, and a mouth that nearly severed his head from his jaw. He was one of the most remarkable men I ever knew. His capacity for learning about a law-suit in a short space of time if it involved only questions of fact was wonderful. But if it involved legal questions, then it was a matter of greater labor to him, as he always studied over the most simple questions before entering court. But when fully prepared it was a rich treat to hear Van Arnam argue a case to a court or jury. In his arguments he used strong, simple language, rejecting every word that did not express just what he desired to say, meeting in the fullest sense the requirements of an orator, "he convinced his hearers." As a cross-examiner I never knew his equal in this or any other State, and I cannot conceive of his having a superior in this most important art of a lawyer.

In this hasty review of Michigan lawyers I am constrained to refer to O'Brien J. Atkinson of Port Huron and John Atkinson of Detroit, but owing to their recent decease it would hardly seem necessary to speak of them as lawyers to those who knew them as well as did so many Michigan people. But I may be pardoned in saying that nature had been generous in her endowment of these brothers. John Atkinson for twenty years before his death was acknowledged as one of the best trial lawyers in the State of Michigan. He was witty, eloquent, logical, and resourceful, and was never defeated until the judgment was entered. It is hard for us who have heard him so often to realize that we shall never again see him engaged in battle royal, giving and parrying blows like a plumed knight, or hear his rich eloquence blended with his inimitable wit.

O'Brien J. Atkinson, while in my opinion not as good a trial lawyer as his brother John, was more than his equal in his knowledge of the law and in generalship of a law-suit. He was a safe counselor and seldom miscarried in his calculations and for forty years retained the confidence of his neighbors and clients. His manner of presenting a proposition was winsome and convincing, and like his brother John, he could not refrain from witty repartee and frequently clothed his wit in poetical language, which at times was quite effective. Upon one occasion many years ago when I was quite young he and I were engaged in trying a suit at Caro. At the close of the case he insisted upon my arguing it to the jury, as I was better acquainted with the jurymen than he. I did not wish to do it and gave as a reason that I was engaged in the next case to defend a man on a charge of stealing a horse and I did not feel fully prepared and wanted a little time to talk

with the prisoner. O'Brien replied that I should go on and make the argument and he would write a speech for me to make to the jury in the criminal case and I finally consented to do as he wished. In order to understand the speech he wrote, I will say that a short time before the board of supervisors of Tuscola county, after wrangling over the county-seat question, as a joke located it in a swamp in the extreme corner of the county, called Moonshine.

The name of the horse thief referred to was Myers. He had started from Bay City as he claimed and took a horse which he found just over the county line, grazing in the road, and when detected he was riding without saddle or bridle, twenty miles away near Moonshine.

The case was brought on and after the people had offered their evidence I called the prisoner to the stand, who told his story in a few words and the prosecuting attorney then made a lengthy argument, urging the respondent's conviction, and while he was talking Atkinson was indicting my speech, which I read to the jury and sat down without further comment. It was as follows:

"Myers was on his way to Moonshine
Where sage justice took her seat;
When the sun poured down hot terror,
Myers he strode with weary feet
Up the sandy road to Moonshine,
Up where frogs and lizzards meet.

Myers was tired; his feet were weary
Walking long his strength had tried,
And seized with moral kleptomania
Myers resolved to take a ride,
Up the sandy road to Moonshine,
Up where frogs and lizzards hide.

So he took a horse found grazing
On the highway near the hill,
Scorning saddle, girt, or bridle
Guiding only by his will.
Riding up the road to Moonshine
Up where are frogs and lizzards still.

But the people—God forgive them—
By their scion of the law,
Looking at this whole proceeding—
Crimes and misdemeanors draw.
Such a people—such a scion,
None but Moonshine ever saw."

The poem convulsed everyone with laughter, including the dignified court, Judge Lovell, who was then presiding. The jury retired and within a few minutes returned with a verdict of not guilty. And so I succeeded in winning a case that I had much doubt about, solely through the ability of Mr. Atkinson to present the ridiculous side in poetic verse. He was a true and loyal friend of mine, and it is but human for me to revere his memory.

In closing this paper permit me to speak of one who not only adorned the bar of the county of Ingham, but also of the State, the late M. V. Montgomery of Lansing. From a close acquaintance with him for many years I feel that I can truly say, a more courteous gentleman never signed the roll of attorneys in this State, having had the honor to report the resolutions adopted by the bar of Ingham county at his death, I take the liberty of quoting a few words from such resolutions, as follows:

"Nature had endowed Martin V. Montgomery with a commanding and magnificent personal presence. He was handsome in form and feature. Though well versed in the books of his profession, he was above all a lawyer by nature. To him was given that rich privilege of drinking deeply at the fountains from which flow the countless streams of human action. He seemed always to know by intuition the secret motives that govern mankind. Being thus gifted he was able to furnish a reason for every proposition he laid down and clearly show the logical sequence of the same.

In argument he was eloquent in the truest sense, because of the dramatic manner in which he could present his reasons, passing with the rapidity of thought from thundering zeal to sweet, persuasive logic, in which he has never been excelled by any lawyer in the State. It was in such moments when the better part of his great nature took control of him that he was most successful as an advocate. His style was peculiarly his own. It was pure and simple, and yet he never in an argument uttered a thought that was not gilded with the choicest and most expressive words.

Socially in company of professional brethren and friends he was without a peer, his wit was as keen as a Damascus blade, but in the use of it he was considerate of the feelings of others.

For years he was a striking personality at the bar of this State and the lawyers of Ingham county are glad to honor his memory."

As I said in the beginning, I could refer to but a few of the lawyers and judges who have done honor to this State. There were many I should have been pleased to have spoken of at length, and in particular those who have resided in Grand Rapids and the western part of this commonwealth, but my time will not admit of it, and I will leave such reference to others who may do justice to them in a more fitting manner than I am able to do. But there is enough in the lives of those of whom I have spoken to warrant the reputation that Michigan bears in the sisterhood of states of having an able bar and a learned and incorruptible judiciary.

LIFE OF LEONARD SLATER.

Pioneer Preacher and Missionary.

BY MRS. MARY M. LEWIS HOYT.[1]

A modest slab, bearing the simple record of the birth and death of Rev. Leonard Slater, marks a mound of earth in Riverside cemetery in Kalamazoo, and to the casual observer it expresses nothing of great interest. However, to the few descendants of this reverend man and the still fewer friends who recall him, this mound holds a memory especially dear.

In the early history of Michigan the name of Leonard Slater was a familiar one, and up to the time of his death, in 1866, he was looked upon as a man of marked prominence. As a missionary to the Indians of this State, and as a man of sturdy character, which served as an example to many in the days when Michigan was in the process of making, he gained a name worthy to be handed down. He was born in Worcester, Mass., November 16, 1802. His mother was Scotch and his father, Peter Slater, was one of the participants in the "Boston Tea Party," in which, disguised as an Indian, he did his part in emptying the tea into Boston harbor.

[1] For sketch of Mrs. Hoyt see Vol. 30, p. 289.

REV. LEONARD SLATER.

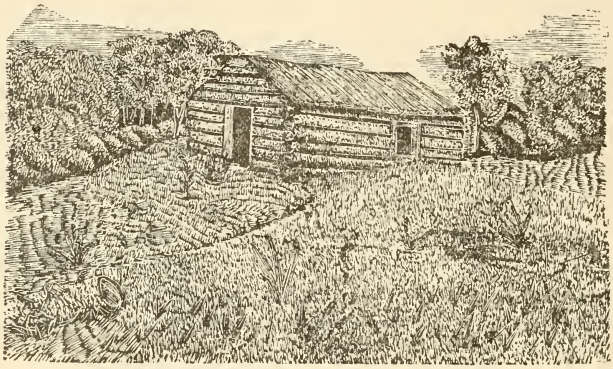
The Slater family emigrated from England at an early day. A brother of Peter Slater learned the cotton spinner's trade of the celebrated Arkwright in Lancashire, England, and being denied the right of bringing machinery to this country, set up from memory what was necessary to the successful running of a cotton mill. This man established the first Sunday school and the first Bible class and also the first grammar school in Pawtucket, R. I. With an ancestry in whom courage and perseverance were dominating principles, we would naturally look for like qualities in their descendants, and that Leonard Slater inherited their spirit of patriotism is clearly shown in the last public act of his life in offering his services to the christian commission during the war of the rebellion, and, without pay, going into hospital work in Tennessee and this, too, in his declining years, after the strenuous life he had heretofore lived. To this spirit of patriotism so clearly shown was joined a broad humanitarianism which early caused him to study for the ministry with an earnest desire of being sent out as a missionary. Mr. Slater studied under the Rev. Jonathan Going, and at the Baptist triennial convention, held in 1826, was appointed missionary to western Indians. A few weeks after receiving the appointment, he was united in marriage, May 29, 1826, to Mary French Ide, of Claremont, N. H., a woman greatly beloved and respected, who proved an able helpmeet indeed, bearing patiently the trials of pioneer life and winning the love of all—savages and white settlers alike.

Bidding farewell to parents and friends, the young couple started soon after on this mission, and their bridal trip was made through the wild woods of Michigan's territory, and the latter part of the journey, that is, from Detroit to Niles, was performed on horseback through an unbroken wilderness, by following an Indian trail and guided only by blazed trees. Their goods were sent around the lakes to Grand Haven and from Grand Haven to Grand Rapids in a rowboat. When the boxes finally reached them at Niles they were badly damaged and stained by water.

Arriving in the course of their journey at what is now Kalamazoo, and finding no bridge across its river, they forded it at the old fording place below the hill, where then stood the old Rix Robinson trading post and where now lies Riverside cemetery. From this elevation they caught their first view of the Kalamazoo valley as it lay in all its virgin loveliness and unbroken wilderness of trees and shrubs, with the broad river winding in and out below. They were charmed with

the view and here, at the request of Mr. Slater, his body lies today, his faithful wife and daughter Emily beside him.

Proceeding on their journey and coming in sight of their destination, the Carey mission, whereon now stands the city of Niles, two Indians came running from a wigwam with loaded muskets and fired them into the air. Such a salute on their arrival was quite startling, but it was explained that the firing was because an Indian had just died and this was done to make the departed spirit know that it must not come back to trouble the living. They remained but a short time at the Carey



OLD RIX ROBINSON TRADING POST.
(See Hastings Banner, June 15th, 1905.)

mission (the reason for which is given later) and the spring of 1827 saw them settled at the Thomas mission, situated on what is now the present site of the city of Grand Rapids, and here for the next nine years they labored very successfully among the Ottawa Indians, having in charge about 150 families. In the woods all about them were twice or three times as many more. Lewis Cass, then territorial governor, took a great interest in both the Carey and the Thomas missions, commending the zeal and faithfulness of those in charge.

Mr. Slater's labors were not confined to the Indians alone. He served in several capacities in the new settlement. He was made a justice of the peace and he was also the first postmaster in Grand Rapids, receiving his appointment from President Jackson, December 22, 1832, and serving as such for the next four years.

VIEW OF GRAND RAPIDS IN THE YEAR 1831.[1]

The original drawing was made by the Rev. J. Booth, who was an assistant worker with the Rev. L. Slater at the old Baptist mission in 1831. The picture is owned by Mr Booth's cousin, Mrs. Isaac Peck of Owosso, who was formerly Miss Hattie Peck of this city. When she left Grand Rapids she gave the picture into the care and keeping of Mrs. Gilbert. There are several copies of this picture owned by old settlers in this city, but the cut is made from the original sketch. The picture gives an idea of locations, and of the settlement as it appeared at that time, but the artist made no claims for the accuracy of the perspective. The group of houses on the west branch of the river, at the right of the picture, represents the old Baptist mission. The little house on the hill in the background is old Chief Noonday's house. The three houses on the east branch of the river, opposite the Baptist mission, are Louis Campau's trading post. At the extreme right of the picture, near the fence, is a tiny picture of the old Giles house. It stood facing what is now Campau square. The City National bank now occupies the site of that house. In the foreground is a typical Indian wigwam and settlement. The group of trees at the left of the picture are on island No. 1. A study of the picture will account for the old jog in the joining of Monroe and Canal streets, known as Campau square, and will also account for the slightly diagonal line of Monroe street. When Monroe street was little more than an Indian trail it followed the river line. The picture also shows the jog in the shore line where Campau square now stands. After a part of the river was filled in, the old shore line was obliterated.

Where now stands the flourishing city of Grand Rapids, there were in the early days two Indian villages, known as Upper and Lower villages, the Upper being presided over by an Ottawa chief, No-no-qua-he-zich[2] by name, commonly called Noonday, a friendly, industrious Indian, who always worked for the good of his people. He was one of the first to obtain favor among white people, and being a man of excellent habits was of great assistance to them. He was of fine physique and stood fully six feet in height, was well proportioned and noble in appearance and possessed great muscular strength. He fought with

[1]These views are presented through the courtesy of Cook Bros., editors "Hastings Banner."

[2]This name translated into our language means "Middle of the day."

the British in the war of 1812. It was generally believed that his hand applied the torch at the burning of Buffalo. This, however, has been disputed; but certain it is that he took an active part in that memorable battle, and his savage nature led him to do acts which in after life he greatly deplored. It is a well-known fact that both the Chippewa and Ottawa tribes fought with the English in the war of 1812. Noonday witnessed the killing of Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames. He was on his right when he fell, stricken by the hand of Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, afterwards vice president. When asked how he knew it was Col. Johnson he said, "General Cass took me to see Great Father Van Buren at Washington. I went to the great wigwam and there I saw the same man that killed Tecumseh. I looked at him in the face and said, 'Kine Kin A Poot Tecumseh,' that is, 'You kill Tecumseh,'" which fact was not denied by Col. Johnson. To get a history of any Indian who fought on the side of the British has ever been a difficult task, but through Mr. Slater's assistance several facts were gained from Noonday. This statement is vouched for by several who heard it from Noonday, and it was published as a fact in the "Century Magazine" of June, 1885. The memory of Chief Noonday is worthy a monument in the Richland cemetery. Is not someone willing to lead in seeing that a suitable one is erected to his memory before even that is lost? He died in 1855 or 1856.

Chief Noonday was quite advanced in years when the missionaries came to Grand Rapids; but he made them very welcome. He showed them the salt springs and the gypsum rocks, probably those at Plaster creek, from which sources have come so much of the city's wealth and industry, quietly remarking of the springs that "the spirits fed them." Noonday was among Mr. Slater's first converts and proved a valuable help to him in many ways. When he was baptised in the Grand river hundreds of Indians gathered on its banks to witness the rite, which was new to them. Indians love a contest of any kind, and when they saw Mr. Slater and Noonday in the water together they thought a tussle was impending, and when Mr. Slater put Noonday under the water the banks rang with Tah Yah! Tah Yah! Kitchee Mokomon ne tum, (Hurrah! Hurrah! white man got him down first).

The last trial ever held under the Indian law was in the fall of 1840, near Middleville, in Barry county, when it fell to Noonday to try a man, Louis Genreau, of his own tribe, for murdering his wife. He found him guilty and pronounced sentence of banishment upon him and con-

fiscation of property. This sentence was executed in strict accordance with the decision of Noonday and acquiesced in by all his tribe. This man was later sent to Jackson. Little by little they yielded their rights to the white man. Noonday foresaw their destiny and his predictions have been fulfilled. An inferior race must yield to a superior one, who will have no respect for any rights except their own. It may be well in passing to say of Noonday that he remained true to the principles of his faith in christianity and when the mission was removed to Prairieville in 1836 he accompanied the others and could always be depended upon by Mr. Slater for assistance. His perfect knowledge of the Indian nature, coupled with a sagacity and forethought, which had caused him to rank high among them as a chief, showed him clearly what was needed for the Indian at the time, and also what was required of him after abandoning Indian habits. He had no children of his own, but adopted several. He died at the advanced age of ninety-eight and was buried beside his wife, near where the old mission stood. A plain marble slab once marked the spot where the noble chieftain lay, but that has been demolished and nothing now remains to mark his burial place, and the ground above him has been ploughed over.

The Slaters settled on the east bank of the river near the island, with Indian wigwams all about them, and here was born to them, August 12, 1827, Sarah Emily Slater, the first white child born in Grand Rapids. As soon as Noonday heard of the event he came to the house with his wife, Som-an-o-que, making great rejoicing and praising Manitou who had shown such favor to his tribe in bringing them a white babe, and he gave her a name, Som-an-o-que, which was also his wife's name, and all the Indians called her the "Little Som-an-o-que." On account of the great demands made upon the mother, the babe was given into the hands of an Indian woman to nurse and was treated much as an Indian mother would treat her own. Slinging her across her back she was carried in one position so long that the child's head grew imperfect and a partial paralysis ensued, bringing on a spasmodic action of the eye. This was a grief to them all and to the young mother especially. Two other children came to them in this home, George and Frances, and these three were the first three white children born in Grand Rapids. Later three more were born in Barry county, making a family of six children, but of them all none could take the place with the Indians of the "Little Som-an-o-que." She soon learned to babble their words in her childish voice. Indeed, to such an extent had the older children taken up the Indian tongue that they had to be

sent to their relatives in the east to be taught to speak their own language. On the journey they spoke and sang freely in the Indian tongue, much to the entertainment of the people they met in making the journey.

The little Emily was allowed to wander at will and one day took her way to the river bank with a new tin cup in her hand and being thirsty thought to help herself from the river. She found the little cup would float and she let it go. It floated out on the clear water up to the mission house. The mother, seeing it, called for her child,

OTTAWA INDIAN; NURSE OF EMILY SLATER.
(See "Hastings Banner," June 15, 1905.)

but no childish voice responded. She thought of the river; oh, the river! the rapids! The mother flew towards the rapids and she saw on the water the little blond head, the curls just beginning to turn with the stream. One minute more, the flight of the mother one moment delayed, and the little Emily would have been beyond recall. When Emily was but a child she began teaching the younger Indian children, for a child may teach what it knows as well as an older person. How fast or how much they learned we may not know, but we do know that her faithfulness and devotion to the work continued as long as did the mission.

Mrs. Slater found it difficult to manage according to the New Eng-

land customs, as she herself had been taught. She instructed daily in the mission school and for their own benefit taught the Indian girls to assist her in the housekeeping, but sometimes without warning their nomadic instincts would seize them and they would suddenly vanish like a flock of deer, away to some berry swamp or woods or lake, leaving the mistress of the house to knead into loaves a great trough of dough and do other necessary work. They had no more idea of the constraining properties of domestic life than the squirrels that chattered in the trees around the mission house. It would not be a difficult matter for us to frame excuses for these children of the forest, who heard in the sighing of the wind through the trees the gentle voice of the Manitou, and his voice raised in anger in the roar of the tornado or the thunder.

The confidence of the Indian is gained slowly. His stolidity is for the most part assumed, "put on" in the presence of the white man. He is communicative if he thinks you are his friend, but if confidence is betrayed there is a lapsing into sullen distrust.

Mr. Slater labored to attract the Indians. Once their confidence gained, they believed implicitly as do children. If through weakness of body or mind they drank whisky they still believed the truth and deplored their faults. There was a United States statute forbidding the sale or the giving of liquor to Indians. Mr. Slater found and emptied many barrels of this commodity upon the ground at every station with which he was connected. When drunken Indians came howling around the mission at night he would go out and tie the disturbers to a fence to sober off and next day they were repentant and meek and full of promises to be good. Whisky was the greatest enemy the missionaries had to contend with. Introduced by white men, it taxed the ingenuity of other white men to keep the Indian sober. General Cass, who took a profound interest in the early settling of this State, urged upon the white men to keep liquor from the Indians and urged the same upon the different Indian chiefs.

He told Chief Topinabee to keep sober so as to make a good bargain for himself and his people in selling their lands. Topinabee is said to have replied, "Father, we do not care for the land or the money or the goods offered us. What we want is *whisky!* Give us whisky!" It may have been spoken with sarcasm in view of the manifold anxiety of all the Indians for this beverage, but it is well known that Topinabee himself was a sad drunkard. Contrary to popular belief, the first white traders and trappers proved a blessing to the Indians, for they brought to them improved weapons and better methods of hunting and fishing,

and their rude ways and means of agriculture were, by the efforts of the traders, made more profitable, and living among them and adopting some of their ways they helped to develop the better part of the savage nature, and thus introduced among them the elements of civilization, and until the advent of the whisky bottle, the white man had it in his power to do great service to the Indians. No one probably understood the Indian nature or their relations with the white man better than did Chief Pokagon, who was an invited guest at the Columbian exposition in '93, and was listened to with profound attention when asked to speak: "Let me tell you," he said, "some things I have seen at some of our trading posts; even Mackinaw, where Astor got rich and we very poor. The most profitable trade and the most ruinous trade Mackinaw ever had, was in whisky." He then gave the formula which was in use among the traders of that period for the making of "fire-water," which did not exceed in cost above five cents a gallon and was retailed to the Indians for fifty cents a quart, of which thousands of bottles were sold every year to the Indians and which, when taken, soon put them in a state in which they would give everything they possessed into the hands of the white man, passing into their hands rich furs and richer lands for that which in exchange was worse than nothing, and worked to the undoing of any good that might otherwise have been done them.

A formula used on Mackinaw island, 1817-18, for making whisky for the Indians. Actual cost not to exceed five cents a gallon and retailed to the Indians for fifty cents a bottle, of which thousands of bottles were sold every year.

Chief Pokagon gave this formula at the Chicago exposition in 1893, when called upon to address a large audience called together by the mayor of that city to hear him speak. Take two gallons of common whisky or unrectified spirits, add to thirty gallons of water and to this add red pepper enough to make it fiery and tobacco enough to make it intoxicating, and you have a decoction that will cause the Indians to give everything he possesses into the hands of the white man. Pokagon said that this formula was in general use among the traders at the time.

Pardon this digression, if it is such, but this is a part of Michigan's early history, and the means used to get from the first owners of the soil their interest in what we so proudly claim today as ours. Treachery and abuse instead of justice and right was the principle too often used in the first intercourse between the white man and his red brother.

The reason Mr. Slater did not remain longer at the Carey mission at Niles and the chief reason of his removing from the Thomas mission in Grand Rapids was owing to the disturbing influences wrought by the selling and giving of liquor to the Indians. The rapid influx of white settlers into Grand Rapids, which began in the spring of 1833, and the demoralizing effect produced upon the Indians thereby indicated to those in charge the advisability of a removal of the mission, and in 1833 land was purchased in Prairieville, Barry county, and the mission was removed there, about fifty Indian families in all accompanying Mr. Slater to his new quarters. The sturgeon with which the Grand river had abounded were growing scarce and there was also a lack of meat, for deer will not stay in a region where guns are fired. So, in looking for a new location, it was found that one of the best fishing waters was Gull lake, in Barry county, and the rich findings of pickerel with which the lake then abounded gave great satisfaction to these expert fishermen. They built log houses and each family had a piece of ground to work, but they were not farmers and could not be made such in one generation. Wildness had held them for many generations and it was a hard matter to make radical changes, and while they learned to love the white man's bread, they knew not how to bear the white man's burden.

At the time Mr. Slater settled in Prairieville, Barry county and Kalamazoo county were undivided. He settled on what was the base line of these counties and near to several lakes. A. S. Parker, who built the first frame house and barn in that part of the country, was a near neighbor. Orville Barnes, Mr. Spaulding, Mr. Otis and Mr. Brown soon settled near him, also the Daily family. About two and one-half miles south of the mission was the little settlement of Richland, where the postoffice was kept by Colonel Barnes. In the fall of 1837 the first schoolhouse in Prairieville was built. It was large and commodious and served a double purpose. Religious services were held in it on Sunday and school during the week. A sort of belfry was made by four posts put in the ground with cross pieces on the top and in it was hung the bell Mr. Slater loaned until the Slater mission chapel was built, when it was hung in the belfry of that building, calling the Indians together for services as long as the chapel remained. It is now in use in a district school in Prairieville, where it calls the youths to a broader and higher life in education. This bell was purchased by Mr. Slater in Detroit in 1830 and was shipped around the lakes to Grand Haven and then to Grand Rapids in a canal boat, and when the

mission moved from Grand Rapids to Prairieville the bell accompanied them.

Mr. Slater had mastered the Indian language so as to use it as readily as his own. In his intercourse with them he was like a father among his children, and as they gathered about him he would say, "Come now, my children, you must cross the dark river; the waters come along swift and they whirl and they are deep, but here is the boat, the life boat. Come into it all of you and be saved." There was of necessity much reiteration, which made it more impressive to them. Scripture cards were made for them, prepared by Mr. Duncan Ide, of Boston, who was a brother of Mrs. Slater. All possible ways they could devise to attract and keep the attention were used by these faithful people. The work accomplished among them would be interpreted differently by different people. It was their earnest endeavor to make the way of eternal life through the Savior plain to them, and there the responsibility of man ceases. To win the love of one good man or woman is worth the work of a lifetime. To win Christ is more.

The singing of hymns to tunes in our own hymn books was very sweet and impressive, the words being in their own language, but one could follow them very well. The Indian women brought to the service their pappooses, each on its padded board, made soft for its little body, and ranged them along the warm side of the room like so many umbrellas, their little eyes shining like glass beads as they looked around on the company in wondering silence. They do not cry aloud as do white babies. Through all the long generations back they have been accustomed to silence and that is the trait of their nature.

The Indian wigwam might be thought an uncomfortable affair for living in, but such was not the case really, for it was a house all roof, so steep that the rain ran off readily. After the fire, which was in the center of the hut, was started there was little smoke. There was always a pot simmering over the coals with venison or bear meat or squirrels or other wild game in it. They loved the white woman's bread and meat and above all her fried cakes, and Mrs. Slater, with all patience, taught them as well as she could her clean, practical New England ways, so that they gradually left off many of their uncouth fashions, substituting hers.

They were always hungry and never thought it beneath them to ask for "bucatah" (bread). They ate of what was given them and what they did not eat they put into a fold of their "mitchicotta" and went on their way. They gave their confidence slowly, but always remembered

a kindness, which many times was repaid with a kind act. They were capable of the most enduring affection and were also capable of great cruelties. History has never recorded, and never will, the horrible scenes of cruelty to captive men, women and children in the early wars, for none but Indians knew the extent, and they were silent for the most part, but occasionally, in later years, when somewhat under the influence of "fire water," they would relate some of their blood curdling experiences of the past, of the raids they made among the early settlers in Ohio and other states, capturing women and children. The latter, if too young to manage well, had their brains dashed out against trees, and the women were compelled to ride astride ponies behind Indians and flee with them or be pierced with arrows.

In this enlightened age it is hard to believe that such things ever occurred, but past history is full of horrors which it may not be well to open. The trials endured by our forefathers in the early settling of this country cannot be truly comprehended by those coming so much later. To them it is ancient history.

The change in Indian style of dress came about gradually. It was a difficult matter by mere entreaty or argument to persuade them, but for convenience's sake they dropped their becoming and romantic style of dress. The browns and reds which harmonized so perfectly with their outdoor surroundings were put aside, and they adopted the white man's costume, plug hat and all, and in doing so a great portion of their dignity seemed to depart. It was remarked of Chief Noonday that he wore his blanket as though it were a Roman toga, and no hat of any kind could have given him the dignity that seemed born to go with the circlet of eagle's feathers that surrounded the back of his head. It is said of Chief Me-gis-o-nee-nee, who presided over the Lower village of Indians in Grand Rapids, that he went to Washington in 1836 to assist in negotiating a treaty and was presented while there by President Jackson with a suit of new clothes, of which he was very proud, but with it insisted upon having a high hat with a mourning badge on it. Their clothing had been made from tanned deer skins prepared with much labor, but mingling with white men they came to adopt the simple jacket and trousers which could easily be fashioned by their squaws.

The business of the mission required Mr. Slater to go to Washington at certain periods, and during one of these times of absence Mrs. Slater sickened and died. The Indians mourned her death and then seemed to lose heart and lapse into their old ways. She had been a counselor to them in their times of trouble and sorrow, had nursed and cared for

them in sickness and with her housewifely skill and knowledge had sought to teach them practical ways of living. In her quiet patience she had read to them in their homes from the Word of Life, and when the Great Spirit called her away their hearts were sad and heavy, and they learned then what they had only partially realized before, that a rare woman of pure spirit had been sojourning among them and because she had nothing else to give, had given to them herself, and had labored in season and out of season if perchance she might win some to the truth, and so this missionary work began in early life and carried on for nearly thirty years by this devoted family came to an end. When the mission broke up in 1854 many of the Indians went to Pentwater, Mich. Some had intermarried with the Potawatomies and went with that tribe to Selkirk's mission at Bradley, Allegan county,[1] and some went to Calhoun county.

Mrs. Slater died in 1852. For two years thereafter Mr. Slater continued the work with the assistance of his daughter Emily and then the mission broke up and they moved to Kalamazoo. Some of the Indians clung to the old place, and to such Mr. Slater went each Sunday to preach, being taken the fourteen miles between by his faithful old horse, Jack. This horse had done duty in the early period by bringing the mail from Detroit and served as a mail carrier for three years. It took one week to make the trip to Detroit and another to make the return trip, and in those early days mail was received only once in two weeks and there was twenty-five cents postage for every letter and now at the closing up of affairs at the mission old Jack was performing his part as faithfully for his master as in his younger days.

The mission chapel was built in 1840 and in the winter of 1855 and 1856 was removed to Kalamazoo and set down on Water street where Tyler & Turner's planing mill stood, and was rebuilt with an additional story and served as a dwelling house for a number of years. It was removed in its second flight to Den Blyker's addition, on Portage street, where it now stands, being used as a tenement house.

Emily Slater, the faithful daughter and teacher, removed to Kalamazoo with her father and was married to Sylvester St. John, June 22, 1856, in the Baptist church, by Rev. J. A. B. Stone. She died February 23, 1893, and her body lies beside her parents in Riverside cemetery, Kalamazoo.

The news of the war in our own land stirred up the blood of the old revolutionary ancestors running in the veins of Leonard Slater and,

[1] For description of this Mission see Vol. 32, p. 381.

MRS. WINIFRED LEE LYSTER, DETROIT.

as has been said before, he offered himself for his country's service, and joining the Christian commission without pay was sent to care for our sick and dying soldiers in a hospital at Nashville, Tenn. He labored there until his health gave out and then came home to die, and, not yet an old man, departed this life April 27, 1866.

The few remaining Indians living at Prairieville attended the funeral and saw him laid away from their sight.

This devoted and single hearted missionary died without the satisfaction of feeling that his life's work had been a success. The character of the Indian had not been improved by his intercourse with white men, which was of itself a discouraging fact. With the history before us of those who have struggled and toiled and then lain down to die comes ever and again the question, "What is life?" Who can answer?

"MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN."

Origin and History of this Noble State Song, with a Brief Statement of Facts, Relating to the Authorship and the Original Composition of the Tune, to which these Words Were Adapted.

BY COL. FREDERICK SCHNEIDER.[1]

Being somewhat familiar with the facts relative to the authorship of this song, the writer was requested, on behalf of the State Pioneer and Historical Society, to prepare a paper giving a history of this sub-

[1] In a carefully prepared paper reviewing the character and services of the Second Michigan Infantry and its commanders, read at a reunion of the survivors of this famous regiment, the distinguished and brilliant General O. M. Poe—who achieved an international reputation as a military engineer, and who commanded the regiment from September, 1861, to April, 1863—has put on record the following estimate of Colonel Schneider's military services: Lieutenant Colonel Schneider was mustered in as such (commander of the regiment) to date from the 18th of March, 1865. Schneider was also commissioned as Colonel by the State, but the regiment had been reduced below the standard, and he could not be mustered as Colonel—more's the pity, for the name of a more sterling soldier never appeared on the rolls of the regiment. Entering the service with its organization as an enlisted man, he rose to the command by his own unquestioned merit, and was one of the few whose fortunes were cast with it from first to last, from date of its muster in to that of its muster out. He was a type of the growth of the regiment, and it would be difficult to find a better one. Always ready for any duty—always in front when hard fighting was to be done, always amenable to discipline, steady, trustworthy and willing. Where is the "regular," who was a more "regular" than Frederick Schneider? When he rode at the head of the regiment in the Grand Review at Washington at the close of the war, he fitly represented the valor and sacrifice of the old Second Michigan "regular volunteers."

ject, to be read before said society, at its annual meeting in June, 1905. Owing to a recent harsh and invidious criticism by some ignorant young writer in the "Sunday Free Press" of December 16, 1900, under the caption: "A Song That Should be Assassinated," which aroused the indignation of many old Michigan veterans and admirers of this famous State song—which critic was promptly squelched by the vigorous and scorching reply of Prof. Pattengill, in the "Michigan School Moderator" of January 17, 1901—and as many false and erroneous claims have been made and published as to the authorship of this song and tune, I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to give a brief statement of the facts relating to this subject, to embalm in the history of our State and preserve in our records and, if possible, set at rest all controversy about it.

In the first place, the words and music of the popular German song, "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," etc., so well rendered in English by Longfellow in his translations of German songs, in:

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! How faithful are thy branches!
Green not alone in summer time,
But in winter's frost and rime!
O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! How faithful are thy branches! etc.

were first published by the author of the original words and music at Coblenz, in Germany, about the year 1840 and, according to the fifth edition of the "Cyclopedia of German Song," by August Hartel, a noted compiler and composer of German songs, published at Leipsig, Germany, the words and music are credited to Carl Anschütz, royal musical director at Coblenz, in which he sought to glorify as an emblem of faithfulness the evergreen tree, so popular among all Germans at their family Christmas festivals, in which the evergreen Christmas tree is always the center of attraction and interest, and recalls to the German heart so many dear and pleasant memories of family ties.

After the first publication of this ever-popular tune many other songs were adapted to it, notably the Latin college song, "Lauriger Horatius," "Maryland, my Maryland," and our famous State Song, "Michigan, my Michigan."

Shortly after the great battle of Fredericksburg of December 11 to 14, 1862, Miss Winifred Lee Brent, afterwards Mrs. Henry F. Lyster, of Detroit, first composed and wrote the following song, adapting it to the tune of "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," previously mentioned.

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN!

Home of my heart, I sing of thee!
Michigan, My Michigan,
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see,
Michigan, my Michigan.
From Saginaw's tall whispering pines
To Lake Superior's farthest mines,
Fair in the light of memory shines
Michigan, my Michigan.

Thou gav'st thy sons without a sigh,
Michigan, my Michigan,
And sent thy bravest forth to die,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Beneath a hostile southern sky
They bore thy banner proud and high,
Ready to fight but *never* fly,
Michigan, my Michigan.

From Yorktown on to Richmond's wall,
Michigan, my Michigan,
They bravely fight, as bravely fall,
Michigan, my Michigan.
To Williamsburgh we point with pride—
Our *Fifth* and *Second*, side by side,
There stemmed and stayed the battle's tide,
Michigan, my Michigan.

When worn with watching traitor foes,
Michigan, my Michigan,
The welcome night brought sweet repose,
Michigan, my Michigan.
The soldier, weary from the fight,
Sleeps sound, nor fears the rebels' might,
For "Michigan's on guard tonight!"
Michigan, my Michigan.

Afar on Shiloh's fatal plain,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Again behold thy heroes slain,
Michigan, my Michigan.
"Their strong arms crumble in the dust,
And their bright swords have gathered rust;
Their memory is our sacred trust,"
Michigan, my Michigan.

And often in the coming years,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Some widowed mother 'll dry her tears,
Michigan, my Michigan,
And turning with a thrill of pride,
Say to the children at her side,
At *Antietam* your father died,
For Michigan, *our* Michigan.

With General Grant's victorious name,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Thy sons still onward march to fame,
Michigan, my Michigan.
And foremost in the fight we see,
Where e'er the bravest dare to be,
The sabres of thy cavalry,
Michigan, my Michigan.

Dark rolled the Rappahannock's flood,
Michigan, my Michigan,
The tide was crimsoned with thy blood,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Although for us the day was lost,
Still it shall be our proudest boast:
At Fredericksburg our *Seventh* crossed!
Michigan, my Michigan.

And when the happy time shall come,
Michigan, my Michigan,
That brings thy war-worn heroes home,
Michigan, my Michigan,
What welcome from their own proud shore,
What honors at their feet we 'll pour,
What tears for those who 'll come no more,
Michigan, my Michigan.

A grateful country claims them now,
Michigan, my Michigan,
And deathless laurel binds each brow,
Michigan, my Michigan;
And history the tale will tell,
Of how they fought and how they fell,
For that dear land they loved so well,
Michigan, my Michigan.

Mrs. Lyster, the accomplished and patriotic author of this song, was the wife of the eminent physician and surgeon, Dr. Henry F. Lyster, of Detroit, who joined the second Michigan infantry at its organization on April 25, 1861, as assistant surgeon; who was promoted in July, 1862, to surgeon of the fifth Michigan infantry, and to brigade surgeon in July, 1863; was wounded in action at the battle of the Wilderness, Va., May 5, 1864, and was finally mustered out on July 28, 1865. In a footnote on page 877 of "Michigan in the War" it is claimed that Dr. Lyster attended on the field at Blackburn's Ford, July 18, 1861, the first Michigan soldier wounded in the war, being Private Mathias Wollenweber, of Co. A, second Michigan infantry, also that he amputated the left arm of Private Frederick Wustenberg, of Co. A, second Michigan infantry, at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, the first amputation made in a Michigan regiment in the war.

Of this song the verses numbered 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 9 and 10 were composed and written by Mrs. Lyster, the last three lines of the fifth verse being a quotation from the German war poet, Theodor Koerner, and the remaining verses, 3, 6 and 7, were later composed and inserted by Mrs. Lyster's mother, Mrs. Jane W. Brent, widow of Captain Thomas Lee Brent, of the U. S. army, who died at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1858. She was the accomplished and patriotic daughter of the distinguished Federal Judge Ross Wilkins, who presided at the first war meeting held in Detroit in 1861, and was a sister of Colonel William D. Wilkins,[1] whose memory is so affectionately cherished by all who knew him.

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[1]The following interesting footnote about this gallant officer is found on pages 584 and 585 of "Michigan in the War." In a work devoted to tracing the career of General Stonewall Jackson in the rebellion and entitled, "Old Jack and His Foot Cavalry, or a Virginia Boy's Progress and Renown," is found the following incident which took place during the battle of Chancellorsville, in which General Jackson was killed:

A quarter of an hour previous to the discharge of the fatal shots which deprived Jackson of his life, a federal officer who was wounded and taken prisoner appeared before him. This officer was Captain William D. Wilkins, of Michigan, on the staff of General A. S. Williams, who commanded a division of the National army. The particulars of the interview between that officer and General Jackson are here given as we find them in a northern journal:

"When captured, Captain Wilkins was placed in charge of a guard who took him a short distance to the rear, where he met General Jackson and staff. Jackson was sitting on his horse at the head of the column, surrounded by his staff. He wore a new grey uniform. He was a spare man with a weather-beaten face and a bright, grayish blue eye. He had a peculiarly sad and gloomy expression of countenance, as though he already saw a premonition of his fate. It was but fifteen minutes later that he was mortally wounded. As they came into his presence the guard announced: 'A captured Yankee officer.' Captain Wilkins asked him if he was Major General Thomas J. Jackson. On being answered in the affirmative, he raised his hat. General Jackson said: 'A regular army officer, I suppose; your officers do not usually salute ours.' Captain Wilkins replied: 'No,

On page 157 is reproduced a fac-simile of the leaflets, on which this song first appeared in public, which Mrs. Brent had caused to be printed and distributed at an entertainment held in St. Mary's hospital, Detroit, for the sick and wounded Michigan soldiers, where it first appeared in print, and was first sung in public.

Later General Poe, then home from the front on a short visit, who was a son-in-law of Mrs. Brent, and then the distinguished commander of the famous second Michigan infantry, and who before his death, in 1895, had achieved an international reputation as a great military engineer, when he heard this song read to him thought the lines too good to be allowed to drop into oblivion, and at once proposed to have it published, to which Mrs. Lyster and her mother finally consented, upon condition that their names should not be mentioned in connection with it. Accordingly, Gen. Poe took a copy to the "Detroit Tribune,"

I am not; I salute you out of respect to you as a gallant officer.' He then asked his name and rank. On being told, he further inquired what corps and commanders were opposed in front. Captain Wilkins replied that as an officer he could not return a truthful answer to such questions. Jackson then turned to the guard and ordered them to search him. He then had in the breast pocket of his coat Hooker's confidential orders to corps commanders, giving a plan in part of the campaign, the countersigns of the field, for a week in advance, and the field returns, giving the effective strength of the twelfth corps (Slocum's), on the preceding day. These were all exceedingly important papers.

"Fortunately, before the guard could carry the orders into execution, a terrific raking fire was opened on Jackson's column by twenty pieces of artillery from an eminence on the plank road. The first eight or ten shots flew over the heads of the column. The men and gunners dismounted, leaving horses and guns. Our artillery soon got the range with more precision, and the shell and round shot ricochetted and ploughed through this dense mass of the enemy with terrific effect. Shells were continually bursting, and the screams and groans of the wounded and dying could be heard on every side. As an instance of the terrible effect of this fire, one of the guard was struck by a solid shot just below the hips, sweeping off both his legs. A battery came dashing up, but when they got into the vortex of the fire the gunners fled, deserting their guns, and could not be made to man them. An officer, splendidly mounted and equipped, attempted in a most gallant manner to rally them. A ball struck him on the neck, completely severing his head from his body and leaving his spinal column standing. His body rolled to the ground and the horse galloped to the rear. One of the shells struck a caisson full of artillery ammunition, which exploded, ascending in a crater of various colored flame, and showered down on the heads of the men below a mass of fragments of shot and shell. The loss inflicted by this fire must have been terrible, placing considerable over one thousand men *hors de combat*, and effectually breaking up the contemplated attack of the column.

"While Captain Wilkins was being taken to the rear he devoted his attention to disposing of the important papers which he had on his person. He dare not take them from his pocket to attempt to tear them up, but continuously placed his hand in his pocket and worked the papers into a ball, and as they were passing along got them into his bosom, and finally into the pit under his arm, where he carried them all that night. The next morning the guard halted to get their breakfast, and a soldier was trying to kindle a fire to cook some coffee which they had taken from our men. The wood was damp, and the fire refused to burn. The soldier swore at it until his patience gave out, when Captain Wilkins asked him if he would not like some kindlings, and handed him the important papers. The soldier took them, and not dreaming of their importance, used them to kindle the fire."

which paper published it anonymously about the latter part of December, 1862. In the following April, 1863, the versatile second Michigan infantry, which, after the capture of Lebanon, Ky., by the Michigan brigade,[1] had taken possession of a rabid rebel newspaper plant, at once converted it into a lively and patriotic union paper, which they named the "Union Vidette," and put it in charge of Lieut. Charles R. Galpin as editor and manager, and George McConnelly, both of Company C, two printers from Battle Creek. In this paper the song, "Michigan, my Michigan," was reprinted and first published in the army at the front. It at once became very popular with Michigan troops and with all patriotic people throughout this State. It seemed to at once touch a sympathetic chord of the patriotic hearts of Michigan people, then anxiously throbbing with hopes and fears for the outcome of the great and bloody struggle for the preservation of the union of States, in the accomplishment of which every nerve and faculty of the State and municipal government, and the flower of Michigan's young manhood at the front, were strained to the utmost; and the beautiful and highly poetic lines of the first stanza,

Home of my heart, I sing of thee,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see
Michigan, my Michigan.
From Saginaw's tall whispering pines
To Lake Superior's farthest mines,
Fair in the light of memory shines
Michigan, my Michigan.

were sung at every patriotic gathering of Michigan troops with the utmost fervor, often stirring the singer to tears of emotion when at the front far from home. To the writer's personal knowledge every Michigan legislature for the past thirty years has sung this song at all their patriotic gatherings at the capitol.

A recent remarkable evidence of the wonderful power of this State song over the emotions and State pride of the people when heard away from home was observed by the writer at the great national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Washington in 1902, when it passed in review before President Roosevelt by State departments,

[1] Then composed of the Second, Eighth, Seventeenth, and Twentieth Michigan infantry.

each of which had some great band of music heading the column, and as each department passed the great reviewing stands in front of the White House, where many thousands of people were massed together, each department band played their most popular State song as they approached the reviewing stand, and as the Michigan department approached its band played this noble tune, while the marching veterans in the columns sang:

Home of my heart, I sing of thee,
Michigan, my Michigan, etc.

All Michiganders present at once seemed to go wild in their demonstrations of delight and applause. Shortly after the departments of Kentucky and Tennessee approached, the band of the former playing, "The Sun Shines Bright in my Old Kentucky Home," while that of the latter played "Way Down South in Dixie," whereupon every Southerner present fairly shrieked himself hoarse with demonstrations of delight, thus giving remarkable evidence of the enduring popularity of these old songs and tunes.

That of "Michigan, my Michigan," has several historical allusions, of which Michigan people may well be proud. The authors sought thereby to perpetuate the fame and renown of such Michigan regiments and individuals as had at that time greatly distinguished themselves. Hence in the third verse we find mention of the fifth and second, both of which regiments were highly commended and especially mentioned in general orders for conspicuous gallantry in action and steadiness under fire under most trying circumstances at the battles of Williamsburg and Fair Oaks, where they stemmed the tide of battle and snatched victory from impending rout. In the fourth verse, the spirited line, "For Michigan's on guard tonight!" alludes to the great compliment paid to Michigan troops for their superior vigilance and steadiness under fire by the celebrated Major General Philip Kearny, of New Jersey, when he ordered General Poe, then field officer of the division, during a critical stage of the siege of Richmond in 1862, to "put none but Michigan troops on guard tonight!" In the eighth verse we find mention of the seventh, which alludes to the great gallantry of the seventh infantry, for, when the engineers and pontonniers were prevented from laying a pontoon bridge across the Rappahannock river at Fredericksburg, by the incessant fire of rebel sharpshooters concealed in the stone houses opposite this gallant regiment upon the call for volunteers boldly manned the pontoons, pushed across the river under a

murderous fire of the enemy and promptly cleared the enemy out of their houses and thus opened a way for the army to cross. The mention of Antietam in the sixth verse alludes to the much-lamented death of that eminent and heroic Michigan soldier, Major General Israel B. Richardson, of Pontiac, first commander of the second Michigan infantry, who was mortally wounded in this desperate battle, dying a short time afterwards at Washington, with President Lincoln at his bedside, who, according to the late Charles Stewart Draper, aide-de-camp on General Richardson's staff and also wounded at this battle, and also present, was assured by the president that had General Richardson lived he would undoubtedly have been selected as General McClellan's successor as commander of the army of the Potomac. The seventh verse alludes to that gallant and most distinguished brigade of Michigan riders, most gloriously known throughout the war as General Custer's cavalry brigade, being the first, fifth, sixth and seventh Michigan cavalry, and being respectively commanded by the following noted officers: The first, by Col. Thornton F. Broadhead, of Detroit; the fifth, by Col. Russell A. Alger, of Detroit; the sixth by Col. James H. Kidd, of Ionia, and the seventh by Col. George G. Briggs, of Grand Rapids; all of whom achieved great distinction in both national and State affairs.

Owing to the modest shrinking from publicity of the authors of this great battle hymn of the State, Mrs. Lyster and her mother, Mrs. Brent, which caused its anonymous publication at its first introduction to the public, the authorship of this song was erroneously attributed to other writers, then prominent as poet laureates of this State; while others unblushingly appropriated it as their own mental product, and to the surprise and astonishment of the real authors one enterprising Detroit music dealer and publisher boldly went so far as to copyright this song and tune as his own and publish it as words and music by himself, of which he is said to have sold a very large number.

It is interesting to note that on her mother's side Mrs. Lyster is a direct descendant of the distinguished Wilkins family, prominent in the revolution and early formation of this republic and in the councils of the first constitutional convention and formation of this State, while on her father's side she is descended from the equally prominent Brent family of Maryland and Virginia, noted in the early history of the republic. From "Michigan Biographies," published under the auspices of the State Semi-Centennial Commission, in 1888, we extract the following notes regarding Ross Wilkins, the grandfather of the author:

"Was born at Pittsburg, Pa., in February, 1799, and was a son of General John Wilkins, who served in the wars of the revolution and of 1812 and became quartermaster general in the U. S. army. Judge Wilkins graduated at Dickinson college, Pennsylvania, in 1818, studied law, and was prosecuting attorney in 1820 at Pittsburg. He was appointed judge of Michigan territory by President Jackson and opened his court June 17, 1832. In 1836 he became U. S. district judge and held that position until December, 1869, when he resigned, never having been absent a term in thirty-two years. He was a member of the constitutional convention of 1835 and the two conventions of assent in 1836. He died May 17, 1872. He was an able judge." He was also one of the first regents of the State university, being greatly interested in educational matters. The writer, while a pupil in the early fifties at the then famous Barstow school in Detroit, still vividly recalls the profound impression made on his young mind by the venerable and distinguished air of the judge, with his long and snow white, flowing hair and beard, on his first appearance at the school with the board of visitors. I think he impressed us all as a grand old patriarch with his dignity and air of distinction. Thus it is an interesting fact that the ancestors of the author were not only prominent in the early history of our country but were of the fathers of the republic and of the State of Michigan.

While much favorable comment on the literary merits of the composition of this great battle hymn of the State has appeared during the past forty years of its existence—some competent judges even pronouncing it the grandest Michigan epic ever written—no adverse criticism appeared until that of the "Free Press" writer of December 16, 1900, alluded to at the beginning of this article; which was promptly met by our distinguished educator, Prof. Pattengill, in a vigorous and scorching reply, published in the "Michigan School Moderator" of January 17, 1901, which, for the sake of truth in history, is appended herewith entire to this article, as follows:

"Our attention has been called to an editorial article in the 'Detroit Free Press' of Dec. 16 headed 'A Song that Deserves Assassination,' in which some callow critic takes occasion to air his smartness by attacking the popular war song, 'Michigan! my Michigan!'

"This but echoes the attack recently made on the 'Star Spangled Banner' and 'America' by some iconoclasts who desired to make themselves prominent and show their skill as satirists.

"The 'Star Spangled Banner' and 'America' have apparently survived the shock, and 'Michigan! my Michigan!' will continue to thrill

patriotic hearts long after this jaundiced lover of a 'lost cause' has with his musty manuscripts made mould in Detroit's copper box.

"We give herewith some of his choicest sentences:

"Now if there was ever a gastly parody of a genuine poem of patriotism; if there was ever a tin-pan imitation of the thunder of Olympus; if there was ever a thieves' lantern burlesque of the lightning of the gods, it is 'Michigan, my Michigan.' The stuff is not even good nonsense jingle.'

"Suppose we allow the first stanza of the song to speak for itself right here.

'Home of my heart, I sing of thee,
Michigan! my Michigan,
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see,
Michigan! my Michigan!
From Saginaw's tall whispering pines
To Lake Superior's farthest mines,
Fair in the light of memory shines
Michigan! my Michigan!'

"Of course such sentiment may have little force with some perfumed Adonis of the drawing-room, but to those who were around the campfires at the siege of Knoxville, where the lines were penned, or to those who wander far from the home and state they love, the words mean much.

"The 'Free Press' critic next expresses his agony over the fact that the original music to which the words were set is an exquisite German folksong, 'Tannebaum, O Tannebaum,' he doubtless refers to 'Tannenbaum,' etc. The probabilities are, however, that the air came to Americans more generally through the roistering song, 'Lauriger Horatius,' which for fifty years was sung by college students everywhere.

"The editorial writer generously concedes, however, that the air is 'wonderfully adaptable,' and then, refering to the southern song, 'Maryland! my Maryland,' by James H. Randall, says that it 'is a song to make the pulses leap and the soul thrill in the abandon of patriotic frenzy. There are few war hymns in the English language worthy to be compared with it.'

"Let us see about this; here is the first stanza of Randall's great war hymn:

'Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumb'rers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!'

"For comparison read the second stanza of 'Michigan! my Michigan!'

'Thou gav'st thy sons without a sigh,
Michigan! my Michigan!
And sent thy bravest forth to die,
Michigan! my Michigan!
Beneath a hostile southern sky
They bore thy banner proud and high,
Ready to fight but never fly,
Michigan! my Michigan!'

"After rhapsodizing over the southern war song, the 'Free Press' leader says:

"But 'Michigan! my Michigan!'—it hardly deserves to be called drivel. The inspiration is on a level with that of the vaudeville ditties of patriotism. In respect to sentiment and expression, it bears about the same relation to the original that the colored supplement of a yellow journal bears to a Rembrandt or a Van Dyke. Yet innocent children in the public schools are encouraged to memorize this maudlin doggerel.'

"Let us put another stanza of each side by side, and let the unprejudiced judge as to 'drivel.'

'Thou wilt not yield the vandal toll,
Maryland, etc.
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland, etc.
Better the fire upon the roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than the crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, etc.'

"Abraham Lincoln is doubtless the vandal referred to. Of course it is soul stirring poetry and sentiment to say, better a good drunk than 'crook' to Lincoln; perhaps, though, bowl was put in just to rhyme. But take the taste of that stanza out of your mouth by reading this:

'When worn with watching traitor foes,
Michigan, etc.
The welcome night brought sweet repose,
Michigan, etc.
The soldier, weary of the fight,
Sleeps sound, nor fears the rebels' might,
For 'Michigan's on guard tonight!'
Michigan, etc.'

"That stanza comes from the remark made by a celebrated Union officer, after several weary days and nights of marching and fighting. Wishing his army to enjoy a night's rest in safety, he said: 'Put none but Michigan men on guard tonight.'

"But take another stanza of Michigan's war song. Here is General Custer's favorite stanza:

'With General Grant's victorious name,
Michigan, etc.,
Thy sons still onward march to fame,
Michigan, etc.
And foremost in the fight we see,
Wher'er the bravest dare to be,
The sabres of thy cavalry,
Michigan, etc.'

"Compare that with the last stanza of the Maryland song:

'I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, etc.,
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland, etc.,
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland, etc.'

"Doesn't 'thunder hum' make the 'pulses leap and the soul thrill,' so to speak? But let us 'stalk with Victory (?) along,' and read another stanza of the Michigan battle hymn:

'Afar on Shiloh's fatal plain,
Michigan, etc.,
Again behold thy heroes slain,
Michigan, etc.,
Their strong arms crumbled in the dust,
And their bright swords have gathered rust,
Their memory is our sacred trust,
Michigan, etc.'

"The critic, wrapped in superabounding egotism, next wonders that a great state makes this its song. He says:

" 'It is sung at all patriotic gatherings, and so far as our information goes, nobody has ever ventured to shoot the chairman of the committee having the program in charge.'

"It seems never to have occurred to him that the judgment of a million or two of people during thirty years is almost as sure to be right as that of some pop-in-jay penny-a-liner who next goes on to say:

" 'Fate has dealt more kindly with the author of "Michigan, my Michigan," than he deserved. Nobody even knows his name, and his posterity, if he left any, is happily ignorant of his shame.'

"This last paragraph leads us to believe that the editor of the 'Free Press' must have been off regulating the city hall clock, and thus given the third assistant devil of the office a chance to wield the editorial quill.

"The writer of the 'Free Press' article would not have to look very far nor very long, to find the name of the author of 'Michigan, my Michigan!' and were he as interested in that side of the question as he is in the southern side, he would have known that the stirring war song he so unjustly condemns, was written by Mrs. Jane W. Brent, and published in 1863, in a paper called the 'Union Vidette,'—a lively, patriotic sheet, edited and published by the boys in blue during the siege of Knoxville. It is a fact well known to older readers that the 'Detroit Free Press' of those days saw very little that was good in either Union songs, Union men, or Union deeds. Few, however, suspected that there had been one left on its force who could be so blinded by prejudice as to give utterance to the sentiments of the editorial referred to. We

commend to this writer the last stanza of the Michigan poem, in which Mrs. Brent refers to our heroes:

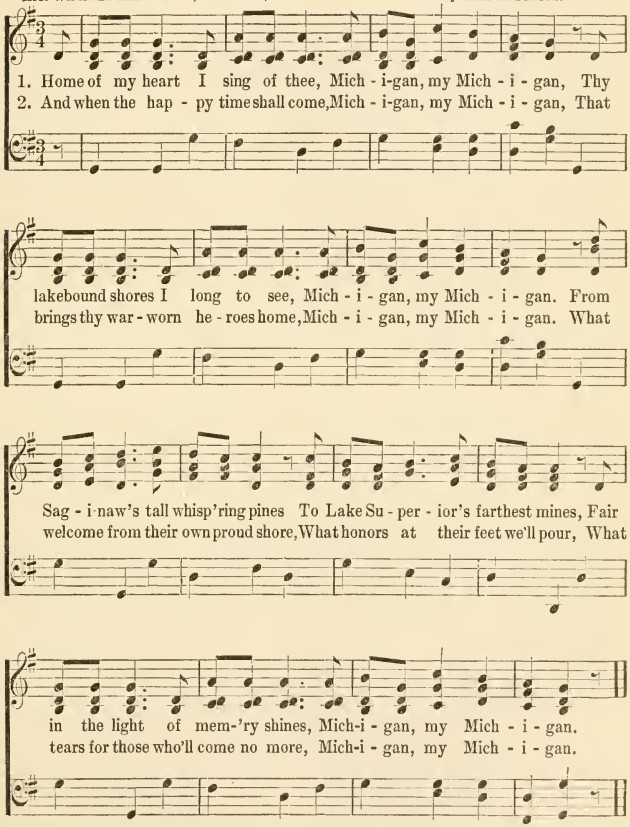
'A grateful country claims them now,
Michigan, etc.,
And deathless laurel binds each brow,
Michigan, etc.,
And history the tale will tell
Of how they fought and how they fell,
For that dear land they loved so well,
Michigan, etc.'"

Prof. Pattengill deserves the especial thanks of every Michigan veteran for the foregoing gallant reply. Since then the subject has passed beyond the scope of controversy into the field of reminiscence and history, where we propose to leave it. We also append herewith on the following page an authentic copy of the original music, with the words of two stanzas adapted to it.

Michigan, My Michigan.

Words composed by
Mrs. WINIFRED LEE LYSTER, nee BRENT,

Music "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum,"
by CARL ANSCHUTZ.


1. Home of my heart I sing of thee, Mich - i-gan, my Mich - i - gan, Thy
2. And when the hap - py time shall come, Mich - i-gan, my Mich - i - gan, That
lakebound shores I long to see, Mich - i - gan, my Mich - i - gan. From
brings thy war - worn he - roes home, Mich - i - gan, my Mich - i - gan. What
Sag - i-naw's tall whisp'ring pines To Lake Su - per - ior's farthest mines, Fair
welcome from their own proud shore, What honors at their feet we'll pour, What
in the light of mem-'ry shines, Mich-i - gan, my Mich - i - gan.
tears for those who'll come no more, Mich-i - gan, my Mich - i - gan.

GREAT RAILWAY CONNECTIONS BETWEEN LAKE SUPERIOR AND GULF OF MEXICO.

BY CHARLES T. HARVEY.

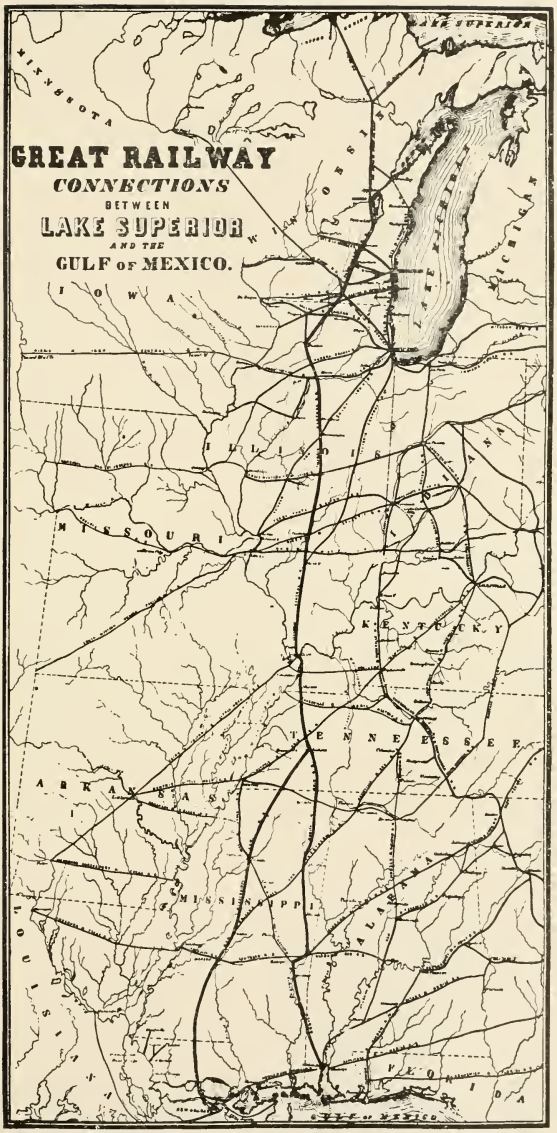
Hon. Fred M. Warner, Governor of Michigan:

Sir—I beg to ask your acceptance on behalf of the State of this copy of a map, issued in 1855-6, entitled Great Railway Connections Between Lake Superior and the Gulf of Mexico, and to append this letter as a brief sketch of its unique history, and as proof of the claim that its publication, and use with one member of Congress, resulted in federal aid towards building 1,000 miles or more of railroads in this State by donating lands therefor, worth from five to ten millions of dollars, at a time when such aid was far more influential than at present. Also, that it caused like benefits to accrue to seven other states, presumably as valuable to each of them, making the aggregate from forty to eighty millions in value of national aid for such purposes in states hereinafter mentioned.

HISTORICAL.

The existence of this map resulted from the following chain of circumstances: In 1855, the completion of the Lake Superior ship canal terminated my duties as its chief engineer, and the assuming of the position of land agent for the Canal Construction Company in charge of about 150,000 acres of land, which, as special agent of the State, I had selected and reserved as a part of its quota of 750,000 acres, received by act of congress for building the canal. In that connection I visited Ontonagon, then the copper mining center and main shipping point of that metal on the lake. I proposed to return to my main office at Marquette by the last steamer going eastward that season, about the middle of November, but it passed in the night of the 19th, and the landlord at the hotel failed to keep his promise to awaken me, whether by accident or design I never felt sure. I then had to solve the very difficult problem of how to pass out of that isolated region. To the south intervened 400 miles of wilderness through which only Indian trails led to the nearest lumber camps or villages in Wisconsin.

Eastward, an overland trip of sixty miles to head of Keweenaw bay and about 140 miles of lake coasting would enable me to reach Marquette, and this route I decided to adopt. But the overland section was



MAP PRESENTED THE STATE OF MICHIGAN AND PLACED IN STATE LIBRARY SHOWING LAND GRANTS TO AID BUILDING RAILROADS.

impassable until the swamps had frozen sufficiently to permit snowshoeing over them, and to insure this condition two weeks at least must be allowed, which could only be spent in waiting at the hotel. During that time the idea of promoting the extension to Lake Superior of the railway system—then only reaching as far north as Lake Winnebago, in Wisconsin—came into my mind and led to the writing of a notice and pinning it up in the Bigelow House (then the only hotel on Lake Superior) that a meeting would be held to consider that subject. Not over half a dozen residents attended, but that did not affect the length of the resolution which I had drafted, calling on congress for aid to that end. The proceedings certified that I had been appointed a delegate from the northwest to visit Washington and demand the attention of congress to the necessities of the case. Furnished with delegate credentials in due form, on Monday, December 3, 1855, an Indian mail carrier arrived from Keweenaw bay and reported the swamp sufficiently frozen, we started on his trail. A young man named E. C. Hungerford was my companion (who is now president of a bank at Chester, Conn.) with two Frenchmen as "voyageurs" and a large dog with train carrying part of our luggage, made up our party and outfit, including snowshoes as a prime necessity.

Camping two nights, the third day we reached the Indian mission at L'Anse at the head of Keweenaw bay and were quartered with the Methodist missionary. Next day a small rowboat was purchased from one of his Indians, which, when four persons with the dog train and luggage were loaded into it, did not leave over eight inches of its sides out of water, but with favorable weather we coasted some twenty miles that day.

Late in the afternoon of December 12 we reached Marquette in sorry plight. A terrific "noreaster" had detained us at one rocky point for three days. Three times our lives were not worth a five minute purchase; once from being nearly swamped by the waves, once from ice forming on our boat threatening its buoyancy, and once from being compelled to land on a rockbound coast in a night so dark that we could not see each other. Our provisions had been exhausted for days, and at the last we compelled the dog to fast while we ate his rations, which were in the customary shape of cakes made of half tallow and half Indian meal.

The next transit problem was to reach the city of Green Bay, in Wisconsin, 200 miles southward. Of this, 120 miles must be over the ice of the bay, as no roads existed along its shores, and only lumber

and mining camp roads led from Marquette to it, following the Escanaba river, at the mouth of which lumber mills were operated.

While waiting for the bay ice to become solid, a meeting was called at Marquette where, by the light of tallow candles in the one small schoolhouse, my credentials as delegate from the Northwest to Washington were duly ratified and confirmed. Meantime a message was received by the Marquette postmaster from the L'Anse missionary by the Indian monthly mail carrier, describing my party, our cockleshell boat, the unusually severe storm soon after our departure, and stating that as we had undoubtedly perished, a search party should be sent to find our bodies, referring probably to a case where the bodies of four men were found on the beach, who undertook to coast in a small boat from Marquette to Sault Ste. Marie, in December of the previous year.

About the middle of January, a start was made, in company with Dr. Morgan L. Hewett, one of the pioneer settlers of Marquette (the father-in-law of my distinguished comrade, Hon. Peter White, in our present mission to Lansing) and a two-horse sleigh. In three days we reached the ice-bound bay and in two days more reached Green Bay city. Once we came to a wide crack in the solid ice so covered with light snow that we could not detect it, and in a moment all of our horses in sight was their heads. We overcame this mishap, however, without serious damage. At Green Bay a meeting was called and my mission explained and endorsed. The only incident recalled to mind was the "soaring" speech of a young lawyer named Howe, newly located in the town. In after years he became prominent as postmaster-general and as senator from Wisconsin. We journeyed thence by public road to Janesville, Wis., where a railway train was taken to Chicago and the Doctor and myself parted company, he going to Cleveland, leaving the team of horses to use on his return trip to his home at Marquette.

Thus the actual winter traveling time from Ontonagon to Chicago, fifty years ago, in my experience involved a "strenuous life" of seventeen days for a distance now easily traversed by rail and palace car in fifteen hours.

When I reached Washington my snowshoes were strapped to my grips and attracted so much attention that I had to elbow my way through the crowd on the sidewalk to the entrance of the National hotel, on Pennsylvania avenue. These same snowshoes were presented to a friend in Vermont who donated them to a public library and museum, where I saw them (at St. Johnsbury) three or four years ago, in a good state of preservation.

Resolutions

Adopted by the Legislature

of

the

State of Michigan

APRIL 19, 1905

Senate Resolution Number 60

Whereas,

The State of Michigan has recently received from Charles T. Harvey, a former resident of this State, an original map published in eighteen hundred fifty-five and eighteen hundred fifty-six, entitled "Great Railway Connections between Lake Superior and the Gulf of Mexico," possessing great historical interest as connected with national aid for the extension of railway facilities in Michigan about the middle of the nineteenth century; therefore

Resolved,

By the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring, that the thanks of the people of Michigan be and hereby are extended to Mr. Harvey for his generous gift, and be it further

Resolved,

That an engrossed copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Mr. Harvey.

Charles S. Prince
Clerk of the House of Representatives

O. W. Gilbert
Secretary of the Senate

Pro Standard Engraver

My first effort at the national capitol was to interview the Michigan congressmen, Hons. Cass and Stewart being the senators. On presenting my credentials I was informed by each and all that my mission was a hopeless one, and in some instances the idea was ridiculed as a fool's errand. General Cass gave me the most dignified and careful diagnosis of the case. He said that the southern element dominated both houses of congress and also the president (Pierce); that the southern members of congress were organized as a caucus which controlled their action as a unit; that it had lately passed resolutions condemning the granting of land subsidies to northern railways, and were agitating the question of rescinding one grant made for a short line in Minnesota the previous year. "While," said the senator, "I am personally heartily in sympathy with your plan, yet under present conditions all efforts in that direction are so utterly hopeless that I cannot afford to waste my time in considering it, and advise you to turn your attention to more promising matters."

I remained in the city long enough to learn that the chairman of the the southern caucus was Hon. Clement C. Clay, a member of the house from the Mobile district of Alabama, and that his influence with the members from the south was paramount, all following his lead without question, and with this clue I proceeded to New York City.

For the next few days I was engaged in drafting and having lithographed at the largest establishment then in the city, maps of which the one now presented is an original duplicate. Taking a supply of them, I returned to Washington and without meeting any of the Michigan delegation, proceeded to interview the southern leader. I found Mr. Clay at his private rooms at Willard's hotel, immediately after dinner at about 8 o'clock in the evening. The interview lasted until long after midnight. I could fill pages with its various phases, but, suffice it to say that, while Mr. Clay at the outset seemed disposed to be cynical and sarcastic, I proceeded to deliver a previously studied but extempore address, or perhaps it might be termed an oration, as my whole soul was in it, in which I proceeded to portray the loss which the most southern states were suffering from the want of railway transit facilities to move their cotton and other products, and dwelt especially upon the natural advantages which Mobile possessed in being the most northern port of the Gulf of Mexico, and only needed railway communication northward to enter upon a marvelous development of commercial prosperity. At the climax of my remarks I unfolded this map and laid it upon his desk and proceeded to point out the possibilities it indicated.

The effect upon Mr. Clay exceeded my most sanguine expectations. He accepted it as proof of my bona fide intentions and at once accorded me unreserved confidence. He gave me a full account of the caucus proceedings, complimented me by saying that I was the first northerner he ever met who had any railway plan to propose which benefited the south as much as the north. At the end of our discussion he said, "Now, young man, if you can get the members from your section of the north to support your schemes, I will, as chairman, call a meeting of the caucus and rescind the prohibitive resolutions, and I will bring them into line, so that with your friends we can pass this measure this session." With this assurance I then sought the Michigan members but found that they gave no credence to my statement about Mr. Clay and the southern support. I returned to Mr. Clay and told him my difficulty and obtained his consent, for having two or three northern members sent to him to verify my assurances. It should be remarked that the leaven of distrust between the north and the south was then quite noticeable, which in four short years culminated in civil war. A meeting of the Michigan delegation was convened at my hotel quarters, and two were selected to call on Mr. Clay, one of whom—if my memory serves me right—was Representative Trowbridge from the Pontiac district. When they reported, all doubt was at an end. Then the only question was how much to ask for; this settled, the Wisconsin delegation was called in and its views adopted. One incident, I remember, was that a land grant for 150 miles of railway was obtained by adding the three words *"and to Bayfield."* Iowa was next consulted and I feared that the total would be objectionable to Mr. Clay, but on my interviewing him in that regard, he only asked that corresponding southern extensions of grants should be made, which was of course done. Mobile got two lines instead of one; Alabama had three general grants, the last one being coupled in the same act with a liberal allowance to the then territory of Minnesota, in 1857.

The grants to Louisiana, Wisconsin and Michigan were approved the same day, June 3, 1856. Mr. Clay proved true to his word throughout. His influence was strained to the utmost apparently to pass the measure through the senate, a number of the "fire-eating" members abstaining from voting as the extent of their acquiescence.

By the courtesy of the State land department, I have been furnished with the annexed statement showing that Michigan received 3,775,599 acres of land in aid of about 1,000 miles of railway, not an acre of which would have been granted but for this map.

While most of the railway lines shown on the map were then imagi-

nary, every mile of the same has, as I am informed, since been built and a Pullman can now be run from Ontonagon to Mobile over a line nearly identical with that shown on the map.

In the light of these facts, the writer submits the question whether as a notable historical document this one now presented is worthy of preservation in the archives of this State?

	Acres.
Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay and Grand Rapids & Indiana	60,918.48
Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay and Milwaukee & Port Huron	80.00
Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay and Flint & Pere Marquette	52,582.98
Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay and Detroit & Milwaukee	1,160.17
Amboy, Lansing & Traverse Bay	661,955.42
Bay De Noquet & Marquette	247,248.76
Bay De Noquet & Marquette and Marquette & Ontonagon	1,960.00
Bay De Noquet & Marquette and Chicago, St. Paul & Fond du Lac	5,387.46
Bay De Noquet & Marquette, Chicago, St. Paul & Fond du Lac and Marquette & Ontonagon	24,626.02
Chicago & Northwestern	517,954.15
Chicago, St. Paul & Fond du Lac	254,575.61
Chicago, St. Paul & Fond du Lac and Marquette & Ontonagon	110,579.67
Detroit & Milwaukee	30,303.05
Detroit & Milwaukee and Grand Rapids & Indiana	231.25
Flint & Pere Marquette	446,777.47
Flint & Pere Marquette and Grand Rapids & Indiana	79,184.08
Flint & Pere Marquette and Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw	228.64
Grand Rapids & Indiana	763,037.73¾
Houghton & Ontonagon	77,984.05
Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw	2,083.02
Marquette & Ontonagon	222,497.72
Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon	207,814.83
Port Huron & Milwaukee	6,428.68
	3,775,599.24¾
State swamp land grant to the Chicago, Northwestern R. R. Co.	141,674.26

State Land Office, Lansing, March 28, 1905.

FORESTRY IN MICHIGAN.

BY HON. CHARLES W. GARFIELD.[1]

That was a wonderful preparation which God made in connection with the building up of this remarkable peninsula. When that sea of ice over a mile in thickness ground over this State and prepared the land for the magnificent forests which followed closely the receding of the ice flow and the passing into history of the glacial period.

We know very little about the appearance of the State of Michigan when the forest cover was at the crest of its glory except through the briefest mention in the letters of the early fathers sent to the friends in the home country while pushing their way through the vast forests of the Occident.

Through the deeply interesting researches of the president of this society, we can catch little glimpses of what an impress this great heritage from God to this State made upon the fathers as they paddled their canoes around the beautiful peninsula. I want to call your attention to the exceptional beauty of the State owing to the marvelous development of its arboreal growth. In the Cadillac papers[2] mention is made in several places of the wondrous range of forest trees. And it is true that there is probably no area of the earth's surface of the size of our southern peninsula of Michigan that has contained such a wide range of trees in its forest growth. No wonder that the early Catholic Pioneer Voyageurs mentioned the beauty of this peninsula. No wonder that Cadillac emphasized the wealth that was in the Michigan forests.

The pioneers who came into this State before there was a track in the wilderness, did not appreciate the appeal of sylvan beauty. They came here to dig out a living from the soil and in order to draw from the breast of Mother Earth the nourishment that they sought, it became necessary to take out of the way some of this forest growth. I have no sympathy with that man who the other day sold twenty-seven trees for

[1] Charles W. Garfield, a representative from Kent county in 1881-2, was born in Wauwatosa, Wis., March 14, 1848. Removed to Grand Rapids in 1858. Attended school and was teacher at seventeen. Graduated at the agricultural college in 1870. Engaged in the nursery business; from 1873 to 1877 was connected with the horticultural department of the agricultural college; for four years conducted the farm department of the "Detroit Free Press," and has been secretary of the State Horticultural Society since 1876, and is now on the forestry commission, with his home at Grand Rapids.

[2] See Vol. 33, pp. 111, 131.

five thousand dollars, and then began to compute how much his farm would have brought him if all the walnut trees had been left standing. If the truth could be told, the present value was contingent upon the great process of removal by the early settlers in carving out their farms. There is one excuse always for tearing down this heritage of nature, and that is when it stands in the way of progressive agriculture that lies at the foundation of Michigan's prosperity. The forest had to recede at the hand of man that we might attain the delightful conditions we now know and understand. So I am not here to condemn those pioneers who slashed and carved out farms that have become the pride of our commonwealth. It is the next fellow that I criticise, the man that gathered where he had not strewn, the lumberman that cut ruthlessly, and with the hand of vandalism, into this wondrous wealth of Michigan and left as his legacy little to stand for the wealth he swept away except a desolate landscape and a crop of millionaires. That was a wondrous growth of pine, not equalled by any country in the world, that we had in a belt across Michigan. It is gone. We have nothing there to stand for it but blackened poles and a poverty-stricken region. The criticism that I make on any man that removes a tree, is that he is taking something that he did not build up, and is leaving nothing to even grow into the value he has removed. The duty that is imposed on Michigan is not in retrospect, but in prospect. We *need* to restore the conditions that have been lost, so that the motto of Michigan shall not be a misnomer. We have been doing that which will lead somebody, sometime, unless the ruthless hand is stayed, to rub out that motto and place something there which is more applicable to the conditions that obtain.

On the forty acres that I owned a few years ago there was a most beautiful spring. Through forest removal it is dried up. This is true all over the State. In lieu of these springs, we had, a few days ago, a flood that came through, leaving death and destruction in its wake. In my own township of Paris, Kent county, where a little bridge costing $100 served every purpose thirty years ago, we have just ordered one that will cost $2,000, and we don't know whether it will answer the purpose or not. This is the result, the natural result, of the careless reduction of the forest growth in the valley of a stream. In these days when the flood is so frequent, we have some reason to think of this condition of things and see if there is not some way, or something we can do to stay the elements of destruction. Every tree or shrub that stops a drop of water is something that is sacred in connection

with the staying of these floods. They formerly came occasionally; they now come annually. This view of our conditions is not sentimentalism; it is a recognition of facts that we must think about in connection with the future of our State. Throughout Michigan where the forests have been cut off, you will find not forties and eighties, but whole sections of lands that have been rendered worthless by the erosion of water because there was nothing to stay it in its movement toward the sluiceways that lead to the great reservoirs.

The responsibility on you and on me seems to be so very slight. "Oh, yes, it belongs to the people, but I can't do very much." That is true, one alone can do very little, and so the responsibility is thrown upon those who have to do with matters of State. This rush of water is very turbid and is carrying a lot of sand down and filling up the harbors, and we have to go to congress to get appropriations to dig out these same harbors. And this is the natural result of what may legitimately be termed vandalism in our State. The conditions are so many and so varied that we are forgetful of the causes that are in constant action and with which we have to deal.

We are trying to use our water power for all it is worth. It is a wonderful source of energy, and still this water power is really only as valuable as is indicated by the minimum flow of the streams. Its maximum cannot be utilized, so that even flow of our streams and rivers lies at the bottom of success in utilizing their wonderful energy. The enormous waste of energy in our floods is due to forest destruction and in reforestation we have a source of benefit that will bring back values not only in restoring large areas of land to utility, but will prevent the filling up of our harbors. It will in large measure prevent these annual floods. It will make more even temperature and better conditions for agriculture.

Wheat acreage is much shortened because we cannot grow it so well since the forests have disappeared; the orchard area of southern Michigan has diminished as a result of the same process; you know when peaches could be grown anywhere in southern Michigan; now we are limited to reliefs of lands and the immediate shores of western Michigan. These changes that have been wrought are changes for the worse.

What can we do to restore the conditions for the successful prosecution of our lines of agriculture which have been shortened? This is essential, for agriculture lies at the foundation of everything that is progressive and good in the State of Michigan.

It is interesting to follow out the influences exerted by the destruc-

tion of timber upon the wood-working industries. For years these have been growing less and less. The second greatest industry in the State of Michigan is soon to be lost unless we do something in the way of forestry. You cannot have wood-working industries without raw material. A $250,000 concern in Grand Rapids will shortly leave us because it has no raw material. What have the men done who have been living upon Michigan timber to secure to their successors an abundance of raw material? Can you find anybody that is doing anything in this direction? I am glad to know that you are all listening. The body of men that preceded you here in this hall (representative hall) would not listen.

The forestry commission of the State of Michigan has tried for six years to get a little legislation on this subject and tried to get people to see the wonderful importance of this, and the responsibility that the State has in connection with reforestation. We can rarely get a bill out of committee. This responsibility which is so evenly distributed over the State of Michigan falls very lightly upon each individual legislator, and when we talk about six millions of acres of land that are at stake; when we say to the solons of the State of Michigan that it is an inexcusable waste to have this vast area simply an expense of bookkeeping in the auditor general's office every year—that we ought to be growing trees upon it—we can make no impression. Other matters always stand in the way which are evidently thought to be of greater importance, and I go home from a visit to the law-making powers and talk to myself, and say, "Are you a crank? Are you wrong, when you can't make an impression on a body of men that are managing matters of State, with a proposition which you claim is vital to the State of Michigan?" I have made up my mind that I am a crank, but that I am right. I want to say just a word in connection with this responsibility and the 6,000,000 acres of land that came into the hands of the State as delinquent tax lands. Every year some of them are sold, and every year a few of them come back. Somebody sees value in a forty or an eighty, strikes a sharp bargain with the State, keeps it a little while, strips it of its value, and lets it come back into the auditor general's office again. The bookkeeping is the same whether it is worth fifty cents or $500.

If the State of Michigan would agree to spend five cents an acre a year for the next twenty-five years in protection and reforestation, that 6,000,000 of acres would take care of the State of Michigan and all its expenses for all time thereafter. There is not an acre but will grow a

dollar's worth of timber per year. That is the statement of men who have had long experience in this class of lands in other countries. In Wurtemburg, Germany, there are 400,000 acres that support the State. It has been 150 years in getting to that condition, and last year the state had from that 400,000 acres an income of $5,000,000.

We have the raw material in the land. I wish we had the raw material in statesmen to take this matter in hand and carry it on. God grant that we may do something better in the near future.

MY MOTHER'S GIRLHOOD.

BY MRS. JULIA BELLE TOWNER.

At a club meeting which I attended recently, this question was asked, "Would our daughters of today, meet the difficulties, perplexities and terrors, with as much grace and endurance as did their grandmothers and great grandmothers in the pioneer days of Michigan?" Pondering over this question has led me to write a few reminiscences of "my mother's girlhood," many of which she often recounts to her grandchildren when amusing them with stories of bygone days.

At the age of three, my mother, Harriet Holley Huff, came to Michigan with her parents, who first settled in Novi, Oakland county, where they remained until she was eight years old. In the year 1836 her father, inspired with the pioneer spirit of the day, went still farther into the wilderness of wood and took up a half-section of land in the township of Vernon, Shiawassee county, a part of which is now half of the site of the village of Vernon. He cleared about three acres of ground, and began building a log house, but ere he had completed the structure, the season was becoming so far advanced that he was obliged to return to Novi, and bring his little family to its new home in the woods, which was yet without windows or doors; but before snowfall this humble home was very comfortably finished, and they began to live once more, and enjoy the society of three neighbors, whose homes they reached by winding paths through dense wood; their nearest neighbor distant three miles.

Two or three more neighbors were added to the list the next spring, and in two years time there were enough settlers in that part of the township to organize a school district, although their first year of

school was held in a dwelling house situated two miles from my mother's home; but she walked that distance every school day carrying her dinner pail, happy in the protection of her two older brothers.

In 1839 the first log schoolhouse was erected in that township, and most of the old pioneers will remember, that the principal branches then taught in the schools of Michigan were reading, spelling, arithmetic and geography.

In those early days the Indians were very numerous, as were also the wolves, bears, wildcats and deer; but mother says they dreaded the Indians most of all. At that time there were three separate tribes in the State; the Chippewas in the east portion, the Ottawas in the west, and the Potawatomies in the southern part.

The following are a few of the experiences which I have heard my mother relate, and which are very vivid in her mind today: One afternoon shortly after they had settled in Novi, her father brought home a piece of fresh meat, and placed it on a table outside the window (as their house was very small, with few conveniences), then shouldering his gun, went in search of his cattle in the near wood, and did not return until after dark. As soon as it began to grow dark the wolves began to gather in the clearing near the house and her mother had to place lighted candles around it so they would not dare approach near enough to reach it. As young as my mother was at that time, she says she will never forget how those wolves' eyes shone like balls of fire in the darkness.

My mother experienced her first fright from the Indians the spring following their arrival in the township of Vernon. She was then a child of nine years, but being the oldest daughter. Her father left her one morning in charge of three younger children and the care of her mother (who was at the time too ill to be around the house), while he took her two older brothers with him to do some clearing a short distance from the house. Anyone who is acquainted with the characteristics of the Indians will recall to mind their stealthy manner of approach. Such was the case this morning, for as mother was busily washing the breakfast dishes she heard a slight noise at the door and upon looking around was almost horror stricken to see six large Indians just stepping into the door, each carrying a huge knife. In relating this story mother says she does not know how she ever had courage to offer them chairs, but she did do so, and they all sat down, but kept talking and laughing among themselves, first looking at grandmother, then making reference to their knives, until finally they went

out doors and began to sharpen their knives on a grindstone which stood near the house. By this time mother was so thoroughly frightened that she sent the two eldest children (left in her charge) after her father and two older brothers. Grandfather responded immediately to the call. As soon as he had talked with the Indians long enough to learn the nature of their errand, he hurried into the house to quiet the fears of his loved ones and assure them that the Indians were friendly and only wanted to sharpen their hunting knives on the grindstone, which they had seen him use in sharpening his axe, but not knowing the name of the machine were at a loss how to make known their errand to grandmother.

The winter following, mother's parents went back to Novi for a week's visit, leaving mother and her two older brothers to keep house and care for three younger children in what was then a vast wilderness, with few inhabitants except wolves and Indians.

During their absence the Indians were frequent visitors and constantly inquiring "where Chemokeman and Chemokeman squaw were," (meaning where was white man and woman), to this question they would always answer, "Oh, they have just gone to visit a neighbor;" mother says she thinks the Indians knew they were afraid to tell them the truth, for they nearly always stayed late in the evening and tried to intimidate them by telling war stories and how they used to scalp the pale-face, and usually ended their narrative by saying, "mabee Nich-e-naw-bay do so again, some day." To say those children were timid is stating the case very mildly, for abject fear reigned supreme in each little heart; to think of a boy of thirteen standing protector over five younger children and hordes of redskins watching their every movement, will fairly make a shudder go over any true parent of today.

Another instance which happened a few years later was not quite so startling in its character; one day as grandmother sat sewing in her one living-room, the light from the open door seemed suddenly to darken and upon looking up she saw the room completely filled with Indians; from the little papoose at the bottom, to the "big injin" whose head touched the top of the doorway. Grandmother kindly inquired their errand and found they only wanted "labish," (meaning water), and as soon as their thirst was quenched they continued their journey.

At another time, just as grandfather's family had finished their noon-day meal, a small tribe of Indians made their appearance (stealthily as usual) and asked for "coocush" (meaning meat), and

"quishgun" (meaning bread); thus signifying that they wanted something to eat. Grandmother at once laid clean plates, made fresh coffee, and put on the table a plate of freshly cut bread, also added some little delicacy, as she never lost an opportunity to show hospitality to the Indians, and then asked them to sit down and eat, but instead of sitting down at the table as she expected them to they took up each corner of the table cloth, lifted it with its burden of dishes and eatables and spread the jumbled mass upon the floor; then all sat around, and picked their food from that heap of debris, much to the discomfort of poor grandmother, who had few dishes, if any, to spare in those days.

I can remember when it was no uncommon sight for "old Chief Fisher" to come into the village with his little tribe, all riding astride their Indian ponies, each with a sack of huckleberries or cranberries thrown over their ponies' necks to exchange for "napinee" (meaning flour or meal), and "opin" (meaning potatoes); and the squaws, in addition to their sack of berries, would nearly always have a dozen or two baskets dangling over their ponies' flanks, and their papooses strapped to their backs.

When my mother was twelve years old her father sent her back to Ovid, N. Y. to school, as educational advantages were so limited in Michigan. She must have improved her opportunities, for at the age of sixteen she returned and began duty as a teacher in her neighborhood school, at a salary of eight dollars per month, a position she filled four years with a slight increase in salary.

During the summer of 1848 mother carded the wool, spun and wove several wool blankets, also broke the flax, spun and wove enough linen crash for two straw ticks, a task that no young lady of today has to perform in making ready her wedding outfit. And on that memorable day in October, when she became my father's bride, after their wedding at her father's house, she changed her dress of white for one of home-spun, and accompanied her husband on horse-back to her future home (a distance of seven miles), and to this day she has ever been the queen of her own household, never losing sight of those higher attributes necessary to adorn the soul, as well as beautifying her earthly home, in which to rear her children to manhood and womanhood.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS FROM PIONEER LIFE.

BY MRS. ELIZA M. SCOTT SCHETTLER.

My father was William Scott and was baptized William Hull Scott, but after Hull's disgraceful surrender of Detroit, the name Hull was cut out of the family record in the Bible.

I know little of my grandfather. Some old Masonic papers he had gave his birth place as Ballay, Bay Castle, on the northern coast of Ireland. He was a Master Mason when he came to America. He had been in the English army, resigned, came to Detroit, and was in our army during the war of 1812. The Masonic papers speak of him as Dr. William McDowal Scott. He was married to Mary Ann Meldrum, a daughter of General Meldrum. He died on the 10th of June, 1815. I have been told that he died in England as a prisoner of war.

After Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Detroit, went to Washington, he found there a large hair covered trunk filled with valuable papers belonging to the family, so sent it on to Wisconsin to my father.

With childish curiosity, my older brother, Meldrum, and myself improved the opportunity, when my father had gone out driving, to look over some of the papers and old letters. There were numerous land patents, some located in Canada, others from Detroit to Vincennes, Ind., a long list of silver, mirrors, furniture, etc., as I remember, lost during the war, and some Ballay bay letters, which told that at different times an uncle, a cousin, and the family barrister had been sent to America to try to persuade my grandfather to return to Ireland and said that if he would do so he would be reinstated in his old position in the army. Another letter told of $10,000 being sent to my grandmother and held, I think, in Philadelphia for her, and urging her very strongly to take her children and come to the old family home, as they were especially desirous to have my father there. Very soon after all the papers were destroyed by fire, except a very few, mostly Masonic, which were in a small, tin enameled box, which father had brought over from his office to the home.

From my father I learned that my grandmother's family had ample means, and grandmother Scott knew her husband did not like English rule, so concluded to remain in Detroit with her relatives.

I think it was during 1812, or soon after, an ugly dispositioned

Indian chief, Kish-kon-ko, while drunk, wantonly killed an inoffensive Frenchman. Acting as United States marshal, my grandfather, with two assistants, went to arrest the Indian. In attempting to do so, my grandfather was obliged to kill the Indian chief with his sword, to save the life of one his assistants, whom the Indian was in the act of tomahawking. The dead chief's followers took a vow of life for life.

Grandfather Meldrum died about that time, so it left my father as the only son, the desired male for the avenging death. For forty long years they sought his life. During all that period, friendly warriors followed and watched Kish-kon-ko's band. I well remember the relief my father felt when he heard that he was, at last, safe from their revenge.

When an infant in his mother's arms, just as she had nursed him to sleep, she noticed some Indians skulking toward the house. With the quick presence of mind so necessary then, she hastily raised a loose board in the floor, laid the sleeping child on the earth underneath, replaced the board, covered it with an Indian mat and sat rocking over the spot when the Indians came in. They sprang to the cradle, felt to see if it was warm, then hastily looked on the beds and about the rooms for the babe. Not finding him, with uplifted tomahawks they demanded the "medicine man's" papoose. My grandmother looked at them scornfully, saying, "You are squaws, not braves, all of you, to come for one little baby. If you want him, find him." With uplifted tomahawk and knives, they threatened to kill her if she did not tell where the child was. Just then warning was given that someone was coming, and they hurriedly left, and the brave little mother thanked God that the babe slept.

Another time a man on horseback dashed up to the door calling, "Kish-kon-ko's coming." In a moment the child was quickly tied up, as he slept in his little feather bed and quilts, and handed out to the man who dashed on toward the fort. The Indians soon reached the house, several springing from their horses and again searched the home for the babe. Not finding him, they concluded the man they had seen must have had the child so sprang on their horses and hurried after him. The man saw he would be overtaken, so made a short cut when out of sight at a turn of the road and threw the child over the high palisade fence to the grave-yard. Hurriedly again taking the beaten road to find his pursuers just back of him and arrows flying about him. He turned and asked what they meant to shoot at him for. They demanded the child. Feigning ignorance, he asked, "What child? I

have no child, I am going to the fort for a doctor, woman sick." Then they asked why he had talked to grandmother, he innocently said, "to ask if she had seen the doctor pass by." As they were in sight of the fort, a sentinel noticed the Indians surrounding the horseman so gave warning, and when a squad of soldiers armed, hurried toward them, the Indians at once dispersed. The detachment of soldiers followed but in the coming darkness were lost sight of. It was near morning before they returned and went to the grave-yard to find the child unharmed.

Only these two incidents from many, show how brave our ancestors had to be. One incident in my own dear mother's life I will give to show that she too was a "brave lady."

At one time, when they were having serious trouble with a large body of assembled Indians, who were feeling very bitter because one of their number had been hung for committing a murder, the white men were feeling very uneasy over the result, and my father told mother he thought it advisable to take all of his men down to the store that night and circulate them among the Indians to try to pacify them. So she locked the house, put up the bars on back shutters and door, and saw that all was safe. A bed-ridden aunt, three little children and one Indian servant, were all the family that were in the home that night.

Mother noticed that there were unusual birdcalls about the house, that she felt sure were signals, and that the Indian girl seemed determined to go outside, giving every excuse possible. At last my mother sent her up into a dark attic to sleep and forbade her coming down. She then removed her shoes and put out the candles, so she could, unobserved, go from one window to another to listen. After some hours, she noticed birdcalls and then she noticed a draught. She quickly moved towards the stairway, leading down to the kitchen, and hearing a slight noise toward the door, reached for a heavy maple rolling-pin, which hung near by, and just as the Indian girl was removing the bar from the door, and before she could make an outcry, felled the girl to the floor, then drew her unconscious up the stairs, and threw her down into a dugout cellar under the dining-room. There was enough water there to either drown her or bring her to, and mother did not just then care which would be the result. Later, the Indians told father a massacre was planned, to begin at our home, and the girl was to open the door to let them in.

I have been requested to tell you about an experience of my childhood. General Cass, my father's godfather and guardian, thought it advisable for father to leave Detroit, where his life was so constantly

sought, so he, for a time, went in the Lake Superior country, acting as clerk for the Hudson Bay company. After a few years he settled down in the Island of Mackinac, where he engaged in the mercantile business. D. J. Campau, a relative, was in partnership with him for a short time. He also dealt quite largely in furs, fish, etc., as was common in those days, employing a large number of French Canadians and Indians.

One winter, when navigation bid fair to close early, several thousand Indians had assembled, as was the usual custom, to be paid by the government paymaster, and also to receive winter provisions of flour, pork, etc. The agent had been very dishonest, until they were so incensed that they threatened his life and he left.

Just at that time the troops in the garrison had been ordered away, leaving only the "corporals guard" in the garrison. Day after day all watched for indications of a boat coming from the south, but none came. "Townspeople," too, began to feel very anxious as the supplies were very short in every line.

During this time, the saloonkeepers were not idle, not only "promise to pay with marks" were given, but every valuable thing was sold for whisky, and nearly every dog had to go into the soup kettle for food.

I remember one day while my brother Mich. and I were skipping stones on the beach our attention was attracted by the sound of hard blows and distressed cries from a dog. On running to the spot, we found an Indian woman paddling a fox-colored dog to death. Mich. was a dauntless little fellow, and at once seized hold of the paddle, while I threw myself over the dog to protect him. After some exclamations of astonishment from the Indians, the squaw said "eat, boil," pointing to the kettle of boiling water, thus adding to our horror. At our protest she said, "Pork, me give you dog," so I staid to cover the dog, while the little man ran as fast as possible to the store, and told the clerk to give him, quick, a big piece of pork. Holding it tightly in his arms, he came back and made the exchange to the three parties interested and we led the little fox-colored Indian dog home. Mother, with a rather dubious expression on her face, consented to our keeping the dog, but said that we had better not go near the camp any more. We named the dog Prince, and as each month passed, we concluded that he was well named, as he became a faithful, intelligent little fellow.

Many fierce battles took place among these intoxicated Indians, more

than one nose was bitten off to the horror of those who witnessed the act.

Just at that time, my father, in having a boat repaired, gave me the captain's cabin for a play-house, and I at once planned for a party to be held in my new play-house, and bring into use, for the first time, a complete set of mulberry dishes, "just like mother's." When everything was arranged, I concluded some cedar was desirable to trim the white walls, so ran up to the cedars, just below where the "Grand" now stands, got all the branches my arms could carry and returned home.

Thinking it must be near our dinner hour, I went into the kitchen to ask Mary, the cook, if dinner was ready. Just then we noticed an unusual noise of pounding like a muffled tom-tom sound, and Mary said, "Sis, run and see what that funny noise is over towards the store." I at once ran out through the house yard across the garden, over one side of the palisade fence which enclosed the store, then locating the increasing noise as coming from the street or lane, as we called it, quickly climbed on some boxes piled near the outside fence, gathered up my short skirts and made a spring over the fence into the lane. I heard ejaculations from the Indians, and in an instant, two strong arms seized me and I was passed on and set upon the bare shoulders of a large Indian chief. I was such a "tom-boy" and so fearless, that the Indians made quite a pet of me, so my first thought was that they feared in jumping over the high fence I had hurt myself, I was not frightened until I glanced around me and saw that all the Indians were assembled around the store, looking very unlike our everyday Indians. The men were most of them naked with only a slight covering about the loins. Some had on buckskin leggings entirely open behind. They were generally ornamented along the outside seam with short scalps and feathers. Their bodies were painted with powdered charcoal and grease mixed, and over this were stripes, circles, and figures of red, green, and yellow paints; their heads were decorated with eagle, hawk, and turkey feathers. Many had animal's tails dangling from the waist down. The medicine men were the most horrible in appearance, as everything that could add to their frightful attire was brought into use, even having animal's faces for masks, and all had short horns on. Their hair hung in wild looking locks over their faces, with feathers stuck about and tails hanging down the back. The squaws, too, were painted, and looked and acted in a terrifying manner. Some were seated in a circle, beating the tom-tom sounding

drums, some had Indian rattles, others rattled bones, and from time to time, giving fiendish blood-curdling yells. Other squaws were circling outside of the men, dancing with feet together, but contorting their bodies and arms, while the men twisted their bodies like snakes, and threw their limbs about in a way that would amaze one of our high-school boys. No one who has not witnessed one of these dances could conceive how horrible and terrifying they were.

When I had mentally grasped the scene, I became frightened, and cried out, "Ma-Set-Ta-Go put me down, put me down," struggling at the same time to free myself. But arms like a vice held me, and my outcry only called forth every gesture of instant death toward me. Tomahawks were thrown just to miss my head, knives brandished at me, spears, with scalps dangling from them, aimed at me. At intervals the dreadful war-whoop would ring out. I well remember two scalps I thought so beautiful. Both were very long, one of bright red hair, the other very blonde. The first I remember of having seen, and I thought what a dreadful thing to kill women with such beautiful hair. I think I was too terrified to cry or scream. Then I noticed an old chief who had always made a pet of me, and called to him, "Mis-sau-ni-a make Ma-set-ta-go put me down, I want to go to my father." But he, too, leered at me, and struck at me with his long knife. Then I heard my father call, "Sis, my child, keep quiet, they want father to buy you back." Then I saw he looked very unlike his usual jolly self. His face was drawn, pale and troubled. I divided my attention between him, and the horrible contortionists about me. I saw there were unusual piles of merchandise on the porch of the store, barrels of flour and pork, boxes of tobacco, pipes, mococks of sugar, sacks of coffee, bales of blankets, rolls of broadcloth, pieces of gay calico, Indian ornaments of silver, strings of beads, etc., etc. When it seemed as though the store must be emptied, I noticed a chief separate himself from the others, go and look at the stock of goods, returned, talked a moment to the next chief, then both again entered the ring and began throwing weapons at me. Then I watched my father, and saw him ordering the clerks to bring out more goods. Soon the old chief took another look, and possibly saw that the store was about depleted of its stock, for he gravely seated himself on the edge of the porch. Other chiefs followed until the elders were all there. Then my father sat down, too, not one word being spoken. Silence reigned after the terrible pandemonium. I saw the head chief get out his long, red, peacepipe, fill and light it, then take a long puff, and very slowly blow

the smoke through his nostrils. When he was through, it was passed to the next, and I wondered if he, too, could hold so much smoke at one time and blow it out as long. So it proceeded till it reached my father, and I noticed, even though he tried to be deliberate, he made a failure at blowing smoke. Then the old chief stood up and began talking and Ma-set-ta-go put me down.

Like a frightened deer, I dashed through the crowd of demons, down the street, in the yard, upon the porch, through the hall, and the dining-room into mother's room. Not finding her there, I rolled under the high-posted mahogany curtained bed, back under the valance, until I reached the wall. Then I drew the quilts down to cover me, and laid there hardly daring to breathe. Soon the maids began to call my name, then my older brother, then I heard mother call, "Sis, my child, where are you," but I was too terrified to answer. Then some one came in saying, they had looked all over and could not find me. Then mother said, "Have you looked in all the closets and under the beds?" My brother, Mell, then looked under mother's bed and called out, "Mama, I see her red shoes. Here she is." Then mother sent them all out of the room, locked the door and said, "Now, Sis, come to mother, no one else can come in." Then I crawled out, and cuddled into mother's arms, and she hugged me so close, and cried, O, so hard! Then my tears came and with our arms wound tightly around each other, we cried out all the pent up anguish of our hearts. Later I knew the Indians feeling desperate over the condition of things, determined to hold a war dance to give vent to their feelings, but when I, an only daughter, jumped into their circle so opportunely, a ransom at once presented itself to them, as a desirable gift.

The following day my father called a council, and told them, even though the ice should prevent the boats coming, he would never let them starve, but that he had already sent to every point for provisions, and that under no circumstance must they hold another war dance on the Island. Later they found that one boat had gone down in a storm, and the paymaster, fearing the journey, held the supplies in Buffalo all winter, not giving one apparent thought to the thousands of natives, who might starve during the long winter months.

Not wishing to leave with you only a disagreeable memory of my Indian friends, for friends they were, tried and true, I will give one other occurrence during my childhood days.

One winter when the months of our shut-in life seemed unusually

long and dreary to my father, as on account of his being lame, he could not join in many of the pastimes of tobogganing, snowshoeing, skating, etc., with the other gentlemen, and as so little business was done, he announced that next winter would find him outside where he could come and go as he wished, and not be ice-bound upon a small island for seven or eight months, as he had been that winter. So the next summer my mother had the seamstress begin on father's new outfit early. A dozen shirts, with deep lined cambric ruffles down the bosom, such as he always wore at that time, then two grades of underwear, for in those days everything had to be handmade, socks to be knit, handkerchiefs hemmed, also a supply of square yards of black silk hemmed, which he folded and wound tightly about his neck and tied, to hold his head very straight and stiff. As fast as the articles were ready they were packed away in a sole leather trunk ready for the outing. Then one evening, while entertaining a party of friends, mother announced that it was the last gathering before father left. He looked up astonished, and said, "I have made no arrangements to be gone, I think we will have to put off going." But mother assured him that all was in readiness, a good doctor in the garrison, a governess and also a cousin in the family for company, and plenty of good help in the house, so there was not one thing to keep him at home, and she would not have him stay where he would again find a winter so tedious and long.

As navigation drew to a close, my father's trunk was carried to the boat, and the populace generally, as well as the family, gathered on the dock to say good-bye. Father's last call of "God bless you all" was very tremulous.

It was fully six weeks after before our first mail came up from Detroit, an overland trip of over four hundred miles, which was made by Indian carriers, with toboggans and dogs. There was always great interest and excitement when the carriers were expected, and half of the populace went out on the ice to meet and cheer the long looked for men. Offers of general assistance were made in distributing the mail. That day when mother's letters were given her, there was a general interest to know what father had written, but the news was not happy, for it was that father had taken a very hard cold, was sick, and wished he was at home.

When the Indian mail carriers came in they seldom staid longer than through the first day and over night, the following morning going on to the "Old Mission" on Traverse bay, with the mail for that point. Part of the carriers dropped off as they passed through their own vil-

lages, for a rest and visit of a few days in their own homes. As the leaders returned from the "Old Mission" with the out-going mail, after their home visit and rest, they gathered from the different villages, these men who were awaiting them, with new moccasins, and often new leggings and jackets, which their wives had made for them. The mail consisted only of letters, as at that day no newspapers were printed north of Detroit. During the week the carriers were gone to the "Old Mission," our letters would be written so as to be ready to be taken very early in the morning, in order to cross the lake and get into the shelter of the forests before night came on. Mother had several letters written to father, as in those days envelopes were unknown, and letters were written on one sheet, with enough left blank to address the letter on one side, and seal it in the other.

The friends were all very thoughtful. Rarely a day or evening passed without visitors coming, but the weeks were long ones, till the next mail could come bringing word from the absent father. When it came, Mr. King, our postmaster, said, "We will find Mrs. Scott's letters first." There was one from father, but it was very brief, and it was scarcely more than a heart-cry from the invalid for mother, the children and home.

In letters from the relatives and many friends we learned that the doctors gave no hope of his recovery, and they feared he would not be alive when the letters reached the island. They asked if father should be buried in Detroit or should his body be kept until navigation opened. The letters were all of such a hopeless character, that little could be said that was comforting.

Several mornings later, an Irish girl, who had been with us only since fall, came rushing down the front stairs into mother's room, saying, "Oh, Mrs. Scott, mum, the kitchen is filled with savages! I stepped right on one as I came down the back stairs." Mother told her not to be frightened, that they were undoubtedly friends, and to put some extra wood on the fire, in the fireplace, and she would dress at once and go out to see who they were. So quietly had they come in, that not even the hired man, whose room opened out of the kitchen, had been disturbed. When they came in they added more wood to the fire, and laid down around the stove, wrapped in their blankets. When mother went out, she found some nineteen Indians, old chiefs and braves. They said the "carriers" had told them that the father and brother was sick—to die, so they had come at once to beg mother to let them go and bring his body home, as they could not let him be

buried among strangers. Mother told them to go over to the store and she would think it over. She then told the girls to hasten and prepare breakfast for them, to cook a large basin of corn, potatoes, pork, coffee, etc., as they had probably had little to eat for twenty-four hours, or longer, as many of them had come from Cross Village, Little Traverse, Arbe Croche and other points.

We were scarcely through with our own breakfast before the neighbors began coming in, as the news of the Indians coming with their desire, soon went from house to house. It did not take mother long to weigh the matter and she concluded to let them go. She sent for the Indians to come over to the kitchen, also some of our employees, to talk the matter over. Then mother decided how many should go and selected nine of the wisest, strongest and best all round men for such a trip. Ma-set-ta-go was to be the leader, and poor Mis-sua-ni-a and some of the older Indians felt broken-hearted when mother told them they could not go, as there was no wisdom in sending more than was necessary on such a severe journey. She told the older men that she knew how faithfully they had loved and served father, and how gladly they would serve him now, if he were alive, but only those who were well and strong must be sent now and that they, as chiefs and elders, must give instruction to these younger ones who were going.

The clerks were then told what to prepare in the line of robes, blankets and uncooked food. Fire had already been started in the large brick baking oven, bread set to sponge in an immense maple bowl placed over a large kettle of hot water and set near the fireplace to keep warm. The ladies were soon supplied with aprons and all went to work, for much had to be accomplished during the short winter's day. White and Indian bread was made, hams boiled, pork and beans baked, roasts of beef and vension cooked, coffee browned and ground and put into little bags ready to be boiled, loaf sugar crushed, broken, and rolled, pounded crackers made that would not break or freeze, little cakes hot with spices, Indian corn boiled and prepared, so it had only to be warmed over. The brick oven was cleaned out, tested and found hot, and filled with what was prepared for baking.

I know that the hardest task for mother that day was to write the letters to send by them. It was near morning before all was ready. The food had to be cooked, cooled, packed and wrapped, then fastened in place on the toboggans. The dogs, also, had to be provided for, and one toboggan left, with robes and blankets for father. All eyes were wet with tears as the thought came, "How will he be brought

home?" Before day dawned, the men and dogs were fed and started on their long journey.

Now we will go to Detroit, into an upper chamber in the Old Michigan Exchange hotel, where father laid sick, very weak and the doctors had said that he was liable to go any hour. About midnight an unusual noise of barking dogs was heard and soon the landlord came to father's room, saying, "I hate to disturb you, Mr. Scott, but some strange Indians are here and have your name and address. They keep saying, 'Scottess,' and we can do nothing with them." Like a flash the sick man rolled out of bed and went into the hall and called in Indian, "Here I am, here I am." With wild shouts of joy, they sprang over each other up the stairs, all talking at the same time, and father cried like a child. They picked him up, and, with the landlord's assistance, placed him on the bed again, and the doctors and friends were hastily sent for, as the landlord said the excitement would surely kill him. My father called after the landlord, "These are my men. Mother sent them for me and I am going home. Take these men and feed them with the best you have in the house. Give them all they can eat. Feed the dogs until they are ready to burst, for they are going to take me home."

The doctor and friends came, but not one word of entreaty or dissuasion would he listen to. "I am going home," was his one cry, even when the doctor told him the exposure would kill him.

The Indians were soon summoned to a sumptuous meal in the dining-room, but they did not remain long, for back they came, each one with his supper in the corner of his blanket, and then they seated themselves on the floor about the bed and ate where they could look at father, and answer his many questions.

My father sent the landlord down to get a warm overcoat, and some moccasins. When the landlord protested, telling him how late it was, that the stores were closed, he said, "Smash a window in then, and get me what I want." There was nothing else to do, but to rout the proprietor of one of the stores and get the articles. On consulting the Indians, he found that little extra in the line of supplies would be necessary. Very early the following morning the Indians dressed him and after a hot breakfast, they wrapped him in blankets and furs and with a heavy green silk veil over his face, he was laid on the sled, strapped in, amid words of caution, tears, and good-byes. The party then started for home, mother and the children.

Each hour in the day he gained in strength and health, and his

cough improved daily, and finally it was entirely forgotten. The Indians tarried every few hours, long enough to boil a cup of coffee and prepare a lunch for him, although they took none themselves until noon. Toward evening, when they would reach a wooded spot, shielded from the wind, they would make camp for the night, a good fire would be built, then a cave in the snow dug out and lined with hemlock or cedar, and after supper father would be slid into it for the night. The Indians and dogs laid about the fire, with the dogs no special watch was necessary. So the days passed, each one bringing them nearer home.

One morning, just as we were about to have breakfast, we were startled to hear a cannon boom from the garrison. We all ran out upon the porch, and mother said, "It must be our men returning." When we looked up to the garrison we saw General W— waving from his porch, an orderly running down the hill, and general excitement prevailing. Soon the orderly was seen to turn the corner, coming toward our house. As he reached us, he called out, "Mr. Scott is alive, the colonel's compliments." The sentinel reported the party on main land and with his field glasses recognized Mr. Scott. We all rushed out on the lake, but we could not even see specks, as it were. None of us were hungry that morning, although the governess insisted upon our eating, and we were told we could not go out until we had had breakfast. The cakes were bolted in short order so we could go out on the ice and watch if we could see the dog-train coming. We took turns holding for each other, father's large field glasses in hopes of being able to see them coming.

In the house all was hurry and bustle again, tears of joy and laughing tones mixed, for this was to be a joyful feast. The Dutch oven was brought out and placed before the roaring fire in the fireplace. Soon a large turkey was dressed and slowly roasted on the "spit." The brick oven was again heated, hams and roasts were cooked, oysters were opened, loaf sugar broken, crushed and sifted, for cakes must be made. The large ice-cream freezer was filled to be frozen and many preparations were being made. Every lady who chanced to have an appetizing dish, already prepared at home, donated it for the coming spread, as well as eggs, cream, milk and such things as were apt to be scarce during our winter.

Word was at last given that the party was in sight of Bois Blanc Point. Between us, however, there was not only broken and floating ice, but a long space of open water. Horses and sleighs, loaded with two large boats were sent out, so as to row across the open lake, to get

the party. We ran back and forth from the house to the ice, too eager and impatient to wait quietly at either place.

Soon the message came that the party was safe on our side. This was greeted amid great cheers. Father was taken into the house at once and left alone with mother, but after a while he held a reception to all the friends and people and the faithful Indian friends received many compliments and "well dones." Then came the feast, for young and old, master and servants, the red men having the seats of honor. Class, nationality and creed were forgotten, each was equally welcome. Mr. O'Brien, our good rector, and Father Pierre, shook hands over and over again, thus giving expression to their feelings over the happy event. The weary, foot-sore dogs were made to feel that they were in clover. The festivities were prolonged far into the small hours, before the last good-night was said, and the excited household could retire. When the faithful band of Indians were rested and ready to leave, father wanted to compensate them, but they turned away in disgust and would not take one cent, "Haven't they brought him home safe and alive, what more could they wish." Where among white men could you find friends willing to take such a long, dangerous journey for friendship's sake. It is needless to say that the kindness was never forgotten by father or family and many times have we had cause to know of the devoted love of our red brothers.

During the war of the sixties, when our home was in Green Bay, Wisconsin, and when all of our brave boys were at the front, startling rumors were rife on every side. The Indian agents from the Stockbridges, Menominees, Oneidas, Keshemas and all the reservations about us, reported that they did not like the actions or appearances of the Indians. Some of the younger men, when under the influence of liquor, had made threats of a "coming time" which the people did not like. The older Indians kept away from town, which was noticeable.

One morning my brother Ed. came rushing in saying, "Father a lot of Mackinaw Indians are coming up the river to our house." We all hurried through the small park between us and the river and there were the familiar Mackinaw boats heading our way. They were very soon drawn up, and the dear old Indian friends sprang out. Ma-set-ta-go was the first one to offer his hand with a "how" to us. All were invited to come up at once with us to the house for breakfast. Hard times and high prices were forgotten as we prepared the best the house afforded for them. After they had eaten, the older chiefs said they wanted to see father alone, for many of the townsmen had come in, wondering

why the long journey in such small boats had been made. They knew that only a matter of great importance could have caused it. Father took them over to the old "Doty" office, as we had purchased Gov. Doty's home and office, when he had his appointment to go west. After they were entirely alone, and the door locked, the Indians told father that the dreaded purple and black wampum belt had been passed all along, from Minnesota down to Mackinac, then on up the Lake Superior shore, among all the Indian tribes, giving the date for a general uprising. They had also been told that all Canadians were to join against the states, and all the Indians not joining would be exterminated. The older Indians were troubled and they were urged by the younger ones to join in the general uprising. After a prolonged council they concluded to secretly make a journey to Green Bay and ask father's advice, as they knew they could trust him. They had traveled day and night, not daring to land in the strange country, fearing alike, both the white and red men that they might meet. With childlike faith they felt that if once they could see father, his advice would be right. Father told them that they themselves knew the Sioux had always been a bad set, lacking wisdom, always thirsting for blood, and advice from them was bad. If they listened and joined them only trouble would come to them, for the "great father" at Washington was strong, and had more braves than they could count, and they were sure to win. Father told them he would like to have a few of the city officials council with them after dinner. It took some time to persuade them to talk to any one they did not know. At last, however, they complied with the request. Ample provisions were sent to them, also word was given out that they were not to be disturbed. Only my brother Ed. and some of the little ones went into their camp while they were preparing and eating dinner.

In the meantime my father held council with the mayor and older citizens in the provost marshal's office. Frank Desmoyers, Grigons, John Jacobs, the Laws and those familar with Indian character, felt the occasion a very serious one, and it was assigned to each what he had best say to the Indians. At once word was sent to each Indian agent so they could act with wisdom, too. It was a period of extreme anxiety, some fearing that the strange Indians had been seen. Wise counsel won the day and the Indians promised to remain friends and "hold the young braves."

They were loaded with gifts of food, etc., and a steamer took the boats in tow, accompanied by father and some of the new friends,

so as to get them out of the bay as soon as possible, away from the Wisconsin Indians, whom they dreaded to meet. In open lake they were bidden farewell, with assurances of warm friendship. After they returned, about 200 young braves, under Garrett Graveraet's command, went into our army and fought bravely. Not a few were buried in soldiers' graves in a strange country. Who can say what the confidence and friendship of those same Indians may have averted at that period? The horrors of Minnesota might have extended all along our shores when we were in such a helpless condition.

THE FIRST PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF THE RIVER RAISIN HEROES.

From the "Monroe Democrat," Jan. 22, 1904.

Those who were so fortunate as to have been present in Monroe on the Fourth of July, 1872, witnessed one of the most remarkable gatherings that ever assembled in Michigan, if indeed it was not wholly unparalleled. The occasion was impressive and interesting not only because it joined in one celebration the Declaration of Independence and the events of the war which confirmed it, but because almost every feature of it bore the appropriate and significant mark of originality and distinctive characteristic bearing upon the events which it was especially designed to commemorate.

There were gathered here at that time about one hundred veterans of the war of 1812, who came from Kentucky under the lead of General Leslie Combs of Lexington. Most of these men were in the ranks of those gallant Kentuckians who responded to the cry of distress and alarm which went up from the little French settlement on the River Raisin, at that period of gloom when there was grave apprehension that the people of the frontier would be wholly exterminated by the savages incited to murder and rapine by the mercenary agents of the British government. The youngest of these patriots who were present gave his age as seventy-eight years, while the oldest one present was more than one hundred and two. The number of people who witnessed the demonstration was estimated at over 20,000, coming from the States of Michigan, Ohio and Kentucky. The platform occupied by the speakers, distinguished guests and officials, was built of the beams and planks which were taken from the old Col. Francis Navarre house, which was occupied as headquarters by General Winchester at the time

MONUMENT ERECTED TO RIVER RAISIN MARTYRS BY THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

of the massacre, the present site of the Sawyer residence on Front street. The Kentuckians brought with them the tattered flag which their troops carried on that eventful day. Some of the old soldiers brought various relics of the old days and a reminder of the events which are now a part of the history of the country. One had an ancient pistol of the flintlock pattern which his father had used in the revolution; another had a formidable weapon of the Bowie variety; a bullet pouch and powder-horn which had evidently seen service, were given to a gentleman of this city. Other mementoes were also exhibited. When the battle ground was visited by the veterans, though sixty years had elapsed, many points were identified and pointed out by the old soldiers, where occurred the two days fighting that had made impressions that remained fresh in their memory through all these years.

The orator of the day was Chief Justice James V. Campbell of the supreme court, the president of the day was Hon. Warren Wing, while the roll call of the veterans was read by Gen. G. A. Custer. When it is remembered that this large number of aged men were brought from their homes in Kentucky, the long distance by rail in midsummer, and returned thither without an accident of any nature, or a serious case of illness among them, without cost of any kind to one of the old guests; the endless detail of such an undertaking like this, the difficulties to be overcome, the time and labor expended to make the event a success, it may well be regarded as a most creditable achievement.

It was furthermore intended to make the celebration the starting point for a movement to erect in Monroe a suitable monument to mark the resting place of the Kentucky soldiers who fell in the vain attempt to rescue the defenseless settlers on the River Raisin, as well as to commemorate their bravery and voluntary sacrifice. One of the speakers of the day, Mayor Redfield, alluded to this in his address in the following eloquent words: "We of Monroe—and all honor to that one whose patriotic heart and liberal hand gave the inspiration to the impulse which made possible this most impressive occasion,—we have all caught up the slogan of our young men and their day, will ever remember the chivalrous young men who came to the rescue of the pioneers in their dire distress and danger, and resolve here in this place in your presence, over the tombs of the fallen brave, to pledge veneration and gratitude for your toils, privations and sacrifices, which is just and proper. And so remembering you who survive and to your dead in our care and keeping, we will here build a monument." In

making the suggestion to the mayor, which he so eloquently incorporated in his address, the writer of this article hoped and believed that immediate and prompt action would follow to formulate a plan to consummate this work. It was received with great enthusiasm, but as many undertakings of this nature are allowed to die because of indifference, so it was with this. After thirty years of waiting the matter has again revived, and through the influence of the Civic Improvement society, in the course of their excellent and praiseworthy efforts to improve and beautify the old town, a bill was prepared and passed by the legislature, appropriating the sum of $5,000 for this purpose. The action in regard to this matter is ably presented by those more directly interested in this part of the movement. It is tardy recognition of a patriotic duty, by the people of Monroe and the State of Michigan, but while "republics (and municipalities) are ungrateful" sometimes they are not always forgetful.

THE RIVER RAISIN MASSACRE AND DEDICATION OF MONUMENTS.

BY JOSEPHINE D. ELMER.[1]

It was the morning of August 16, 1812, that the traitorous American General Hull made his ignominious surrender of two thousand men with arms, ammunition, supplies and documents to the British General Brock at Detroit.

Colonels Cass and McArthur with their commands had been ordered from the River Raisin and marched all night and reached Detroit in time to be included in this disgraceful capitulation.

[1] Josephine Darrow Elmer, who read the following article on the River Raisin massacre at the 1905 session of the Pioneer and Historical Society, is a native of New York state, and was a graduate of the ancient and honorable seminary of Cazenovia in that State For some years it was her privilege to reside in the picturesque village of Schuylerville on the site of the famous revolutionary battle of Saratoga and it was during that time that a magnificent monument was put up at that point commemorative of Burgoyne's capture by the American army, the funds of which were furnished by the Empire State and the national congress jointly. Removing afterwards to the city of Monroe in this State, she became interested in the traditions that tell of the tragedy of the murder of the Kentuckians in what has become known to history as the massacre of the River Raisin, and realizing that Michigan has but few battle scenes it occurred to her that a fitting monument should forever tell the story of American bravery and British treachery in that tragical occurrence. It became an easy matter to enlist the efforts of the citizens of Monroe in the enterprise and an appropriation was secured from the legislature. What resulted from that movement is told in the address.

OLD BLOCK HOUSE.

Captain Elliot, a British officer, was immediately sent to Colonel Brush, who occupied the River Raisin blockhouse, which is near the city of Monroe. Brush, being informed by a scout of the approach of a white flag, sent out a guard, who blindfolded Elliot and his Indian companions, and brought them into the stockade. When Brush was given a copy of the capitulation, he would not believe that Detroit had surrendered, did not see how it was possible that it could have been taken, and thought the copy a forgery. The next day the surrender was confirmed by an escaped American soldier from Detroit. Brush lost no time, but hastily gathered all the supplies and ammunition he could carry, even taking Elliot's horse to carry the sick and wounded, and driving his cattle before him, escaped into Ohio, leaving word to release Elliot the next day from the stockade.

The settlers were not idle. During the night they carried away and secreted all the supplies they could obtain from the fort.

When the released Captain Elliot found Brush had escaped, his indignation knew no bounds. He sent for the noted Indian chief, Tecumseh, and ordered him to pursue Brush and ravage the settlement.

This surrender of the Northwestern army was a great surprise to the whole country. The Northwest was now open to the incursions of the savages. The British considered Detroit and Amherstburg keys of the western country, and the aid of the Indians of infinite importance.

An army was hastily gathered under General Harrison, with the avowed intent of retaking Detroit. General Winchester[1] commanded

[1] For Portrait of Gen. Winchester see Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections. Vol. 31, p. 253.

a part and was camped at Maumee rapids, awaiting the other troops, when an urgent request came from Frenchtown, near Monroe, a settlement of thirty-five families on the River Raisin, to come to their assistance. He gave them no encouragement that he could help them, but messengers the second and third day came, imploring help, as the whole settlement was threatened with massacre by the Indians, and that only a small force of British held the place, and that prompt action would avert the danger.

General Harrison called a council of officers and decided the true object of the expedition was to protect the frontier from the merciless Indians, as well as to retake their lost ground.[1]

Colonel Lewis, with four hundred men, was started for Frenchtown, on the morning of January 17, 1813. This was five months after the surrender of Detroit. He was instructed to attack and rout the enemy. His force was followed a few hours later by Colonel Allen, with one hundred men. Deep snow lay on the ground. They had their own paths to make and it was bitterly cold. On the morning of the 18th, they were within six miles of the River Raisin before they were discovered by the enemy, who were commanded by Major Reynolds with one hundred Canadians and four hundred Indians under the noted Chiefs Round Head and Split Log. When Lewis and Allen reached the frozen river, now near the old docks, they were fired upon by the enemy, on the north side of the river. They moved steadily forward, finally making a furious charge with bayonets, driving the Canadians and Indians from their position. The battle lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon until dark. The Kentuckians were so impetuous that they were drawn into an ambush and lost thirteen men. The Americans returned to the river, occupied the abandoned British camp and established guards at the picket fences. The enemy retreated to Malden, eighteen miles away. Colonel Lewis hastened to inform General Winchester of his victory. On the 19th two hundred more Americans arrived under Colonel Wells. On the afternoon of the 20th, General Winchester came with Colonel Madison and three hundred, whose forces were united with Lewis and Allen at the upper camp, while General Winchester took up his headquarters in the house of Colonel Navarre, on the south side of the river, about three-fourths of a mile from his army, now the residence of Mrs. A. I. Sawyer and daughter.

[1]In the Museum of this Society may be seen a large, murderous looking, wooden war-club, called Poga Morgun, used by Chief Ogamorpenance at the massacre of the River Raisin. It was presented by B. O. Williams, an early Indian trader of Owosso.

Scouts brought Winchester word that the British and Indians were preparing with three thousand men before his reinforcements could arrive, as they were determined the Americans should not get a foothold in this Northwest territory. Again and again settlers brought word to Winchester and tried to impress on his mind the enemy would soon attack. Winchester dismissed them with a laugh and made no preparations to meet them. Late at night word was brought to Colonel Lewis that a large force of Canadians and Indians were at Stony

Home of Col. Francis Navarre. Gen. Winchester's Headquarters.

Creek, only four miles away. Again Winchester was warned. Even this did not disturb his slumber. Colonel Lewis, who remained at his post nearly all this night of terror, was startled between four and five on that dark wintry morning by a sharp crack of the sentinel's guns, followed by shell and cannister from the six field pieces. The shots of the almost invisible British and the terrible yells of the savages, made them think their last day had come, which alas was too true for many. This was the morning of January 22nd. The British force, under General Proctor, was led against the upper camp, occupied by Major Madison and Colonels Lewis and Allen, and the Indians, commanded by the Chiefs Round Head and Split Log, were led against the lower camp, defended by Colonel Wells, with only two hundred men. The Indians were so impetuous, the American force so small and the yells of the savages so terrifying, that after a brave struggle

they gave away and ran across the river. They were met by Colonels Lewis and Allen, who attempted to rally them and lead them under cover of a bank to the upper camp. The war-whoops so confused them that they fled across instead of up the river. They ran over the so-called Hull road on the way to Ohio, pursued by the revengeful Indians, who outran them, getting ahead and surrounding them. Some of the soldiers had thrown away their arms and were thus defenceless. These were slaughtered in the usual Indian way and their scalps taken to Detroit to receive the promised price offered by the British government.

The upper camp was so well defended that General Proctor was repulsed, and withdrew. While those Americans were breakfasting, a white flag was seen approaching. Major Madison, supposing it was a flag of truce from the British to get leave to bury their dead, went out to meet it. What was his surprise and indignation to find it was borne by one of General Winchester's staff, accompanied by General Proctor with an order from Winchester for an unconditional surrender of all troops as prisoners of war. This Madison flatly refused to do. Winchester then went to Madison and told him his own life and the safety of the army depended upon his prompt and unconditional surrender. Madison again refused, but was finally persuaded to surrender on condition that all private property should be respected; that sleds be provided to take the sick and wounded to Malden; that a guard should protect them, and their side arms restored to them at Malden. This Proctor agreed to faithfully do.

Winchester had been taken prisoner by the Indian chief Split Log, and led to Proctor, who now felt he held the whip hand, as the Americans were without a commander.

On the morning of the 23rd General Winchester and the other prisoners were started for Malden. Before this Proctor had forfeited his word by allowing the Indians to plunder the settlement. All departed except the sick and wounded American soldiers, guarded by only two or three British soldiers. They were left to wait for the promised sleds that never came, but instead three hundred painted Indians determined to massacre the wounded Americans in revenge for their loss the previous day. Breaking into the houses where the defenceless Americans were, everything of value was taken, the Americans tomahawked and the houses set on fire.[1] If any attempted to crawl out they

[1] An interesting account of this sad event will be found in Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections, Vol. 4, pp. 318-323.

were pushed back into the flames and consumed. Thus, sick and wounded and alone, without care or protection, these nameless heroes gave up their precious lives for their country's defence.

All honor is their due. Some still lie where they fell. In later years all that could be found of them were gathered and buried in the old cemetery at Monroe that for so many years was a blot and disgrace to that city. Perhaps you have seen a similar one. Surrounded by an old broken-down board fence, all overgrown with weeds and underbrush, the headstones at various angles. We could not speak of it without a blush. Spasmodic attempts had been made to change this, but it remained for the Civic Improvement Society of the women of Monroe to determine and do what had been neglected so many years. Through process of law, permission was granted to take charge of the cemetery, which has now been made into a beautiful memorial place, with smooth lawns, walks, fountains and flowers.

The legislature was importuned and $5,000.00 was given by it to build a monument for this beautiful memorial place to commemorate the battles and massacre of the River Raisin. September 13, 1904, saw the culmination of our efforts in the dedication and unveiling of this monument.

Col. Geo. H. Hopkins represented the Grand Army of the Republic; Hon. Geo. H. Gaston the U. S. Spanish War Veterans; Judge C. B. Grant the Loyal Legion; Hon. George William Bates the Sons of the American Revolution; Mrs. Leartus Connor the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. Justin E. Emerson the Colonial Dames; Mrs. John V. Moran the Daughters of 1812; Mrs. Rathbun the Mt. Vernon Society; Mr. D. K. Hollenbeck the Maumee Valley Pioneer Society, and Mrs. Van Miller the Monroe Civic Society. Mayor Dr. V. Sisung welcomed the guests and different societies and acknowledged indebtedness to those most helpful in this enterprise.

The "Old Boys" of Monroe, whose youth had been passed here, returned in great numbers and marched in procession, headed by Solomon Meyerfeld, one of the old business men of the city and nearly eighty years old, who carried a flag, the staff of which was made from the timbers of the house occupied by General Winchester during the trying times of the massacre.

Hon. H. V. McChesney, secretary of State of Kentucky, represented that State in the absence of the governor.

Judge Robbins, of the monument committee, presented the monument to the State, and Governor Bliss, of Michigan, accepted it.

The American flag that veiled the monument was withdrawn by descendants of those active in River Raisin battles. Senator Burrows was orator of the day, followed by Colonel Bennett H. Young, of Kentucky, and ex-Governor Crittenden, of Missouri, a former Kentuckian. At the close Bishop Foley pronounced the benediction and the bugle corps stepped to the front and sounded taps for the slain warriors. It was a beautiful day, and the impressive ceremonies were attended by thousands of distinguished people from this and other States.

A committee of four members from our Civic Improvement Society for the past three years had been gathering data and looking up historical places, consulting with aged people and histories, visiting again and again historical and alleged historical places, determined that before it would be forever too late, these places should no longer remain unmarked. There was no money in the treasury that could be spared for this purpose. We then got up a newspaper, sold badges and buttons with pictures of the monument, got up ball games between city and county officials, between doctors and lawyers, and in various other ways raised the money. We found everyone kind and willing to help the good cause along. We built a monument of cobble-stones or roundheads, on the actual scene of the River Raisin massacre. This monument is twelve feet high, seven feet broad at the base, with two granite tablets on opposite sides, bearing inscriptions.

While excavating for the foundation, parts of four skeletons were found, thus demonstrating the site of the battlefield. This monument is situated on the north bank of the River Raisin, between the Michigan Central and the Lake Shore railroads and is beautiful and artistic. It was dedicated October 14, 1904. The public and parochial schools were closed. The children whose pennies had been given so they could have a part in its erection, were assembled, each given a tiny flag and a program, with the order of exercises and songs, "Michigan, my Michigan," "Old Kentucky Home," and "America," and marched in an imposing body to the bank of the River Raisin adjacent to the monument. This day was more especially for our own young people and children that they might know the significance of these exercises.

Hon. E. R. Gilday was master of ceremonies, Reverend Shaw gave the invocation, ex-Mayor Martin presented the monument, and Mayor Sisung accepted it, Reverend Father Downey made the address, followed by chorus singing by the assembled school children and citizens.

A marble tablet on the corner of the mammoth electric power house

MONUMENT ERECTED BY WOMAN'S CIVIC IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY, MONROE, ON SITE OF RIVER RAISIN MASSACRE.

at Monroe marks the spot where the blockhouse stood, and where the *first* American flag was raised on Michigan soil.

Four bronze tablets placed on four huge boulders mark the various other historical spots.

Not in our hearts alone, but as long as marble and granite endure, will these show to our children and those that come after, the love and honor we bear for those brave soldiers.

ADDRESS OF HON. H. V. MC CHESNEY, SECRETARY OF STATE, KENTUCKY.[1]

Mr. Chairman—Representing the State of Kentucky, and especially our governor, who could not be present today, I desire to assure you of our deep appreciation of the welcome extended us by the mayor of this city. Aside from the honor of the invitation and the pleasure of the welcome, I come to you today with a message of deepest gratitude from the people of Kentucky to the people of Michigan for this splendid tribute to the memory of our dead. We might find words to express our appreciation of a courtesy to the living, but only the fullness of our hearts' tenderest emotions can respond to your generous tribute to our honored dead.

For nearly a hundred years we have remembered the Raisin only in grief and sorrow; hereafter the grief will be sweetened with gratitude, and the sorrow mellowed by joy. The descendants of the Kentuckians who fell here are today re-reading the pages of the last letters written home before the battle, and diaries preserved through all the years that have come and gone, and as they read, tears of happiness fall on the musty pages, and they, and all other Kentuckians, join with me in the prayer, "God bless the people of Michigan for this noble act," and accompanying this prayer is a song of joy in our hearts as sweet as the note of a wild bird and as tender as a mother's lullaby. You have builded here a beautiful monument to our dead, and erected a more enduring one in the hearts of the living. In contemplation of such acts as this of yours state lines vanish from the geography of the heart, and patriotism in its purity proclaims anew that this is a common country.

Kentucky was the first State wrested from savagery west of the Alleghanies. As it was the favorite hunting ground of all the tribes east of the Mississippi it was most stubbornly defended, so, from necessity, the early Kentuckians were accustomed to the rifle and the camp.

[1] Our thanks are due Hon. Harry Conant for copies of the Monroe Record-Commercial, Sept. 8, 1904, from which is taken the report of this anniversary.

Skill in Indian warfare and a love for it were theirs by inheritance. This, with their natural resentment of oppression, made the war of 1812 extremely popular in Kentucky. It will be remembered that it was very unpopular in New England, and in some other sections of the east. As a result of all this a very large proportion of the army in the west was made up of Kentuckians.

As the British employed Indians as allies, men trained to Indian warfare were naturally regarded as the most efficient soldiers, and they most ably sustained this reputation. I trust we will not be accused of a lack of modesty in the claim that Kentucky contributed more than any other State to the subjugation not only of the territory now comprised in your proud State, but of that out of which the great States of Indiana, Illinois and Ohio have been carved.

Kentucky's quota, under the call for volunteers, was 5,500. More than 9,000 responded, not all of whom could be equipped. About this time the war spirit swept over the State afresh as a result of news that the British had broken all the rules of civilized warfare by offering a reward to the Indians for scalps. The call for volunteers had been made by Kentucky's war governor, the venerable Isaac Shelby, called by this crisis to the executive chair for the second time. The brilliant General Harrison, although not a Kentuckian, was commissioned major general of Kentucky's troops. In August, 1812, several regiments, under command of Colonels Allen, Lewis, Scott and Wells, all under Brigadier General Payne, rendezvoused at Georgetown. On August 19th, after divine services were held, they were addressed by Henry Clay, and with his patriotic words ringing in their ears, and the call of duty in their hearts, they started on their march northward. The relief of the northwestern forts, and if possible the invasion of Canada, was their object. At Newport, Kentucky, they learned of Hull's disgraceful surrender at Detroit. A desire to retrieve the flag from this disgrace added to their zeal, and they pushed forward. The line of march was through Dayton and Piqua, Ohio, to the first objective point, Fort Wayne, at that time reported to be in danger. They reached the fort on September 12th. From here the line of march was taken up to Fort Defiance. There was some skirmishing en route, but no serious engagements. At Fort Defiance they were delayed awaiting the arrival of supplies as the country to be traversed beyond was almost a wilderness. The supplies were long delayed, and insufficient when they arrived. It seems that the war department had not been advised of the difficulties of supplying an army in this territory, or to state it more correctly,

had not waited to learn the facts before attempting to thrust Harrison's army into the very heart of the enemy's country. Thinly clad and poorly fed the November rains brought fever and death to many. The rigors of winter set in and conditions grew rapidly worse. A half ration of flour was a luxury and sometimes for days bread was an unknown quantity in camp. A history of the sufferings of the army during this winter reads like a page from the story of Valley Forge. However, most of the men were enured to hardships and they bore up with that peculiar quality of courage that has singled them out in every war and on every battlefield where duty has marked out their path.

They remained at Fort Defiance until December 29th. Spies having reported at various times signs of Indians, on this date they set out to meet the enemy. Many of the horses had died, and those alive were so emaciated from lack of food that it was well-nigh impossible to move such supplies as the army had. So poorly equipped were they that in the first thirteen days they had marched but fifty miles. In many instances when a horse fell from starvation the men would harness themselves to the sled, for this was the means of conveyance, and pull the load. Under these circumstances the prospect of retaking Detroit and invading Canada was not alluring. Much of the ardor of the volunteers had wasted itself in inglorious struggles with hunger, disease, intolerable hardships and privations, but there was no thought of abandoning the campaign. With these already horrible conditions growing worse each day word came that the British were about to burn Frenchtown. General Winchester, a valiant soldier but unsuited to this character of warfare, had, by a blunder of the war department, superseded General Harrison. Harrison's skill as an Indian fighter, and his dash and daring, made him an ideal commander of the Kentucky troops. No one has undertaken to explain why the change was made. General Winchester sent about 700 Kentucky troops under Colonel Lewis and Colonel Allen to the relief of Frenchtown. Notwithstanding the bitter disappointment of the men at the displacement of General Harrison, and their pitiable plight as to rations and equipment, they pushed forward and captured Frenchtown on January 18th, without the loss of a man, although they suffered some loss in pursuing the Indians after they had taken the town. I cannot forbear just here relating an anecdote told to a participant in this battle by a Frenchman living in the village. It seems that an old Indian resided in the village who had taken part in the engagement some time previously between the Indians and the Ohio troops under General Tup-

per, in which Tupper's troops were of the approach of the troops to Frenchtown when he exclaimed, "Huh, Mericans come, suppose Ohio men come, we give them another chase." He walked to the door of his cabin smoking, apparently unconcerned and looked at the troops forming the battle line, he then called "Kentuck, by God," and picked up his gun and fled to the woods.

On the 21st of January the command was reinforced by Colonel Wells with some regulars, swelling the force to about 990 men. The main body of the troops were encamped within some picketing, and there was room within the enclosure for the regulars under Wells, but to encamp within the enclosure would place the regulars on the left wing, a breach of military etiquette General Winchester could not get the consent of his mind to make, and so the regulars encamped in the open, on the right wing. Rumors of the coming of Proctor and Tecumseh had reached the camp, but General Winchester did not regard the situation as serious, and in order to allay any fears his men might have of a night attack he took up his headquarters nearly a mile away, where he was very promptly captured the next morning early in the fight.

About daybreak on the morning of the 22nd, an overwhelming number of British and Indians, estimated at from 2,500 to 3,000 attacked the camp. The main body within the enclosure held their own, but those in the open, forced to retreat, were cut off and surrounded, a majority of them killed and nearly all the rest captured. Reinforcements from within the enclosure attempted to go to the assistance of those outside, but in passing through a narrow lane, without shelter, they were exposed to a merciless fire, and practically all killed or captured. General Winchester, being a prisoner, was told by Proctor that if he did not surrender all the troops he would not be able to prevent a massacre if the garrison did not know how well the stockade was being held. Under those circumstances he acted from his best judgment and ordered a surrender, much to the chagrin of the troops in the enclosure who were valiantly holding their own. Proctor promised to protect the prisoners and to furnish sleds to convey the wounded to Amherstburg. How well he kept his promise is a matter of history. Instead of sending conveyances for the wounded the next morning he turned loose on them a horde of his merciless savages, who set fire to the houses in which the wounded lay and massacred such as were able to crawl away from the flames. The Indians started for Malden with such of the wounded as they had not murdered, the pitiless tomahawks ending the

sufferings of those who became too weak to travel. A few of the wounded finally reached Malden, and together with the other prisoners were afterwards exchanged.

Colonel Allen, Captain Simpson, a member of congress, Captain Hickman, Captain Hart and Major Graves were among those killed, the last three being wounded in battle and murdered the following morning. These other officers, and the private soldiers, killed, were of the very best blood of the State. Their names are interwoven with every bright page of our history. Many towns and counties in the State bear the names of these heroes. Historians have written of their deeds, and poets have sung of their glory. On a magnificent monument at the capital of our State the names of many who fell here are chiseled, along with the names of those who fell in the Mexican war and in the Indian wars.

It will be remembered that after the surrender the able bodied prisoners were immediately marched away, no opportunity being allowed for burying our dead. The following spring burial was given to such remains as could be found. Years afterwards our State removed these remains, and they now rest near the monument referred to, at the capital of our State. A generous commonwealth keeps beautiful their last resting place, and a loyal people keep green their memory. But more of the sacred dust rests here, perhaps, than was removed, and so this is to us an hallowed spot, and rendered doubly so by the ceremonies of this day. With this monument as an evidence of your sentiment toward us we will no longer feel that the bones of our dead lie in a strange land. It is a strange land no longer. This day's work has extended the boundaries of our hearts love, and we have annexed this territory.

Sitting in the shadow of the monument Kentucky has reared to the memory of her heroes a Kentuckian, the immortal O'Hara, wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead." This occasion adds a still sweeter note of sentiment to the beautiful lines, and on this sacred spot, with the deathless glory of those who fell here in our minds, our hearts repeat:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fearless few;

On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tears are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

ADDRESS OF COLONEL BENNETT YOUNG.

War in American parlance is "organized barbarism." Napoleon said it was the "trade of barbarians" and an old Italian proverb declares "it is hell turned loose."

It was the fate of Kentucky from 1775 to 1814 to be subjected in a peculiar degree to the horrors which always follow in the train of warfare.

The capture of Ruddle's and Martin's station in 1780 by the English and Indians under Colonel Byrd; the battle of Blue Licks in 1782, and Floyd's Fork disaster a few days thereafter; Bowman's retreat, 1779, and St. Clair's defeat in 1790, the massacres by savages down to 1792, and the dreadful sacrifice fate laid upon her people at Raisin and Meigs in 1814; for the life of a generation filled the people of Kentucky with almost immeasurable grief, and left traces of sorrow and bereavement which half a century did not efface.

When congress faced the question of war Kentucky's five members of the house of representatives and her two senators were unanimous for the declaration of hostilities, and when in June, 1812, the nation realized that the struggle was on, and that the republic, then in its childhood, was to join battle with the greatest world power, Kentcky's quota was more than filled in thirty days, and thousands of her sons, aside from those permitted to volunteer, clamored to be allowed the privilege of fighting America's ancient foe.

News then transmitted by men on horseback, crossed the mountains slowly. It was near the 1st of July, 1812, that Kentuckians knew that war was begun. The superb military organizations then existing in the State made the completion of the quota easy. Men of all ranks clamored to be led against the enemy. It was not who would go, but who would be allowed to go. On August 14th, at Georgetown, Kentucky, three regiments were enlisted as United States soldiers. These men came largely from what is known as central Kentucky and were commanded by Colonels Allen, Lewis and Scott.

Rev. James Blythe, a Presbyterian minister, and an eloquent man of God, preached a sermon, while Henry Clay, with patriotic and glorious words, encouraged these warriors for the hardships and

dangers which awaited them in their country's service. He reviewed the causes of the war, set forth the many and unbearable grievances which had forced the government to declare war, and closed with an appeal to these soldiers to remember that Kentucky was renowned for the bravery of her people, and that they would not forget that they had both the prestige of Americans and Kentuckians to maintain.

At the commencement of this second war with Great Britain, the seventeen states then coming the republic, had a population of 7,200,000, of this 406,000 were inhabitants of Kentucky, of which 80,500 were slaves and 1,713 free colored, leaving of whites 324,000. This gave to Kentucky, including slaves and free negroes, only five and six tenths per cent of the population of the country. During the war she enlisted five per cent of her entire white population. Over 16,000 Kentuckians first and last were engaged in this conflict. The statistics given me by an eminent military expert show that during the entire conflict from June, 1812, to January, 1815, two and one-half years only, 1,848 men were killed, and 3,740 wounded.

Of these dead Kentucky gave as her offering thirty-three per cent.

The patriotism and courage of her sons met every call, and in the struggle to maintain the nation's honor, and to defend the nation's rights, her people responded with an enthusiasm and readiness, and made sacrifices which deserve a nation's gratitude.

Kentucky's death roll at Raisin and Meigs constitutes nearly one-third of all who were killed in the entire war, and the loss of those who died by the tomahawk when prisoners, or those who fell in the conflict made dreadful tribute from Kentucky for national glory and national defense.

The news from Raisin was slow in reaching the homes of those it most concerned. Messengers on horse, or those returning with pack horses used to transport supplies, were the first to bear the dreadful intelligence which was to blight so many homes and for years to overshadow so many hearts with deepest grief. One by one these couriers of evil came. Doubt and hope stood out against each fresh herald of woe, but the time at last came when all delusions were brushed aside and the awful story and the fearful scenes of this battlefield stalked in frightfullest terror before the minds of those who mourned this horrible calamity; widows, orphans, sisters, mothers, brothers, sweethearts communed with each other in reviewing the woe and anguish thus so unexpectedly brought into their lives. The whole State was clothed in grief; the dead, the barbarously treated dead came from a limited area

of the commonwealth, but rich and poor, old and young, all over the State wept with those who wept, and bewailed with universal lamentations the direfulness of this cruel tragedy, which had burst with overwhelming suddenness and shocking consternation upon the families of these noble and chivalrous Kentuckians.

But there came a quick reaction; no despair touched a single heart, no misfortune could still the patriotic impulses. This great crime against humanity only aroused a deeper love of the dead and a truer, higher devotion to the republic. The sacrifice had been of the richest blood of Kentucky's sons. They had not only died for liberty, but they had died by merciless treachery under all the most brutal forms of savagery. The great and pitiless wrong must be avenged. Men and women spoke the hateful word "Raisin" with pale cheeks, compressed lips and wrathful eyes, and throughout the whole of Kentcky, east, west, north and south, there was borne the sad, portentous words, "Remember the Raisin."

Amongst the most enthusiastic of the nation's patriots was a youthful Kentucky congressman. Born in a Kentucky wooden fort in the darkest days of Kentucky history, his mother, one of the women who walked in the face of death at Bryan's Station in 1782—elected to the legislature before he was twenty-one years old; sent to congress at twenty-five, no sooner had congress adjourned in the summer of 1812 before he hastened to his State and organized a battalion for active operations in Ohio and Michigan. By the end of the year he was at the head of a regiment and did valiant work for his country. At the expiration of the term of service he again resumed his seat in congress, but in February, 1813, he left his place at the national capital to recruit another regiment of mounted men under the order of the secretary of war issued February 13th. By May he had recruited the largest regiment organized in the west during the whole war. He refused to take his seat in the house of representatives, claiming that the highest duty of a freeman was on the field of battle. His regiment left Kentucky in May and from then until October did most effective service in the northwest and received from General Harrison and his other superiors only praise and commendation for the magnificent work of his men. His appeal to Kentuckians to remember the Raisin and Meigs brought to his standard the choicest of Kentucky soldiers. Long before the battle of the Thames the name of this brilliant young statesman, soldier, Richard M. Johnson, had won a strong and prominent place in the hearts of his people.

The conditions in northern Ohio and southern Michigan, always bad, had not improved during the last half of 1813. The expiration of enlistment of the men at Fort Meigs and adjoining defenses, the coming of inclement weather, the hardships of a winter campaign discouraged the militia and filled General Harrison's mind with serious apprehension. In this emergency he realized that there was one place to which he could go for help; one people who would meet any call; one governor who would meet his every requisition—Kentucky was the place—Kentuckians were the people, and Isaac Shelby was the governor.

And so a messenger was dispatched to Governor Shelby, a hero of King's mountain, to gather his clansmen and come over and help the nation in its hour of peril. Couriers were sent from county to county; the thrilling call of the governor was printed upon handbills and distributed to every part of the State. Three things were said: "The country needs its bravest sons. Shelby although sixty-three years old will lead you and share your privations and perils. 'Remember the Raisin.'" This was call enough.

To a large proportion of the men thus answering so patriotic a summons, absence from home at this period involved tremendous sacrifices, but nothing could stay the generous impulse which warmed and animated their souls, and rendered them willing to do all and abide all which the sense of their country's honor and right required at their hands. And so from the great valleys where the Cumberland and the Tennessee pour their waters into the Ohio; from the hills which overshadow the Green and the Barren; from the mountains that feed the rippling Rockcastle; from the headwaters of the Cumberland; from the picturesque land where the Kentucky cuts its deep way through the lime rocks and finds for its waters an outlet in the bosom of the Ohio; from the places that feed the Licking and the Big Sandy—patriots everywhere—made response with liberty's noblest offering, their persons, and these Kentuckians moved to the place of rendezvous where they should become an army, and be officered and led to meet America's most detested foe. To Newport came the best and bravest men the great commonwealth could offer or send; social rank was forgotten and ignored; political position set aside; duty to country was higher, more sacred than all other considerations, and these heroes stood ready to act when and where and as country called.

The personnel of this little army surpassed in valor, in intelligence, and in patriotic zeal any similar number of men which had ever been organized in the State of Kentucky. The ready response, the unflagging

ardor and the superb courage which animated their action made them a most formidable foe. A large number of them holding official positions, many of them revolutionary soldiers, more of them men of renown won by participation in the Indian battles from 1782 to 1794, they were possessed of the spirit of great personal pride, of manly courage, and of unlimited devotion to the cause of their country. In that early period of its history the men of Kentucky had the same wonderful state love which had characterized its inhabitants during all its existence. They felt that the reverses at Raisin and Fort Meigs and the horrors and barbarities which had attended the battles at both these places, demanded from the State of Kentucky retribution, and they were willing to make any march, face any danger and engage in any conflict which should avenge the death of their fellow-citizens, and restore the glorious record of their commonwealth for courage and chivalry. Each man felt that he was engaged in history-making; that aside from the individual glory which might result from the campaigns, there was something higher and nobler to be considered in this; the honor, the reputation and the fame of Kentucky was at stake. No draft or threatened conscription had brought these heroes together. No fear of danger could drive them from their purpose. They were to follow leaders in whom they believed, and in whom they trusted with sincerest faith. The sight of their governor, Isaac Shelby, was in itself an inspiration, and the vast number of revolutionary soldiers like William Whitley, Anthony Crockett, Joseph Desha and William Henry gave renewed inspiration to every military impulse.

Shelby and his Kentucky army reported to General Harrison at Perrysburg on the 14th of September, 1813, and remained at Put-in Bay until the 27th, when leaving their homes at Portage river, they embarked on Commodore Perry's fleet, landed at Malden on English soil and began the pursuit of Proctor and Tecumseh, who after Perry's glorious victory began to retreat eastward toward Hamilton.

On the crowded ships, on the hostile shore, on the line of march, men whispered and shouted, "Remember the Raisin." Henry and Desha, the division commanders, spoke these strong words, "Remember the Raisin," and from the long line of plodding, toiling infantrymen now deprived of their useful and beloved heroes, came cheer after cheer, but always the same deep, sharp quick cry, "Remember the Raisin." By some magic spell, the thought and words of these sturdy, brave legions seemed to be transformed into one thought, one sound, one

impulse, one hope, one aim, and that found utterance in the omnious, significant cry, "Remember the Raisin."

As these dismounted soldiers approached the small town opposite Detroit on the afternoon of September 30th, they caught sight of a long line of horsemen proceeding at quick time, dragging with them four pieces of artillery. They had just come from the spot where we now stand; they had camped upon this battlefield the night of September 28th.

As they had approached this place they saw the bones of their massacred brothers scattered over the plains for three miles south of the river. Ninety days before Colonel Johnson had sent a detachment to the battlefield which had collected and buried the remains of many who had fallen on the fatal field. These interments, however, had been hasty, and the graves had been opened and bones scattered afresh over the land. This awful sight produced a tremendous effect on the hearts of the men. With these grim reminders before them they saw again the helpless wounded prisoners, and the barbarous savages bent on their schemes of murder, outrage and robbery. They looked in grief and reverential awe on the spot where the noble and gallant Allen had fallen, where the handsome and brilliant Hart had gone down, and where the chivalrous Wolfolk had been butchered. Before them was the ruin in which the ashes of Hickman and his companions were mingled, and nearby were pointed out the places where Simpson had found his end, where Montgomery, and Davis, and McAfee, with self-sacrificing faithfulness in their devotion to their wounded comrades had met an honorable though barbarous death, and where Lieutenant Graves had been shamefully slain. In the early morning an Indian guide had taken them to the spot where Simpson had been put to death. His extraordinary height, six and a half feet, enabled his friends to identify his remains, and they were given honorable sepulture. This sad duty having been performed, the line of march was at once taken up.

Enthusiasm was now at fever heat. Shelby's men shouted across the stream, "Remember the Raisin," and Johnson's men answered back with the bitterness and fierceness provoked by the horrors they had witnessed two days before, "Remember the Raisin."

With the 3,000 Kentuckians General Harrison and Governor Shelby began on October 1st the hunt of Proctor and Tecumseh in earnest. The dismounted militia vied with Johnson's regiment in making the pursuit vigorous. Many portions of the march were passed at half run, and one day they covered twenty-five miles. Thamesville was a small

settlement east of Detroit on the English highway from Hamilton to Detroit, sixty-three miles east of the latter place and twelve miles from Lake Erie. Here on the afternoon of October, 1813, the English and Indians were brought to bay.

Proctor had with him the forty-first British regiment. They had been at Raisin. These he placed on the main road; Tecumseh had 1,800 Indians; these were assigned to a place in a swamp at right angles to the main road. Johnson's Kentucky mounted riflemen, 1,200 in number, held the front line of the American advance, while the five brigades of dismounted men were a few hundred feet behind. Proctor was with the British forces 1,500 feet away from the front of his line.

The hour for action had come. Behind, weary marchings of four hundred miles, full of self-denial and unchanging privations, before them, enemies arousing an immeasurable hate. Every heart was full of memories of savage brutality and cruelty to relatives, friends and fellow-citizens for a quarter of a century. The horrible massacre of the Raisin, its indescribable barbarity and its fiendish inhumanity was painted on every soul, and the spirit of its slain victims seemed to ride side by side in martial procession with these living horsemen, fate's avengers, chosen to inflict punishment on its ferocious perpetrators.

The atrocities of Fort Meigs were not forgotten and the cry of the Kentuckians, tortured and murdered by the savage red man within the sight of British officers, and coolly tomahawked or shot while helpless and defenseless in their very presence, seemed to beseech heaven for a just and complete revenge upon those guilty of such unspeakable horrors.

Among Kentuckians now aligning for conflict were men who had looked upon all that was awful at Raisin and terrible at Fort Meigs. Some had shared in the humiliation of Detroit's surrender, and had witnessed their country's flag and honor sullied by General Hull's cowardice and imbecility, while others had endured the trials, insults and torture of British prisons. All were animated by the highest courage and truest patriotism. The generous impulses of brave and chivalrous souls impelled every man to the noblest discharge of duty, and every ear was listening with absorbing interest for the sound which should call them to battle with their detested foes.

Every man signalled his desire to march in the front line; there was neither laggards nor cowards in that Kentucky army. Intense desire to avenge the murder of fellow-Kentuckians was quickened by an eager patriotism and sharpened by an honorable ambition for individual

honor and renown. If any were selfish of distinction, it was a selfishness controlled and directed by a thorough subjection to the glory of Kentucky and their country, and seeking in the discharge of a public service to win a crown of personal fame.

The long line of cavalry formed in columns, and the infantry, directed by aides and officers, moved with celerity and eagerness to find their proper positions in the order of battle.

For some months previous Johnson had been training his regiment to charge in line to the forests in Ohio. He had used a large number of blank cartridges to accustom the horses to the use of fire arms. Discovering the mistake which the British had made of placing their infantry in open order Colonel Johnson at once communicated this fact to General Harrison, and told him with his cavalry regiment he could break the British line in a single charge.

Amid hurried movements and while the spirit of the men was thrilled with the enthusiastic joy which ever fills the true warrior's breast at battle's eve, the command, "Forward, charge," rang out on the oppressive stillness which surrounded the expectant host.

Hardly had the horses begun to move, when another cry, terrible in its intensity, and with foreboding wrath in its tones, filled the space overshadowed by the mighty monarchs of the forest. From the stalwart throats of nearly six hundred Kentuckians, there arose the cry, "Remember the Raisin." As they lifted this mighty shout to heaven they saw about them the forms of their murdered comrades and friends and relations. They beheld the bedizened, painted savages, with barbarous cruelty, strike their wounded foes and casting their bodies when dead, or writhing, into the flames to be consumed. They remembered the bones of their fellow citizens scattered along the river and the fields and woods adjacent thereto, and before them arose visions of those fleshless skeletons which, seven days before, they had for the second time committed to mother earth.

Eight months and thirteen days had elapsed since this awful tragedy at Raisin had been enacted, but the two visits that these charging men had made to that dreadful spot and the scenes they had there witnessed (for some in the command had been at the Raisin) burned into their brains and created in their minds images which nerved every arm, thrilled every soul, and inspired every heart with the desire to punish and to destroy those who had been responsible for that awful catastrophe.

As the cry of these Kentuckians resounded through the forests, it fell

upon the ears of the British regulars, who themselves had been at the battle of the Raisin, and whose officers had connived at, or at least permitted, the slaughter of Allen, Graves, Hickman, Wolfolk, Simpson and their noble comrades.

The galloping columns caused the earth to shake and the great beeches to vibrate as men and horses maddened with the excitement of battle, crowded, shouted and rushed to the conflict. The very boughs and leaves of the overshadowing trees swayed and trembled as if keeping time to the cadence of war's weird, strange and frenzied notes.

In the fierce charge there was but one cry oft repeated, but rising each time in sharper and quicker tones: "Remember the Raisin—Remember the Raisin."

These avenging warriors catching the enthusiasm and delirium of combat, rose high in their stirrups, and plunged their spurs into the flanks of their chargers as they approached their enemy, still more furiously, waived their guns aloft and with their voices made stronger and stronger by the excitement of their impetuosity, cried the more vehemently, "Remember the Raisin," "Remember the Raisin."

No human power could resist this assault of Johnson's first battalion. Cowering on the earth, or taking refuge behind the trees in their line, the red coats of the forty-first British gave way. As well attempt to resist the cyclone or ward off the lightning as to stay this onslaught. The Kentucky horsemen were invincible. No sooner had they passed the second line than wheeling about, they sprang to the ground, and with deadliest aim poured their fire into the fear stricken infantry, who in their terror begged for mercy and implored a pity which at Raisin and Meigs they had denied the friends and brothers of the men who had now defeated them, and before whom they knelt as suppliants for mercy.

A quarter of a mile away at the rear, in the edge of the forest, along the trail, was the commander of the British regulars, General Henry A. Proctor, who was responsible for the revolting butchery and brutality at Raisin and Meigs. He came to Canada as the colonel of a British regiment, and his atrocities have never been reproved by his government. For his conduct at Raisin he had been promoted to a brigadier general.

His ear was quick to detect danger. He knew his fate if the Kentuckians (many of whom had sworn that he should not be taken alive) should capture him.

He distinctly heard the tramp of Johnson's mounted men, and his ear

caught that portentous and to him fateful cry, "Remember the Raisin." Dismayed, he watched and waited for the result. He saw one line brushed out of the path of the horsemen or rush in confusion upon the second line. He beheld this last line disappear and the black hunting shirts and grey hunting breeches of the Kentuckians as they dismounted and turned upon his stricken and helpless grenadiers, and then with his cowardly conscience impelling him, he turned his horses's head eastward and accompanied by a small guard of horsemen precipitately fled toward Burlington. Hard pressed by Major DeVall Payne, he abandoned his baggage and followers and fled through the forest to escape capture. His ignominious conduct brought upon him the contempt of his associates. He was tried by court-martial, disgraced, and deprived of pay for six months, and was publicly reprimanded by his superiors by order of his government.

A sterner conflict and more sanguinary fate awaited the second battalion of Johnson's regiment.

This was formed in two columns, on horseback, while one company was dismounted and on foot placed in front of the right column, which was led by Colonel Johnson. The front of each column was something like 500 feet. At the head of the column led by Johnson was a company on foot, while in front of those mounted was what was known as the "Forlorn Hope," in the courage and gallantry of which on that day was written one of the most heroic and sublimely brave acts which had ever been recorded of Kentucky men.

The "Forlorn Hope" consisted of twenty men. Colonel Johnson himself rode by its side. It was led by the grand old pioneer, William Whitley, and was composed, so far as known, of the following persons:

William Whitley, of Lincoln, enlisted as a private in James Davidson's company; Benjamin S. Chambers, quartermaster, a lawyer from Scott county; Garrett Wall, forage master, Scott county; Eli Short, assistant forage master, Scott county; Samuel A. Theobald, lawyer, Franklin county, judge-advocate; Samuel Logan, second lieutenant Coleman's company from Harrison county; Robery Payne, private, James Davidson's company, probably from Lincoln or Scott counties; Joseph Taylor, private, J. W. Reading's company; William S. Webb, private, Jacob Stucker's company, Scott county; Richard Spurr, private, Captain Samuel Combs' company, Fayette county; John McGunnigale, private, Captain Samuel Combs' company, Fayette county.

These twenty men with Colonel R. M. Johnson, and the pioneer William Whitley, at once advanced to the front. The main line halted for

a brief space, until this advance could assume position, and when once they were placed, at the command "Forward, march," they quietly and calmly rode to death.

In the thickets of the swamp, in which lay Tecumseh and his red soldiers, they peered in vain for a foe. Not a man stirred, but the ominous silence betokened only the more dreadful fire when the moment of contact should come.

Along the narrow space they advanced. Stunted bushes and matted and deadened grass impeded their horses' feet, but these heroes urged their steeds forward with rapid walk, seeking the hidden foe in the morass that skirted the ground upon which they had aligned.

These were not unwilling victims to war's savage sacrifices. They understood and realized the dangerous and deadly mission upon which they were bent. This noble vanguard was the cynosure of all eyes, and their fellows watched with almost stilled hearts to hear the signal guns which meant wounding and death to these twenty men who were daring so much and who were ready to receive into their own hearts and bodies the leaden hail which in an instant all knew must be emitted from the ambush into which with open eyes, steady minds and unblanched cheek this gallant band was now so bravely pushing. Fifteen hundred savages with their cocked rifles at their shoulders, and with their fingers upon the triggers, were waiting and watching only a few hundred yards away, and behind trees and fallen logs and thick underbrush, and with the silence of assassins, were longing for the word which should order them to pour death's missiles into the chivalrous squadron which, with absolute fearlessness, was seeking them in their lair. Into their minds came memories of those they loved, half a thousand miles away in peaceful Kentucky homes. Years these heroes lived in the few seconds required to pass the narrow space between them and their foes. Before their eyes came images of those dearer than life itself. Wives, sisters, mothers, sweethearts seemed to be gazing at them from every side, and with affection's instinct, they almost reached out to touch those imaginary forms which hovered about them in this supreme moment. They could hear tender voices calling, they could feel the imprint of love's kiss upon their lips, and catch the brave words spoken at parting four months before, when they set out at their country's call to face danger, and, if need be, death in her service; but all these only urged them forward in duty's path, and gave them calmer and nobler purpose in the conflict which was now upon them. Seconds were transformed into years. Almost breath-

less, and with an anxiety which temporarily stilled every physical function, the battalion waited for the instant when death's messengers should be turned loose and in their fury be hurled upon the brave men who composed the advance.

The suspense was brief. A loud, clear, savage voice rang out the word "Fire." The sharp crackling of half a hundred rifles was the response, and then the deafening sound of a thousand shots filled the air. The smoke concealed those who fired the guns but the murderous effect was none the less terrible. Of the twenty, one alone escaped unhurt or failed to be unhorsed. A mass of fallen, struggling horses, a company of wounded, dying men lay side by side. The bleeding beasts whinnied to dead masters, and wounded masters laid their hands on the quivering bodies of their faithful steeds. Of the twenty, fifteen were dead, or to die. Their leader with a dozen wounds, still sat erect, his judge-advocate, Theobald close to his side. The remainder was lost in the battle's confusion.

The "Forlorn Hope" had met its fate. Its mission was to receive the fire of the savages, when their fellows and comrades might safely charge upon the red men with guns unloaded. Its purpose had been fulfilled. The promise of its commander to save all life possible, spoken at Great Crossings in Kentucky on the 18th of May with advocate Theobald close to his side, had been annihilated. On this fateful field it had won imperishable renown and had carved out fadeless glory. It had been destroyed, but its members had magnified Kentucky manhood and written in the lifeblood of three-fourths of its members a story of courage and patriotic sacrifice which would live forever. Whenever and wherever their deed should be told it would command the world's applause, and down through all the ages excite in the hearts of Kentuckians noblest pride in the glorious immortality they had purchased by their unselfish, superb and patriotic sacrifice for their country's cause.

The five hundred and fifty men of Johnson's battalion were reinforced by quite a number of volunteer infantrymen from Trotter's, Donaldson's and Simrall's regiments, who hearing the firing and the shouts both of the Indians and white men, rushed to the assistance of their comrades.

For a quarter of an hour the result of the battle seemed in doubt. Eighteen hundred Indians in the swamp and on their chosen battlefield, behind trees and fallen logs, did not hesitate to throw down the gage

of battle to the six thousand Kentuckians who now advanced to the assault.

As the lines were pushed along through the morass, Colonel Johnson saw behind a fallen tree, an Indian chief, who with vigorous words of command and loud cheers and most earnest encouragement was urging the red men to stand firm against the assaults of the white men.

At the head of the column opposing these men, Johnson still sitting upon his white mare, rode around the tree and advanced upon the red man. At the first fire he had lost by a wound the use of his left hand, in which he would carry his bridle. The Indian placing his gun to his shoulder immediately fired and added another to the many wounds already received by the gallant Kentuckian, and then having exhausted his trusty rifle, with uplifted tomahawk, he advanced upon the white man, who, although wounded, was now riding upon him fearlessly and rapidly. The savage jerking his tomahawk from his side and waiting for no assistance except his own strong arm backed by his courageous soul, rushed upon Colonel Johnson to strike him from his horse, but when he had advanced within four feet, Johnson letting his horse loose, seized his pistol from his helpless left hand and fired its contents into the breast of the Indian. Being loaded with one bullet and three buckshot, at such close range, and piercing the heart of the Indian, he instantly fell dead. Some said it was Tecumseh. He was certainly a great leader, and it was at this time that somebody in the battle killed Tecumseh.

The red men with amazement looked upon the sudden and unexpected death of their valiant chief. They heard no more his shouts of encouragement, saw no more the gallant wave of his hand, and with utter alarm and despair, and with a great cry of disappointment, they rushed from the battlefield.

In a single instant every hope was crushed and every national aspiration perished. These children of the forest, taught by the incantations of the dead warrior's brother to believe that Tecumseh was immortal, saw him reel, fall and die as others of the race had done. Tecumseh's eloquence had made them confident that the hated white man's advance could be stayed, and that the nation of seventeen fires could not prevail against the red man protected and led by the great spirit.

With Tecumseh dead, to them life was a bitter and unbearable burden. It had neither hope nor joy. Confident that the white man's bullet was harmless against their heroic leader, when they saw him tremble with pain, fall, then writhe and die, they read in this awful

tragedy the doom of their race, the destruction of every cherished dream of success, and understood that a remorseless fate had befallen and was to destroy them.

They were not faithless, however, even in such awful gloom, to him who had led, encouraged and directed them through so many years and in so many battles. Tenderly and reverently they lifted the warm, bleeding and stilled body of the great chieftain into their arms; stalwart warriors became pallbearers. In the darkness of the night, with the somber shade of the trees shutting out even the gleaming of the moon, or the pale reflection of the stars, they walked in single file far out into the unexplored wilderness of the sylvan expanse to find a resting place for their beloved dead.

They had done what an Indian had rarely ever done before, they left the corpse of their fellows who had fallen in the struggle to the mercy of their foes. They had violated a code of honor and war dear to them and their ancestors, and they hurried away from the scene of this fateful conflict to give the ashes of Tecumseh repose where they felt the foot of pale-face would never tread and where his eyes would never look upon the grave of him they called the "Shooting Star," and who to them, in their simple faith, had been sent from the unseen spirit land to be their chieftain, their guide and their national leader.

The dust of Tecumseh, in their loving hearts, was too sacred for the white man's view. The great warrior had loved the trees and the rivers and the waving grasses, and the silence and grandeur of their surroundings, and amid these they imagined that his departure from the world's scenes to another would best suit his noble conceptions and his grand ideas of life here and hereafter; and thus, with the rustling of the leaves in response to the tread of moccasined feet, as a requiem, they moved on amid the black darkness to a distant place in the wooded wilderness where a few of his comrades, with their tomahawks and their hands, hollowed out a grave under a widespreading monarch of the forest, which was to stand guard over the sacred spot forever, and where in the peace and yet in the terror of the tomb, Tecumseh was to rest forever.

With skilfull craft they leveled the earth; with cunning hand they laid leaves upon it so that none could find it, and unknown, unmarked, the Indian warrior's resting place was forever hid from the white man's search. The red man alone knew and he died with the secret in his heart.

Tecumseh was dead. The Indian power was crushed. Proctor was

in cowardly flight and disgrace as a man and soldier. The red man had by a lesson never to be forgotten, felt the power of the white man's strong arm, and learned, that no British agency could save him when the white man undertook his punishment. The red men were humbled and their hopes destroyed. The great northwest was free. Michigan was the white man's possession by right of conquest, and by the power of the sword had been made forever a part of the American republic.

This conquest and freedom cost Kentucky incalculable treasures. Some of her noblest sons had gone down to death to find unknown graves in the bosom of this State.

From the far away forests of Canada, along the traces war had made, over the waters of Lake Erie, across the swamps and wooded expanses of Ohio, there was borne to Kentucky the story of Kentucky valor, which on the battlefield of the Thames had avenged some of the wrongs of Raisin.

The British soldiers who had commanded at the shameful massacre of these knightly Kentuckians, were now prisoners and were to march as captives over this battlefield, where their barbaric cruelty and brutality had done so much to blacken the name and honor of their nation, and in the end to be prisoners of war in the penitentiary of the State whose soldiers they had ruthlessly allowed to be murdered, while their savage allies who they had incited to kill, burn and scalp, while men, while women and even children, whose only offense was to be an American, were hiding in the pathless woods of Canada and Michigan to avoid the white man's wrath.

Raisin was remembered; Raisin was avenged; but did these valiant sons of the great commonwealth die in vain?

The stupendous development of the mighty northwest; the happy homes; the millions of brave men and noble women; the mighty cities, the innumerable factories, the countless schools, the myriad colleges and universities, and the peace and joy and protection which comes from a people's government—all answer that this sacrifice was not without return.

Here beneath the storehouses under the streets, amid its smiling gardens and green swarded lawns, under widespreading elms, you have won richest spoils—the ashes of Kentucky's brave. Long delayed, at last with lavish hand, this mighty commonwealth of Michigan, recalls the courage, patriotism and the death of these gallant slain, and this beautiful monument declares that Michigan, for whom these fallen soldiers died, "Remember the Raisin."

Kentucky herself has been recreant to the memory of her glorious dead, but her people today with grateful pride recognize their tribute by Michigan to her sons who perished here nearly ninety-one years ago, and as a loyal son of Kentucky, I come to bring you greeting from Kentucky's 2,500,000, and to thank you in their name for this memorial to her children.

Among the Kentuckians who responded to their country's call in 1812, there was a young lawyer named John Allen. Brave, brilliant, handsome, popular, in the full tide of professional, social and political success and renown—the associate and peer of Jos. Felix Grundy, John Rowan, John Pope, and others of Kentucky's famous men, he raised one of the first regiments to meet Kentucky's quota. About thirty years of age, married to a brilliant and beautiful woman, the daughter of Ben Logan, a man whose place in Kentucky history was second to none—with a little daughter only commencing to toddle and speak the sweet word "father;" with a magnificent home just completed in the very heart of God's country—the Blue Grass—with all that could make life beautiful, happy or desirable, he marched away at country's call.

His tall, straight, handsome form clad in uniform at the head of the very flower and chivalry of his state, clothed too in gorgeous military dress, the people of Shelbyville, Kentucky, his home, thought that nobler sight had never fallen on human eyes, as these patriots all aglow with war's enthusiasm, set out for this distant place to meet their country's foe. We have heard the sequel. When Colonel Wells and General Winchester were sore pressed by the English and the Indians, John Allen and Colonel Lewis each with fifty men sallied forth from their picket enclosure to assist and rally their comrades and to stem the torrent of assault. In the defeat the brilliant young colonel was swept away pleading with his people to stand and die rather than flee and be captured. A short distance from where we now stand, he was attacked by three Indians; two of them he killed with his sword, and the third shot him to death. He died with his face to the foe. Stripped of his clothing, scalped, his body was left the prey for beasts.

To the Kentucky home, where the loving and beautiful young wife and baby were watching to catch the echo of the glory which it was believed would crown his life, one day came a soldier who had passed the ordeal of Raisin. He told the wife that her husband was dead. She exclaimed, with tears bursting from her eyes, that it could not be so; that her husband could not thus die, that he would come again.

Mournfully and sadly the soldier said, "Do not look for him; I saw him in conflict with the Indians. He will never come to you again." In this mother heart hope would not die. Day by day from the front porch of the new home, where love had planned a happy and joyous life, with hand shading her eyes she peered for hours along the road he would pass if he ever returned. At night the shutter of her front window was thrown open and a candle placed on the sill, so that whenever he came he would know that his wife and baby were watching and waiting to see his face again, longing to feel the imprint of a loving kiss from the soldier father, who amid the pomp and splendor of war, had gone away with promise soon to come again.

There was no sign of his coming. His bones without sepulture were resting in the woods at Raisin. The watching by day, the longing at night, the vision of the road, and the unfailing light in the window could not bring the dead to life. The childish prattle of his infant daughter, the tears and anguish of his loving wife could bring no response from the dead warrior. In a little while the wife grew thin, the caresses of her baby, the pleading for her father's homecoming, ate deep into the mother heart. Friends noticed that the step was not so quick, and if smiles came to her lips they betokened a sorrow and grief that was wasting her life. For eight years the wife watched the road. She had trusted that the Indians had him still a captive: for eight years those who passed the great highway from Lexington to Louisville, saw the bright light in the window. They knew why it was there and passed it in tender silence and mournful sympathy. And on one day death forced the issue. As the dim twilight spread over the landscape, and the gloaming of the evening hushed the toil and labor of the farm, and nature with darkness was urging the world to sleep, the widow with wasted hands and emaciated form, looked out upon the stillness and quiet of the departing day and with the light of heaven and the joy of love in her eyes, she pressed her daughter to her bosom. "He is come; the candle need not be lighted today," and with the angels in that blessed land where sorrow and tears are never known, the hero of Raisin and his faithful wife were united eternally.

ADDRESS OF GOV. CRITTENDEN OF MISSOURI, GRANDSON OF COL. ALLEN.

I have been deeply touched, my friends, with what has been said of my native state. I belong to two states, Kentucky by nativity and to Missouri by adoption. I am proud of both states. No man with

a particle of patriotism in his heart, no woman with a single emotion of kindness in her nature can ever forget his or her native state or his or her native country.

I am here by invitation. It is very pleasant to be in Michigan on this occasion. There are some sad memories connected with this place, yet so many intervening years have come and gone those memories have almost faded away. I am the grandson of Colonel John Allen, who was engaged in the battle of River Raisin at the head of a Kentucky regiment, January 22 and 23, 1813. My mother was his youngest daughter, and was married to my father, Henry Crittenden, May 14, 1818, and died at Cloverport, Ky., April 24, 1877; a devoted wife, a christian mother of thirteen children and a lofty type of American womanhood of the old school, whose devotion was more toward the duties of home than to the dress and frivolities of society. Would to God our land was now filled with such pure, elevating representative wives and mothers. It is pleasant to be here on this occasion, pleasant to be with my countrymen from the State of Michigan, an important part of our unbroken union of states; pleasant, I assure you to be a witness of the unveiling of this monument erected by the people of Michigan through the patriotism of its legislature, to be known and unknown heroes who gave their lives almost on this identical spot, in defense of your liberties and homes, in defense of our common flag, in defense of the rights and lives of your citizens of that distant day. The honors paid to those brave men, long since gone to their reward may be late, but it is none the less impressive, none the less appreciated by the great State of Kentucky, as indicated by the presence of its representatives whose sons fell like leaves in wintry weather in this disastrous battle; and none the less appreciated by those of us bearing his blood, lineal descendants of Colonel John Allen, the commanding officer of the Kentuckians of that bloody day.

"Bloodiest in the book of time;" when the promises of soldierly treatment if a surrender were made were not regarded for a moment, were made to be broken, for immediately after the surrender the Indians were turned loose upon the wounded, dying and dead without a moment's restraint, and no mercy whatever was exhibited, no respect for station nor condition and our countrymen, strange as it may be, found not in the British officers or soldiery "a generous friend or a pitying foe." When we reflect on this occurring almost one hundred years ago, our very blood boils within our veins and there is much to induce us to remember this fated battle with oaths almost as terrible

as those made by young Hannibal against Rome. For a moment let us turn to a more pleasant picture. The hospitality of Michigan is no less renowned than are its beautiful homes and genial lakes. This is exemplified here today at Monroe city, the scene of the battle, with its assembled "fair women and brave men," which is but the spirit that animates the whole commonwealth on this memorable day. The hearts, like the gates of Michigan are thrown wide open on this patriotic occasion, and though some of us have come from afar, from distant states, drawn here by the ties of blood and the kindred touch of being one people, yet, we all feel at home as your smiles are but the reflexes of your noble hearts, and your greetings are as sweet to the stranger within your gates as the music of your rolling waves that fall so sweetly on our ear.

It is well for the Americans to forget such punic faith, such barbarous and uncivilized actions, to forget such an unholy combination between the English and the Indians against a free and brave people, whose independence had been gained almost a half century before from the same leading power. I am an American of the deepest and most indelible taint. I am one of the grandsons of that great Kentuckian, that great lawyer and great soldier, Colonel Allen, and without abuse of the courtesy extended to me I hope I will be permitted to express my indignation and horror of the massacre as much in the language of a great Englishman as in that of my own. The elder Hamlet said to his son, when he appeared as a ghost, on the stage after "the deep damnation of his taking off." "If you have nature in you bear it not." And I, at this late day, cherish a feeling of softened animosity against England not unsupported by a cause and a righteous cause at that. If England were right in its declaration of war against the young republic, which I deny, it certainly was too large and too rich to form such an alliance with the uncivilized and infidel Indians as Chatham called them. It was a concession of its own weakness of the weakness of its own cause and a confession that it had a higher regard for the Indian than for those whom the Elder Pitt in an eloquent speech made in parliament, November 18, 1777, said: "We turn loose those savage hell hounds against our brethren, our countrymen in America, of the same language of the same laws, liberties and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. I could not have slept this night," said the great orator, " in my bed, or have reposed my head on my pillow without giving this vent to my eternal abhorence of such preposterous and enormous principles." If such were the sentiments

of that great statesman at that day, when this country was still attached to England by conquest and otherwise, thirty-six years before the battle of River Raisin, thirty-six years before the re-employment of these same "hell hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America in the war of 1813," what would those sentiments, those burning expressions, those embittered denunciations have been could this old man eloquent have risen from his grave thirty-six years after the first denunciatory utterances when witnessing "the laying waste of this country, the desolation of its homes, the extirpation of our race by those horrible, merciless, pitiless savages, bearing the torch and tomahawk in one hand and the English flag in the other." These are not my words, Mr. President, but those of the great Englishman whose breast was aglow with patriotism and whose heart was akin in feeling to his blood and his kindred in America. If such words stir your blood now, eighty-seven years after the event, what must have been the deep resentment in America against England and the crown at the time when that crown was again undertaking to conquer our country. It may not be amiss to present to this audience first, the primary causes of the war of 1812-15, and then its result, the great growth of our country now a world power with its flag floating on every sea, with its influence felt to the uttermost verge of civilization, a foeman worthy the steel of any country, and a friend whose hand is unstained by cowardice, unblackened by perfidy and ever raised in behalf of the down trodden of every country. It was difficult indeed for England to recognize the fact that this country had won its independence in 1776 and following years, that it was, and of a right, a free independent country belonging to none, no longer submissive to England's distant courts, its decrees, taxations or orders. It required a war two years and eight months or three years as it is commonly called, to awaken England to our actual separation from its colonial or territorial limits.

It is related when old Benjamin Franklin heard some one say, "our first war with Great Britain was the war of independence," he at once reproved him by saying, "Sir, you mean of the revolution; the war of independence is yet to come," and it did come and it has come to stay. That was the war of 1812-15, and every hope on the part of England to bring us back to the state of colonies was then dissipated and it has never undertaken since to assert its supremacy by arms over this land of the free and home of the brave.

England claimed the right for many years after the peace of 1783 to govern us in some way. It believed the old confederation which

bound our states together during our struggle, or our revolution against its domination was as weak as a rope of sand and would soon be dissolved by the conflicting interests of the state and by the defective system of finance, by the absence of a strong federal head, anarchy and rebellion would soon arise from the ambition of individuals and the restless condition of the different states. How well those expectations were fulfilled, it is not for me to say now, but I will state in the presence of this great audience that we are today an indivisible union of states stronger than ever before with one common federal head as the general governing power and forty-five separate distinct states, ruling and controlling in their respective limits under the constitution of the United States and the several constitutions of the several states. It required the bloodiest war in this or any century or country to settle and determine those conflicting interests, but it has been done even as costly as it was in blood, men and money to the entire satisfaction of everybody, north and south. It is said that Lord Chancellor Hale of England had said when speaking of the law of frauds, that every word of its interpretation by the courts had cost immense sums in gold. I can well say the interpretation of our national constitution between the rights of the general government and the state, has cost billions in money and legions of the most precious lives ever given up in any cause.

General Washington issued an address to the American troops before the battle of Long Island, which could with equal force and propriety have been addressed to our soldiers of the war of 1812. He said: "The time is near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be free men or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance or the most abject submission. We have therefore to resolve to conquer or die. Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion and if we now shamefully fail we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause and the aid of the Supreme Being in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other,

and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth."

Our people after a series of naval battles and after the battle of the Thames, triumphed gloriously as our cause was just before all human and divine eyes and will remain so as long as we are true to God, as long as we are true to ourselves and true to the great principles for which our fathers fought and for which those victories were won.

It is not to be denied that we had in those days many strong reasons to be resentful towards England, but as the victors should always be generous is it not time for us to rise above those hours of animosity and stand above the lower passions of our nature. It is the small man, the small nature, which forever treasures wrong, small or great, and it is the great and strong who rise above small things, standing erect in the strength of their own manhood and in the conviction of their own rights. England sought to hold our country with that clear perception always characterizing its movements when in search of colonies as the richest heritage of earth, but failed, as it was so decreed from the foundations of the earth that it should not enslave a people and a continent intended by God to be free and independent, even though England had been

"Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell
And shook a dreadful dart."

"I am not," said Edward Everett, the panegyrist of England. "I am not dazzled by her riches nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre and coronet, garters and blue ribbons seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakaned by her army mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the furthest east. It is these and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affection. But it is the cradle and refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggle through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected on all who speak the English tongue. It is the birth place of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of any enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like England. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and un-

grateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers."

> "These shall resist the empire of decay,
> When times are o'er and worlds have passed away;
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die."

I truly hope the day will never come again when red battle shall stamp its foot between England and the United States. The past should teach both the great lessons that peace "hath its victories no less renowned than war." Both are too great, too near alike, too nearly akin to ever again engage in such a bloody controversy. The two nations standing together can and will have great influence in favor of a general peace.

Overlooking the past and forgetting those unpleasant things about which we have been discussing, I again repeat, there is no reason why England and the United States should not stand as one man for free government, for the rights of the people against the aggregations of monarchial powers. The English language is as much that of America as it is that of England. Our ancestors, says Sir James Macintosh, were as much the countrymen of Bacon and Newton, of Hampden and Sidney as theirs. English law as well as English liberty are the foundations on which the legislation of America is largely founded. The common law of England is one of the richest inheritances ever had by one country from another. It is as much our law as it is that of England. We are no longer the enemies of England. England is no longer the enemy of America. Our people loved Queen Victoria, as she was just and represented in her person a just government and a free people.

I am now done with this address. Its faults may be great, its earnestness and appreciation are as equally great. I will remember the State that remembers our honored dead. I will remember the kindness it represents. I will remember this monument and what it represents. I will remember this great assembled audience with its governors, representatives and senators, its judges and its other leading officials; and I will remember that we are honoring ourselves in honoring our

own dead, who died for liberty and country; and I will remember in the words of another, "the hand that traced the character of independence, that is now motionless; the eloquent lips that sustained, now hushed in death; but the lofty spirit that conceived, resolved and maintained it, and which alone to such men, make it life to live, these cannot die."

We no longer seek war with England or any other country. "Let us have peace" is, or should be, our national motto. We are a people whose fame rests not so much on our war deeds as on the creations of genius, on industrial pursuits, on the productions of our soil, and the exhibits of mother earth from those concealed from our eyes for ages to those annual serials which gladden our heart and enrichen our treasures; and our wonderful government is the resultant of the wisdom of our fathers, not in the inheritance from the progenitors, and the light which hovers around our name is something more glorious than the phosphorescent ray that gleams for a short season from the bones of a distant and buried ancestry. Everything in the United States is home made, for home purposes not the conception of a titled descent from a penny's worth of ribbon transmitted from generation to generation as well to the idiot in acts as to the son of genius; all being the work of the sons of our old gray fathers. Our primogeniture is based on brain, honesty and industry, not on law of an antique government. Although, Mr. President, this is a land of people and law; when it becomes necessary, should it ever occur, our people could and would rise aloft like Milton's warring angels and fight like earthly giants, with sword and shell, with gun and cannon and should our congress call us to arms in defense of our flag like the eastern magician invoking the storm with a voice of power, we would respond from the north and south with a spirit of free men and freedom, answering from every hill and plain and valley of our country. Such is America today, such may it be forever. These illustrious dead whom we are honoring today, Mr. President, died not in vain. Their names and their acts are still with us in all their verdancy and it may be, who knows, witnessing our own acts and expressions of gratitude. Thousands of lofty spirits whose very names, like their perishing clay, have perchance gone down to the dust, yet still living upon earth, through and in us, in the control which their strong, though invisible energies entailed on their fellowmen; still dwelling and acting among us in their propitious and glorious influences. If so, as before stated, they have not died in vain nor have we lived in vain. This monument will

not so much and so long perpetuate their glorious deeds as will our patriotic memories and our patriotic actions, descending from sires to sons until time shall be no more. Not the simple inscriptions upon this monument that may sooner or later fade away into common earth, but their deeds everlastingly engraved upon our mountains, plains and valleys, notched in our country's rocks, will live on in glory and in honor for all time.

Rest on noble spirits, noble warriors in your dreamless sleep undisturbed by our tread and our voices, for we have come from afar like Evangeline of old in search of some unknown graves where the land shall give up their dead at the latter day. Now after a century two great states, Michigan and Kentucky, have at last assembled almost on the very spot where you gave your lives that our country might live, and those states are bowing their heads in honor of your patriotism and fidelity to duty. Rest on, for your warfare has long since ended and those who opposed you so cruelly and so cowardly are also gone.

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Gone, gone forever."
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

BATTLE AT THE RIVER RAISIN, JANUARY 22, 1813.

BY LEVI BISHOP.

Spoken at the Annual Examination of the Barstow Union School, Detroit, June 28, 1867.

Now gleam and thunder from afar
The threatening clouds of savage war;
The war-whoop and the wild hurrah
Proclaim the rising gloom.

Now waves on high the savage crest;
Revenge now heaves the savage breast;
His race now send their high behest—
The white man's bitter doom.

And yet that small but fearless band
Is there, with firm resolve, to stand
The bulwark of their native land,
Whatever may betide.

Then let the deadly bullet fly—
The arrow sing along the sky:
They echo back the battle cry,
The issue they abide.

Now sweep the red men o'er the plain,
And Proctor's columns charge amain,
And rifles rattle, and again
The deafening cannon boom.

And Raisin's banks are heaped with dead,
And Raisin's flood is dyed with red;
Brave warriors find a lowly bed—
The soldier's honored tomb.

Though victory we cannot boast,
Yet hold the field at any cost;
Oh, yield it not till it, has lost
Its very last defender!

That fearful shout, that fiendish yell!
As from the very gates of hell!
Alas! too plainly they foretell
The folly of surrender.

Enough, the vanquished yield the strife,
Assured of safety and of life;
'Gainst tomahawk and scalping knife
The Briton's faith is given.

That faith is not an empty sound?
Then where shall treachery be found?
Speak! whitening bones, above the ground
Denied for months the burial mound,
Is Britain's honor riven?

Victors! the torture, slaughter ply!
All your infernal engines try!
Wring out the deep, the cursing sigh!
Call down the vengeance of the Sky!
Just retribution now is nigh—
Defeat and burning shame.

Ho! Chiv'lry of the West, awake!
Your country calls, the plow forsake,
The victor's vaunted power to shake;
Besides the Thames his ranks shall break:
Avenge the torture and the stake!
And forest, prairie, river, lake,
Shall swell your lasting fame.

THE PORTRAITS OF GOVERNOR MASON.

BY HON. DAVID E. HEINEMAN.[1]

It need hardly be stated that on occasions when the historic interest which attaches itself to the prominent names of the past is strong, the antiquarian interest is of secondary importance and should for the time being stand aside. We are considering at present the place in our history of Governor Mason; such things as his portraits, even though they show him in his habit, as he lived, only demonstrate how trivial are the tangible evidences of a noted man when compared with such intangible things as his name, his career and his influence. Our society fortunately invites both historic and antiquarian material, and in this fact the writer finds justification for accepting an invitation

[1]David E. Heineman was born in the city of Detroit, October 17, 1865, and graduated from the Detroit high school in 1883 and from the Michigan university in 1887, where he remained a year in the law school. He was a law student in the offices of E. C. Walker, Judge C. I. Walker and C. A. Kent, of Detroit, and was admitted to the bar May 4, 1889, and formed a partnership with ex-Senator Joseph M. Weiss, which was maintained from 1891 to 1893, at which date he was appointed chief-assistant city attorney of Detroit, which position he held for three years, with entire control of the court work of the office. He compiled and revised the present ordinances of the city of Detroit, a volume of over 700 pages. Upon retiring from the city attorneyship he opened a law office at 28 Moffat building. He has traveled extensively in this country and in Europe and in Africa and is widely acquainted among all classes of his townsmen, and a member of many social, political and fraternal societies. He was elected to the Michigan legislature of 1899-1900.

GOV. STEVENS T. MASON.

From oil painting in University of Michigan.

to read a paper which was intended as a wholly inconspicuous contribution to our publications.

A few years ago it was my lot to serve in the Michigan house of representatives, and to occupy a seat beneath Mr. Bradish's portrait of Douglass Houghton. The picture is familiar to you; it became exceedingly familiar to me, and there has been no time since then when it required any effort to recall the figure of the geologist and his dog, standing, like a modern Robinson Crusoe, on the perilous shore of Lake Superior, marooned at the same time by the conception and by the brush of the artist. A visit to the other side of the chamber where hung the portrait of Governor Mason was always a refreshing one. This splendid work, a portrait of exceeding artistic merit, an adequate representation of an ideal subject for a portrait painter, never tired the eyes.

Learning quite recently that an effort was being made to rearrange and catalogue the State portraits and that absolutely nothing was known of this, the most interesting of them all, I undertook to discover the artist's name, and some facts regarding its history, and the results are here presented.

The first fact of interest is that there is in the collection of the University of Michigan a two-thirds length portrait of Governor Mason, almost identical with the State portrait, and by the same artist. Like the State portrait it is unsigned, and furnishes on the back of the frame or canvas no clue whatever. It is known, however, that it was presented by Governor Felch. Dr. Isaac N. Demmon, professor of English at the university, who procured a photograph of this portrait for me, reports as follows regarding it:

"I chanced to show it to Dr. Angell, and he told me how it came into Governor Felch's hands, as he remembers the circumstances; something like the following happened. Once upon a time a house burned in Ann Arbor, and the painting in question was damaged and thrown aside as worthless. A Mr. J. H. Morris got possession of it and had it cut down and restored. Governor Felch learning about it tried in vain for years to get hold of the picture, and finally Mr. Morris, just before his death, consented to its being deposited in the university gallery, on just what terms does not appear."

An examination of the printed proceedings of the board of regents discloses the details of the transaction. In the record of the June meeting, 1884, pages 448-9, there appears a joint letter from Governor Felch and Mr. Morris offering the portrait to the university, and giving

some particulars as to its history. "The portrait," it says, "was taken from life by an artist in Detroit in the year 1836, while the subject of it, at the age of about twenty-four years, was occupying the official position of chief magistrate of the State, and our personal acquaintance with him enables us to pronounce it a faithful likeness, etc." The letter contains a high tribute to Governor Mason's interest in and efforts for the university, how he, to quote from it, "in every emergency proved himself its warm, judicious and efficient friend." The portrait was intended for the meeting room of the board of regents, of which, as the letter states, "Governor Mason was ex-officio the first president." A copy of this letter should be hung beside the portrait. We thus have Governor Felch's testimony that the portrait was painted in 1836 in Detroit, while the work itself shows beyond a question that the artist was the same man who painted the portrait at Lansing.

Recourse was now had to the records of the legislature in hopes of getting some information about this picture. The report of the legislature of 1837 fortunately contains the history of its acquisition, and we learn that it was presented by citizens of Michigan. The documents reveal such a signal tribute to the young man who was then at the helm of the ship of state that they are here quoted in full. It will be noticed that Alpheus Felch, who nearly fifty years afterwards succeeded in procuring a similar portrait for the university, was a party to the following legislative proceedings:

On March 13, 1837, the following communication was read and referred to a select committee consisting of Messrs. Alden, Felch and Burbank:

"To the Hon. C. W. Whipple, Speaker of the House of Representatives:

"A number of the citizens of Michigan being desirous of preserving the features of their first chief magistrate, have caused a portrait of their governor to be executed. This portrait they offer for the acceptance of the State, through the medium of the representatives of the people, with the request that it shall be placed in the hall of the house of representatives, as an evidence to future times of the affection of his fellow citizens for the man, and their respect for the magistrate, and as a memorial of the officer whose virtures have adorned, and whose talents have dignified, the opening annals of the commonwealth of Michigan.

"JOHN NORTON, JR.,
"THOMAS C. SHELDON,
"ANDREW McREYNOLDS."

On March 14, 1837, Mr. Alden, from the select committee, to which

GOV. STEVENS T. MASON.

From oil painting in State Capitol.

was referred a communication presented yesterday, made the following report:

The select committee to which was referred a communication from John Norton, Jr., Thomas C. Sheldon and Andrew T. McReynolds, in behalf of a number of the citizens of Michigan, relative to a donation to the State of a portrait of its first chief magistrate, and which they request may be placed in the hall of the house of representatives, beg leave to observe, that they feel assured that the sentiments and views expressed by them through their committee will be warmly responded to by a large majority of their fellow citizens; and whether they contemplate the officer, the citizen, or the man, it will be with a noble pride that they and their posterity shall see, after the original shall have mingled with its mother earth, the features, correctly delineated, of his excellency Stevens T. Mason, "whose virtues have adorned, and whose talents have dignified, the opening annals of the commonwealth of Michigan," suspended in the representative hall of the capitol. With these feelings and assurances, your committee beg leave to offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this house (believing that we do but speak the wishes which would be felt by the great body of the people), do, in behalf of the State, accept of the proffered donation made by certain citizens of Michigan, through their committee, of a portrait of the first chief magistrate of the State of Michigan.

Resolved, That the thanks of this house be, and they are hereby, tendered to the citizens of Michigan, who may have contributed to this object, for the strong expression of their marked affection, respect and regard for the officer, the citizen, and the man, whost portrait they have so generously presented to the State.

Resolved, That the speaker of this house be, and he is hereby, authorized at the expense of the State, to cause the same portrait to be set in an appropriate frame, and placed in an eligible position in the representative hall.

Resolved, That the speaker be requested to forward a copy of the foregoing report and resolutions to Messrs. John Norton, Jr., Thomas C. Sheldon and Andrew T. McReynolds, committee of correspondence.

On motion, the resolutions in the above report were adopted.

The foregoing documents furnish no clue to the name of the painter, and so the memory and kindness, both unfailing, of Miss Mason, the governor's sister, were enlisted. That lady wrote as follows:

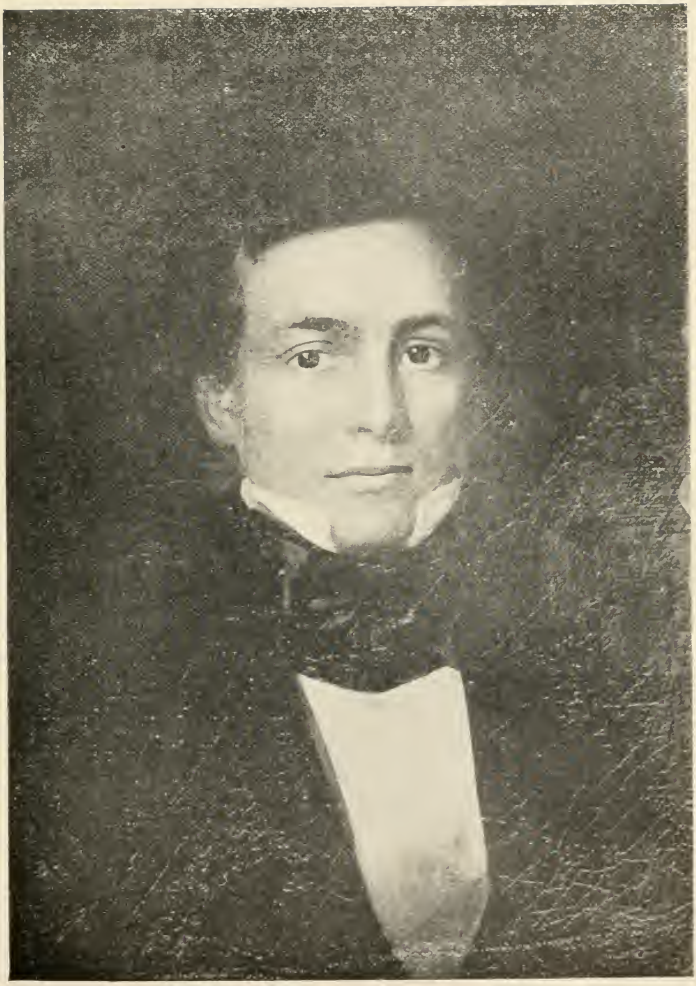
"I cannot say with certainty if Mr. Bradish, (the first portrait painter of any celebrity in Detroit) was the artist who made the full length picture of my brother, which always hung in the capitol behind the speaker's desk in my day, but think he was. Later there came an artist, named Smith, greatly superior to Bradish, an Englishman, who died later in New York, who, passing through Detroit saw my brother in a barber's shop. Struck with his appearance, he asked

to make a sketch of him to show his vigorous chest and fine proportions. This sketch elaborated in a three-quarter length painting of great force and beauty, was recovered years afterwards by an accident and is now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. E. H. Wright, 24 Park Place, Newark, N. J."

This last named portrait is the one, a cut of which adorns the program of our present exercises. It is said that the party, from whom a member of the Mason family recovered it, was offering it for sale as a portrait of Lord Byron.

That the State portrait was not done by Mr. Bradish is apparent at a glance. It far exceeds the modest talents of that indefatigable and patient painter of so many of Michigan's citizens. Miss Mason's memory served her well when she recalled Mr. Bradish rather as a painter of that period than as the artist of the picture in question.

The writer next inquired of his friend, Mr. Robert Hopkin, the noted marine painter and venerable citizen of Detroit, if he had ever seen the Lansing portrait. Mr. Hopkin replied that he had not only seen it, but that about a dozen years ago when some of the State portraits were sent to Detroit to be renovated, this particular portrait had been sent to his studio for that purpose, and to have some breaks in the canvas repaired. Mr. Hopkin, who knows intimately the work of every painter who has done any noticeable work whatever in the city of Detroit for the last seventy years, had at once declared the Lansing portrait to be the work of the Englishman, Alvin Smith, the same man claimed by Miss Mason to be the painter of the Newark portrait. Mr. Hopkin, whom his friends know to be as careful in his judgment as he is successful in his work, states that there is absolutely no question about it at all. He not only was acquainted with Mr. Smith's style and manner, with various of his portraits now in Detroit, but knew the painter as well. He describes him as an artist of splendid abilities, who living at Port Stanley, Ontario, used to paint portraits in the lake cities, more especially Cleveland. Mr. Smith is mentioned in Farmer's History of Detroit (Vol. 1, p. 360) as "A. Smith, Jr.," one of the exhibitors at the Fireman's Hall art exhibition in February, 1851. Mr. Hopkin knew of him as an active portrait painter many years before that. A comparison of the Lansing portrait with the Newark picture reveals a similarity of treatment which indicates a common author, and taking in addition the statements of Mr. Hopkin, the letters of Governor Felch and of Miss Mason, there is little if any doubt that the State portrait, the Ann Arbor portrait, and the sketch for, if not indeed the



GOV. STEVENS T. MASON.

From painting owned by Mrs. Samuel Carson, Detroit.

GOV. STEVENS T. MASON.

Newark portrait itself, were all done by Alvin Smith at Detroit about the year 1836. The writer has had occasion to examine quite closely the work of the early Detroit portrait painters, and from his acquaintance with the work of all of them has no hesitancy in saying that there is none other than Alvin Smith who could have painted the portraits in question.

There is in the possession of Mrs. Samuel Carson of Detroit an oil portrait of Governor Mason, ten by twelve inches in size, done in a rather imperfect manner, but interesting because a full face portrait. The history of the picture is unknown, also the artist's name. A photograph of this portrait accompanies this article.

An interesting oil painting, loaned to the Detroit Museum of Art by a member of the family of the late Mrs. Alpheus S. Williams, represents the first State election in Detroit. It shows Governor Mason as the central figure of a group of laboring men of the pick and shovel variety, and upon whom his genial manner and unaffected grace are having a practical effect, for they are taking ballots from him, while his opponent is mounted on the stump haranguing a few unappreciative bystanders.

There may be other portraits of Governor Mason in retirement, as were the Ann Arbor and the two last mentioned ones. It is to be hoped that they will be brought to the notice of a larger public, and if this contribution, in addition to having thrown some light upon the authorship and history of the State and university portraits, will serve towards that end as well, it may go to justify the space it claims in our publications even if not the time and attention that it has demanded from this audience.

MICHIGAN'S DEBT TO STEVENS T. MASON.

BY LAWTON T. HEMANS.

The debt which a commonwealth owes to any individual must ever be a question difficult of determination. The world will ever owe a debt of gratitude to that army of men and women, who deterred by no obstacles, with faith in their convictions, with courage and intelligence, do their duty. The man who, in the full view of the multitude, directs the affairs of state, has no better claim to honor and distinction than the man who, in the lower walks of life, uncheered by the shouts of the people, does his duty. Duty should ever be the claim, and duty knows no path of pre-eminence or distinction. It is not given to men to measure, with any degree of certainty, the ultimate value of actions and events. The world has seen men who have walked the earth amid a blaze of glory but who, in death, have left nothing of value to the race; it has known others, who have wrought in want and obscurity to leave an influence growing brighter and more potent with the passing years.

The debt which the great State of Michigan owes to the boy governor is the debt due for duty faithfully performed in the sphere where circumstances called him, and according to the light which he had.

Stevens Thomson Mason was born at Leesburg, Loudoun county, Virginia, on the 27th day of October, 1811. He died in New York City, January 4, 1843. Between these narrow limits his life was lived. The greater part of it for the State of Michigan, and yet until now nowhere has there been made a record within the State of even the place of his birth, or an acknowledgment of gratitude for the services which he rendered. The reason for this is not difficult to find. It has its origin in the political animosity, which was a part of his time, and which constrained political opponents to withhold the meed of praise while time held the memory of their contests. It is a matter of congratulation that those days are passing, and that the great State of Michigan is about to bestow a deserved tribute to his memory.

It was the fortune of the boy governor to be born to the heritage of a good name, to have back of him a line of men who had achieved great things for their state and nation.

George Mason, as the author of the "Bill of Rights," and the first constitution of Virginia, the friend of George Washington and Patrick

Henry, left a name that is still large in the old commonwealth of Virginia. His son, the grandfather of the boy governor, had served with distinction as the first United States senator from his State, and his own father, General John T. Mason, had all the characteristics of his blood. When John T. Mason closed his college days at the historic college of William and Mary, he brought Elizabeth Moyer a bride to his Loudoun county home. Stevens T. was the first son of this union, and we may well imagine the scene which was enacted in the old manor house which still stands at Raspberry Plain, when the numerous army of kinsfolk gathered to bless in baptism the name of this infant son. But little more than three years of the boy's life were to be spent upon Virginia soil. Kentucky was then the land that beckoned to the ardent spirits of old Virginia, and thither John T. Mason and his family bent their way. Before 1815, he had become one of the leading figures in the business and social life of the then famed city of Lexington. For a time fortune smiled upon his efforts and he soon held a high place in the legal profession, being connected in no small way with the financial life of the community, while many a broad acre of the charming blue grass country was his. In about 1820 he became associated with others in the iron business in the vicinity of Owingsville, Bath county. In a few years business depression and failing fortune swept away the greater part of his considerable estate. The education of Michigan's future first governor had not been neglected. At first by private tutor, and later as a student in Transylvania university, his time had been well employed; but with the closing days of the twenties the young lad left his books to become the helper in the family harness. As a grocer's clerk in the then village of Mt. Sterling, although but a lad, he learned some lessons that are not taught in books.

Enough has already been said to indicate that it was financial adversity that turned the attention of General John T. Mason towards a political appointment, and which brought him to the territory of Michigan. It was to repair, if possible, his shattered fortune that he left his office as secretary of the territory and journeyed to Mexico, after first obtaining the appointment for his son, who as yet lacked some weeks of his nineteenth year.

The story of the opposition that was occasioned by the appointment has passed into history. It was to the credit of the young man, that under opposition, his conduct was such that he soon won the hearts and confidence of those who were his most vigorous opposers.

It was the Toledo war, of course, which gave to the boy governor

his first great popularity. Fortunately only the humorous side of that bloodless struggle now remains to us; but it was a far different matter in 1835. It was an issue then in which there was the most tense and earnest feeling, and no one voiced that feeling in Michigan with more zeal and fervor than did Stevens T. Mason. So insistent did he become in championing the rights of his feeble territory, that President Jackson, who had been his fast friend and supporter, was constrained to remove him, and appoint a more pliable gentleman, John Horner of Virginia, in his stead. Had a man of less energy and less insistence occupied the position of chief executive of the territory, we may well presume that Michigan would have been admitted without the upper peninsula as a territorial compensation for the wrong she suffered. As has been already shown, aside from the refining influence of a cultured home, the educational advantages of the young governor had not been extensive. His boyhood had been passed in a state where free schools and universal education were unknown, and yet one of the greatest services of the young man to the State of his adoption was to be in the cause of free schools. He appointed John D. Pierce to the important office of superintendent of public instruction and ably championed his every effort. There is scarce a message to the legislature in which he does not urge the need of universal education. Many of them are the expression of sentiments that might well adorn the walls of every schoolroom in the land.

"If our country is ever to fall from her high position before the world, the cause will be found in the ignorance of the people; if she is to remain where she now stands, with her glory undimmed, educate every child in the land."

Again he says:

"As the friends of civil liberty it becomes our duty to provide for the education of the rising generation. To the intelligence of those who preceded us we are indebted for our admirable system of government, and it is only upon the intelligence of those who are to come after us that we can hope for the preservation and perpetuation of that system."

And yet again:

"Public opinion directs the course which our government pursues; and as long as the people are enlightened that direction will never be misgiven. It becomes then our imperious duty, to secure to the State a general diffusion of knowledge. This can in no wise be so certainly effected, as by the perfect organization of a uniform and liberal system of common schools. Your attention is therefore called to the effectuation of a perfect school system open to all classes as the surest basis of public happiness and prosperity."

He once interposed his veto in a manner to save a considerable part of the present endowment of the university. It was an institution, even in its infancy, that was strong in his affections. Speaking of it in its days of want and poverty he once said: "With fostering care this (the university) will become the pride of the great west." This prophecy of the boy governor has long since become true, and although he had left to Michigan no other token of a watchful care, his efforts for the great University of Michigan should gain for him our everlasting gratitude.

In the establishment of our penitentiary system, when the doctrines of vengeance were still carried out in penal institutions, Governor Mason yet wrote into the records of the State:

"Common humanity forbids that we should adopt the rigid system of solitary confinement without labor, for experience has shown that the imprisonment of the offender without occupation destroys the mental faculties and soon undermines the constitution."

"The reformation of the morals of the corrupt and wicked, the enlightenment of the ignorant and the employment of the idly disposed are cardinal objects not to be overlooked in your system of discipline."

Governor Mason early accepted the situation which gave to Michigan the upper peninsula, and with rare foresight, his first message asked for an appropriation for the construction of a ship canal around the falls of the River Sault Ste. Marie. Work was actually begun and stopped, only because of complications with the national government, and yet, many years later Henry Clay and many men of national prominence were declaiming against the expenditure, as being upon a work beyond the farthest limits of human habitation. The procession of black funnels that now steadily pass this great waterway are a monument to the young man who blazed the way.

It is not to his discredit to say that he sometimes made mistakes, but it is to his credit to say that such as he made were never the product of a vicious design.

"Tom" Mason, as he was familiarly called, never arrogated to himself the possession of superior abilities. He was a young man of spirit and pleasing personality. Although fate took him to a distant state, his continuing affection and last thought was the land of his heart beside the great lakes of the north, and the great State of Michigan has done well to place his ashes where they will mingle with the soil of her metropolis, amid the familiar scenes of his fondest hopes and aspirations.

CHAPTERS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OCTOGENARIAN (MISS EMILY V. MASON), 1830-1850.

READ BY CHARLES MOORE.

In the autumn of 1830 my father was appointed secretary of the territory of Michigan, General Cass being the governor. The following year, July 12, 1831, my brother, Stevens Thomson Mason, was appointed in my father's place. General Cass being called to the cabinet of General Jackson as secretary of war, in August of the same year, my brother was thus left the acting governor of the territory, though not then twenty-one years of age. A stranger to the people of Michigan, a Virginian, educated in Transylvania university of Lexington, Kentucky, the appointment was naturally viewed as an outrage by the inhabitants of Detroit. A public meeting was called to appoint a committee to be sent to the president and remonstrate with him upon having placed a youth, under age, in so important a position. Governor Mason appeared at this meeting, and in reply to the speeches against his appointment, made an address "showing such ability, good sense and coolness," (says a historian of the time) "that he won the hearts and the sympathy of all present, a position he maintained with the people of Michigan all his short and brilliant career."

In September of the same year, General George B. Porter of Pennsylvania, was appointed governor of the territory, but Governor Mason was the acting governor until June, 1832.

During this interval, in 1831, occurred the Black Hawk war. This chief, Black Hawk, having refused to remove to the reservation of land west of the Mississippi which the general government provided for him, Michigan was called upon for volunteer troops to enforce his departure. Thus the "boy governor," as he was called, had the opportunity to show that belligerent spirit which, at a later period, gained for him with General Jackson, the name of "Young Hotspur." Black Hawk, a prisoner, was escorted by Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, U. S. A., to Jefferson barracks and afterwards to Fortress Monroe.

In 1833, Governor Mason was confirmed by the senate, secretary of the territory, and in 1834, when Governor Porter died, he assumed again the duties of the territory till the following year, when he was elected the first governor of the State, November 3, 1835.

EMILY VIRGINIA MASON.

In arranging the boundary line with the adjoining State of Ohio, a dispute occurred over 470 square miles claimed by both sides. This resulted, in 1835, in what was called the Toledo war. Governor Mason with 1,200 men, marched upon Toledo and broke up the court there, and in the fray no lives were lost. But the Michiganders were obliged to give up the disputed territory, or the State would not have been admitted into the union. And besides this, the general government was then distributing the public lands, and advised the surrender of the claim upon Ohio in order to give to Michigan her quota of these lands. A war song of the time ran:

"Old Lucas gave his order *all* for to hold a court,
But Stevens Thomson Mason he thought he'd have some sport;
He called upon the Wolverines and asked them for to go,
To meet the rebel Lucas, his court to overthrow."

It was in consequence of this "Hotspur" achievement, that John T. Horner of Virginia was appointed to take Governor Mason's place. But the people refused to receive Mr. Horner, and were unwilling that he should even land on their shores. He took refuge in a neighboring town from whence Governor Mason escorted him to the steamer which bore him away. There were many funny caricatures exhibited of the unlucky "Johnnie Horner, who fled to a corner, and ate no Christmas pie." My brother was deposed from office for one month, and then elected governor of the State by a majority of 8,000 over the opposition candidate.

We found Detroit a charming residence. That French element, which still remains, gave a refinement, gaiety and simplicity which few western towns could boast. It was, besides, a military post, which secured us excellent army society, and plenty of nice beaux. The town was a long straggling street, along the beautiful, broad river. General Cass's house, though made of logs, was large and commodious, well furnished, and adorned with Indian portraits, and curiosities of great interest. The Mansion House, the only hotel, had for hosts the genial old couple, Colonel and Mrs. Mack of Cincinnati, who made us all feel honored guests. Here were held the balls, which, in the simple style of the period, commenced at seven o'clock and ended at midnight. To these we went sensibly dressed in woolen gowns, made high in the throat and with long sleeves. Schools were rare as were churches, and such was the unanimity of feeling, that though Protestants, we went

to St. Ann's, the French Catholic cathedral, and from the priests we had lessons in music and French. For a time we had some Belgian sisters, who taught a convent school, but Father Kundig, a Swiss, who became famous for his charities, and Father Bondrel, a very elegant Frenchman, were teachers for those who craved accomplishments.

What charming recollections of those days of simple pleasures crowd upon me! Good Father Kundig made for us a theatre in the basement of the cathedral, where we acted Hannah Moore's and Miss Edgeworth's plays, to admiring audiences of parents and friends. My sister Kate, as Mrs. Bustle in "Old Pog," and Josie Desnoyer as "William," in hat and cravat of her father's (a world too wide, the hat) and his brass buttoned coat, the tails of which reached the floor, produced peals of laughter. My youngest sister, about ten years old, with gilt paper crown and sceptre and long white gown, was Canute the Great, bidding the waters retreat. Seized with stage fright, after the first scene, she refused to return to the "boards," when Father Kundig gravely announced "indisposition" on the part of King Canute, and prayed the audience to excuse his further appearance. Between the acts Father Kundig played the piano, and was candle snuffer, prompter, scene-shifter,—everything—with unfailing interest and good humor.

When the cholera appeared in Detroit, this good priest distinguished himself in another field; he was at every bed-side, in every house, carrying in his arms the sick and dying to his improvised hospital. Everyone was interested in his orphans—the children committed to his care by dying parents, at this time. And when, later, he took charge of the county poorhouse, he made that dirty, miserable place blossom like the rose. We frequently drove there to take clothing and dainties to his sick poor, and obliged our beaux to buy the bouquets intended for us from his garden. On one occasion, when a fine New York beau ordered a bouquet for the ball to which he was to escort me, the "Poor House Cart" drove to his hotel with a nosegay of sun-flowers, hollyhocks and marigolds which filled a washtub. The good priest thought the larger the bouquet, the more desirable. Our home beaux found it a capital joke.

For his orphans and his poor, Father Kundig was allowed but sixteen cents a day for food and clothing, and five and sixty of these poor were ill in bed. Later, they gave him twenty-two cents, but in spite of this increase of means for his little colony, he fell into debt. And though my brother urged the legislature to relieve this public bene-

factor by an appropriation of $3,000, he was finally obliged to sell all his little property, his dear books, and the very guitar which he had brought from his Swiss home. Peace to this good and valiant man, who has long gone to his reward. He was indeed "blessing and blest."

This little tribute has drawn me a long way from my narrative, but he merits it at my hands, to whom he was so kind a friend, and with whom he was so patient a teacher.

With this terrible cholera we lost many of our friends, and among others, our dear old "Granny Peg," my mother's faithful nurse, a Guinea negro who could never be converted to Christianity. She died in my arms, and I went out into the night to find the "death cart" which passed the streets day and night, calling "Bring out the dead!" One evening a charming young man from Boston sat with us on the door-step, sipping a mint julep (thought to be a preventive of the disease). He was well, gay, at parting; by the morning he was dead.

About 1832 the Missess Farrand opened a school in Detroit, where I made friends with Isabella Cass, Valeria and Louis Campbell, Jane Dyson and others. These with the Sibley and Trowbridge families, the Desnoyers, Campaus and others, through a period of over fifty years, have continued our friends. Judge Wilkins and his beautiful wife, and Judge and Mrs. Norvell came later, and were great additions to our circle. Mrs. Norvell was my best friend and confidant in my mother's absences. She was as good as she was beautiful, and her husband was a senator of whom the country might well be proud.

When I was about seventeen, my father, wishing to give us greater advantages, and to wean me from gaieties I loved "not wisely, but too well," took my sister Kate and myself to the famous boarding school of Mrs. Emma Willard in Troy, New York. Here we were very happy, and were to have remained two years under the guardianship of Mrs. Willard, and her admirable and excellent sister, Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, but my mother's health failed suddenly, after the death of my young sister Theodosia, and I was compelled to return in the dead of winter.

My father took my mother a long journey to Mexico, where private business required his presence. I was thus left mistress of my brother's house, to entertain his guests, and my own. Adieu to studies and books! Ostensibly I had Latin and French and music, and the fine library of my father left me to draw from, but little time had I from politics and pleasure. All the distinguished persons who came to Detroit were entertained by the governor, and among others I remember

Harriet Martineau, with her formidable ear trumpet and of whom we young people stood very much in awe.

My brother was elected a second term, and there was a time of great excitement, the opposing candidate, Mr. Trowbridge, being as popular as was my brother. To this day there exists a picture representing this "election day." The meeting of the processions of the rival candidates with "Tom Mason" in the front, and many well known characters of both parties recognizable in the painting. In all this I took a most active part, being my brother's most devoted sympathizer in all his studies and ambitions. I was the sole confidant of a proposed duel, which, happily never "came off;" and he was the faithful guardian of all my love affairs, and my best adviser. He had little time, and never much inclination for affairs of the heart, though so handsome, gay and agreeable as to be much admired by the ladies. He was a great student. After the day's work in his office, he came home to study till two o'clock in the morning. And he denied himself the pleasures of the table lest they should dull his brain, and make him less capable of taking in the weighty matters of the law, in which he hoped to win distinction. This was the dearest wish of my father. "We have been a family of lawyers; you must not desert the path in which your grandfather and great grandfather won renown," he would say.

It was about 1834 that I made my first visit to Washington city, where my uncle, Mr. William Taylor Barry was postmaster-general under President Jackson. And here I made acquaintance with my Virginia kinsfolk whom I had not seen since my infancy, visiting Alexandria and Fairfax county, Leesburg and Loudoun county, the birth place of my father and brother. It must have been at this time that I first saw General Robert E. Lee, whose brother married my cousin, Miss Nannie Mason, of "Clermont," Fairfax county. It was the first Virginia wedding I had seen. "Clermont" was a large house with gables and outside chimneys like a French chateau, and was named for Clermont in Auvergne, General Mason having lived many years in the south of France. And from thence he had brought the curious old furniture, and the courtly manners which distinguished his "house."

On the occasion of the wedding (February 2, 1835), the place was filled with guests, the dozen rooms on the third floor, called "the village" being allotted to the young girls, of whom nearly all were cousins. The lodge at the gate was made ready for the young men, amongst whom I remember General Joe Johnston, Captain Canfield, who after-

wards married Mary Cass, and many others who have since been famous in court and camp. Here I met again Isabella Cass, and we renewed there, and in Washington in later days, the intimacy commenced in Detroit, and continued in Europe where she died many years after.

In Washington I partook of the excessive gaiety which even then was found there,—balls, dinners and weddings. Another marriage in my own connection took place between my cousin Lieutenant Murray Mason of the navy, and Miss Forsyth of Georgia, whose father was secretary of state in General Jackson's Cabinet. (This was during a later visit to Washington.)

President Jackson greatly impressed me. He was most dignified and imposing and I saw none of that imperiousness and coarseness of which his enemies accused him. His wife was already dead, and the honors of the house were done by Mrs. Donalson and Mrs. Jackson, his nieces. I was old enough to listen with delight to Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun and the other celebreties of congress, and to know the lovely Madame Servier of the French legation, Sir Charles Vaughn, and Mr. Pakenham of the English embassy, and M. Calderon de la Barca whose charming wife I found again (after many years) in Paris and Madrid.

During the summer of 1837, my health declined, and my parents were advised to take me to a milder climate for the winter, my sisters being at school. This was the more convenient as my father was obliged to go to Mexico again, to get the recognition of his rights to large land claims in Texas. We went to New Orleans, at that time in all the brilliancy of its gaiety, before certain great "failures" dimmed its glories. We passed through Kentucky to see my aunt, and the dear friends we had left there. A whole fortnight hardly sufficed to get us from Louisville to New Orleans. The navigation of the Mississippi was most dangerous, through the carelessness or ignorance of the boatmen. They were continually running upon "snags," oftener "blowing up" the steamer. We had a jolly party, however. And here it was that I first met Mrs. Robert Standard of Richmond (who was going to Vicksburg to visit her sisters), and began a friendship with that charming and lovely woman, which lasted, without shadow or turning, until her death.

We lived in the St. Charles hotel in New Orleans, where we met hosts of gay people. And here my father obliged me to learn and recite to him every morning, a chapter of Mackintosh's "Review of the

Progress of Ethical Philosophy,"? (oh, the long title, and the long yawns over it!) lest I should lose my head entirely with balls, and beaux, and compliments and fine clothes. I had not many of these last, however, for I had made a compact with my father before leaving home, that if he would give me the means to bring out from Ireland the deaf and dumb boy of our good cook, I would go all the winter in a straw bonnet and blanket shawl, instead of the velvet hat and pelisse which my mother had promised me. I need not say there was no "let up" with my father, who taught us that charity with his money was not our own, and that to be real charitable there must be sacrifice. There was some consolation in being praised for my "simple attire," and I confess to having "piled on" all the pink roses and green velvet I could carry on my black and white straw, and my green blanket shawl was fine and pretty.

We went now to visit the old friends of my parents, the Wilkinson family, at Pointe Celeste. Mr. Biddle Wilkinson had been a student at William and Mary college with my father, and had married at the same time with him my mother's most intimate friend, the daughter of Bishop Madison, president of William and Mary college. These friends had not met in nearly thirty years, and we (the children of both parties) were curious and interested spectators of their reunion. Great was the joy; though my mother confided to me she found her dear Catherine greatly altered, and in turn was informed that my mother had lost her beauty. Happy and gay was our stay at the plantation, where were lovely daughters and merry, charming sons, and a son-in-law, Colonel Penrose, who became my ideal man. Sixty thousand dollars a year, the income of the estate, was spent in hospitality, and in that charity which "begins at home," the lives of the ladies of the family being given up to the care and instruction of their negroes, of whom they had several hundred. Every morning from the breakfast table, would Mrs. Wilkinson and her sister, "Miss Betsey" armed with baskets and bottles and bandages, go from house to house in the quarter looking after the sick and the suffering. And every day, after the dinner, the young ladies of the family, gave, at the dining-room door, the remains of the desert to the old men and women who assembled to get their glass of wine or toddy, at their choice, and no visits or visitors ever interrupted this sacred duty. We drove and rode on horseback, and visited the Wetherstrands, the Osgoods, the Urquarts and other families living along the shores, and great was my regret at being

called away to follow my parents, though they led me to "fresh fields and pastures new."

En route for Texas, we went up the Red river to Natchitoches, from whence on horseback we made our way to Fort Jessup, then one of the most southwestern military posts. Here was in command Colonel Nelson of the third infantry, another of my father's old Virginia friends. Here was a charming experience of real army life. We danced all night and galloped all day. Major de Russy, a paymaster of the army, brother of the Colonel de Russy so long stationed at Old Point, had a plantation near by. A handsome agreeable Frenchman, a widower, we took possession of his house for days, carrying with us all the garrison, elderly ladies in a government wagon, and the younger, a wild, joyous cavalcade on horseback. Colonel and Mrs. Nelson persuaded my father to leave us with them while he went to look after his affairs, and we, nothing loth, only accompanied him as far as the Sabine river. After riding all day, we danced on the log floor of a small fort, and slept upon the same logs, with carpetbags for pillows and blanket shawls for coverings.

It was between Natchitoches and Fort Jessup that we stopped for the night at a loghouse, with only one room for the many travelers who congregated there this night. Our man servant, George, pinned a blanket round my corner, and next me came my parents. In the night I was roused by a snorting noise, and found a great pair of staring eyes looking down upon me. It was discovered that our horses were tethered outside, and one of them had put his head through an opening in the logs and was innocently gazing at me.

We lingered in New Orleans on our return till the hot weather obliged us to go north, and were half eaten by the mosquitoes on the river during the homeward journey. Stopping in Kentucky, new pleasures awaited us with our old friends. From there we hurried home to prepare for the marriage of my brother, which took place this year, 1838. He married Miss Julia E. Phelps of New York, a beautiful and fascinating woman to whom we were all devoted, and with whom we kept up the most affectionate relations as long as she lived. In this year occurred what was called the Patriotic War, an outbreak in Canada against the English government which was naturally sympathized with by the idle and restless people along the border, and came near involving our country in war with England. To prevent our people from joining these insurgents, and to intercept the arms and

ammunition sent to their aid, Governor Mason called out the militia, and he went to Gibralter, a town of Canada opposite us, to persuade the Canadians to disband. It was then that the Brady Guards first distinguished themselves, a military organization of 1836, called in honor of General Brady, an old army officer much beloved in Detroit. The Canadian insurgents assembled again later, and the general government, to preserve the neutrality of this country, sent our General Scott with 1,000 regulars to co-operate with the English troops.

I had the honor to come out from Washington under his escort, a long winter journey by coach, tete-a-tete with the general and his aide, Lieutenant Robert Anderson, who became famous afterwards in connection with Fort Sumter. At this time Lieutenant Anderson was young and shy, and when ordered by the general to help me over the Maumee river which we were crossing on the ice, he extended to me the tips of his fingers, much to the general's indignation, who then took me in hand, at the risk of drowning us both, for the ice cracked at every step of his enormous person.

The marriage of my brother paved the way for his removal to New York, where he had but entered on the road to wealth and fame, when death came, January 4, 1843, to take him from a world he had so adorned, and from an adoring family and friends. In Michigan he was mourned with every expression of honor and affection; and he is still mentioned with love and reverence by the old inhabitants, who associate him with the early history of the State.

In 1839 I went, with one of my sisters, on a visit to my Aunt Barry in Kentucky on our way to New Orleans. Hardly had we reached Lexington, when the news came of my mother's sudden death in New York, where she had gone with my father, for one short week. With the fine clothes she had bought for the gay winter anticipated, came to us our mourning garments.

We remained in Kentucky that winter, and from this time, until the marriage of my youngest sister, we spent our winters in Washington and our summers chiefly in Virginia. In Virginia we visited our aunt, Mrs. Armistead Thomson Mason, who lived in great retirement upon her estate of "Telma" near Leesburg. Her son, another Stevens Thomson Mason, came to see us, to claim us as his "sisters" and to take us to his mother. He was the only son of my father's brother, the General Armistead Mason who was killed in duel in 1819. And here we made acquaintance with the family of our father's uncle, William Temple Thomson Mason, of "Temple Hall," with our father's aunt, Mrs. West-

wood Mason of "Ariosto," with the Chichesters, Swanns, Seldens and other relatives. With our other "brother" Stevens Mason, we were always in most affectionate relations, till the Mexican war came, where he perished of a wound after the battle of Buena Vista. One summer we passed at Jordan Springs, near Winchester, and another with our dear friends the Hays at "Farnly" in Clarke county. Here we made acquaintance with their relatives, the Burnwells of "Carter Hall," the Pages of "Pagebrook," the Nelsons, Carters and others, and with that old patriarch, Bishop Meade. We drove about twelve miles to his church at Millwood, the services of which commenced at midday, and to the prayer meetings which he held every week at some one of these hospitable seats. On these occasions masters and servants and horses were all entertained; and we often sat down about fifty to dinner, with the good appetites engendered by ten and twenty miles of rough mountain road travel. These were the "grand" dinners, where cabbage pudding, roast pig and other country dainties were served, and the best of old wines in silver castors passed over the shining mahogany.

To give an idea of the simplicity and conservatism which distinguished the country Virginians of this date, the people of high culture, who knew well the contents of their fine libraries, I must tell of one of these old counties where nobody knew religion outside of the English church. I observed that one of these elegant gentlemen that I met, a model of grace and accomplishments, seemed much avoided by his neighbors. I never saw him at church or at their gatherings. When I spoke of him, they rather looked askance, while they praised his manners and attainments. One day when alone with him in his library, I ventured to ask an explanation of the mystery. "Is it true that you are an infidel?" I said; "I never saw or heard of one amongst gentlemen." "My child," he replied, "I am a Unitarian, and these good people see no difference between that and infidelity."

In the winter of 1844, my father was sent with General George C. Washington of Georgetown, as "commissioner" from the general government, to settle some disputes with the Cherokee Indians of Arkansas. My sister Laura and I accompanied him. We descended the Mississippi river to Helena, traveled on horseback to Little Rock, and thence to Fort Smith and to Fort Gibson in the Indian country. At this last post we found in command our cousin, Colonel Richard Barnes Mason of the first regiment of dragoons, a distinguished soldier who was later the first military governor of California. We spent several months here, riding, driving, dancing, enjoying private theatricals and

all sorts of garrison amusements. And we made a most interesting visit to John Ross, the famous Cherokee chief, and to his family. There was no end to the charming beaux we found at Fort Gibson; and here my sister met her fate in the person of an officer of dragoons from Leesburg, Loudon county, Virginia, to whom she was married later.

In 1850 our father died in Texas of the fatal cholera. This was the greatest affliction of my life. He was the best and tenderest of fathers, of husbands, of sons, of friends; the most pious of Christians and as perfect in personal appearance as in character. "None knew him but to love him, or named him but to praise."

REPORT OF MID-WINTER MEETING HELD AT DETROIT.

Tuesday, January 16, 1906, a few earnest pioneers met in the new auditorium of the Detroit Art Museum. Very fine programs were distributed containing an excellent portrait of "Mad Anthony" the namesake for Wayne county. The program was carried out in its entirety, not a single paper lacking, and two extra were added. Prayer was offered by Dr. McCollester. Mayor Codd extended his greeting personally but was called away before time for its delivery. Prof. Griffith in his stead pronounced his welcome in his usual happy manner, which was responded to by President Burton.

Mr. E. S. Wheeler of Detroit talked on Baldoon an early settlement near Detroit under the patronage of the Earl of Selkirk, being unable to write the paper promised.

Hon. Junius E. Beal of Ann Arbor gave a very concise but humorous story of The First Interurban from Ypsilanti to Ann Arbor.

A carefully arranged record of The Recollet Priests of St. Annes from 1701 to 1782 by the venerable historiographer of Detroit, Richard R. Elliott, was read by Mr. Burton, although the author was present, but excused on account of his extreme age. At the conclusion Rev. D. M. Cooper moved a vote of thanks for this scholarly paper which was unanimously passed. Hon. Peter White read a very interesting and novel sketch of Iron Money.

The afternoon session was opened by music, under the direction of Mrs. E. C. Hutchinson of Detroit, by the Yunck orchestra, of Detroit.

A paper on Detroit 1827 and Later, by General Friend Palmer, was read by Prof. Griffith, followed by an able talk by ex-Mayor W. C. Maybury.

The life of John D. Pierce was very eloquently portrayed by Dr. Ford of Ypsilanti and discussed by Superintendent Wales C. Martindale of Detroit.

Henry R. Pattengill, secretary of the society, set forth its Needs and Ideals very powerfully and convincingly.

The evening was interspersed by fine music by Miss Nathalie Gil-

martin, Representative J. Edward Bland and a fine baritone of Detroit.

Mrs. Keith's article on Grosse Ile was read by her niece, and was followed by a very bright speech by Mrs. B. C. Whitney of Detroit.

Hon. David E. Heineman set forth the value of Local History in a very convincing article and was succeeded by extended remarks from Hon. Joseph Greusel. Messrs. Burton, Pattengill, Griffith, Randall and others, who gave notable and valuable instances of the permanence and significance of local history. Some very fine stereopticon views of Detroit were displayed and pictures described by Mr. Burton.

An invitation from Hon. Daniel McCoy to meet at Grand Rapids in 1907, was received and accepted. Dismissal by benediction by Rev. D. M. Cooper.

THE BEGINNINGS OF INTERURBANS.

BY HON. JUNIUS E. BEAL.[1]

As an evolution from the baby railroad running from a saw-log in the woods to a sawmill on the river or harbor, the first interurban street railroad car crawled out of one town into another, drawn by a puffing steam engine which was built around the boiler so as to disguise it enough to make the rustic horse think it was only a wood-shed on wheels, and not let his timid heart take fright.

In the summer of 1890 one of those useful but unpopular promoters dropped off the train at Ypsilanti and began to get a franchise for a street railroad between Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. He got some people

[1] Junius Emery Beal was born at Port Huron, Michigan, February 23, 1860, of New England parentage. His mother died when he was eleven months old and he was adopted by his uncle, Rice A. Beal. He resided in Dexter until 1866; since which time he has lived in Ann Arbor, receiving his education at the Ann Arbor high school and University of Michigan, graduating from the latter institution in 1882. His time was occupied during vacation in his father's printing office, at the case and in the press room, getting familiar with the mechanical part of the business, and on graduation he assumed the editorship of the "Ann Arbor Courier."

When R. A. Beal died in 1883, he took up the work and carried on book publishing in connection with the newspaper for twenty years, when he sold out. Mr. Beal has been active in promoting the interests of Ann Arbor, has been a member of the Ann Arbor school board for twenty years, and was president of the Michigan Press Association in 1893. Apart from his busy life he has taken time to travel extensively through Europe, including Russia, and about the Caribbean Sea. He is married and has two children, a boy and a girl. He is a member of various Masonic orders and a director of several boards. Mr. Beal is also a member of the Board of Historians of this Society.

ANN ARBOR AND YPSILANTI ELECTRIC CARS IN 1890.

of those towns interested after a lot of urging, and what seemed big stories of the traffic to be developed. For instance, he claimed that five hundred people a day would want to ride between the towns. After we had ascertained that the Michigan Central was only carrying forty people a day between Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti it seemed impossible. But he had us telegraph to the eight or ten interurban roads then in operation in the United States to verify his rosy dream. To our surprise we learned they were building up large communication between towns which were near each other when they could offer frequent service and low fares. To our further surprise we afterwards found the promoter's estimate was below the number that was daily carried, for over six hundred a day availed themselves of the convenience not long after the road was in operation, instead of the forty who took the Michigan Central. This was mainly because the service was every hour and a half, while the fare one way was ten instead of twenty-five cents on the steam railroad. It was greatly helped by the simple fact that, while Ann Arbor had three thousand boys and not enough girls, Ypsilanti had a thousand girls at the normal and not enough boys. The street railway helped to restore the equilibrium, especially on Friday evenings, Saturdays and Sundays.

The road to be built was the seven and one-half miles from the business portion of Ypsilanti to the limits of Ann Arbor for $45,000. To illustrate how it was brought within those low figures the following details may be enumerated:

20,000 ties at fifty cents	$10,000
500 tons rails at $38	19,000
Grading	2,500
Trestles	2,000
Track laying	2,250
Fish plates and spikes	2,000
Equipment	7,500
	$45,250

The road having been built in the late fall, sometimes on frozen ground, much had to be done later on the roadbed, therefore over $20,000 additional was put out on grading, making necessary a second mortgage of $20,000, the first having been for $40,000.

At first it was thought to run the cars with naphtha motors, but the type of Porter enclosed steam motors so successful in the woods was

determined upon as the safest and most reliable. Consequently the first equipment consisted of one Porter motor for $3,750, and its headlight fifty dollars, also its brakes for $275. Then the two cars were $1,000 each. When it got to running the expenses were thirty-five dollars per day. It might be added that there were no salaries for the president, secretary or treasurer.

The officers were: President and general manager, Junius E. Beal; vice president, Henry P. Glover; secretary, J. T. Jacobs; treasurer, D. L. Quirk.

In the fall of 1896 the old steam dummy being too uncertain, it was decided to change to electricity. Accordingly a contract was made with the Michigan Electric Co. of Detroit to equip the nine miles of road for $25,000, of which $17,000 was to be in cash and $8,000 in bonds. Two 150 Kilowatt generators were installed, the largest then made, and power was hired from the electric light company of Ann Arbor at a cost of two dollars and fifty cents per car per day. This was at the close of the panic when but few new roads were being built, and the contractors were all idle, hence it was done for about half of what it would have cost a few years later when the great activity in new lines rapidly advanced the cost of all electric equipment. As the result of this improvement in the public service the receipts of the road amounted to a hundred dollars a day, while the operating expenses, interest and taxes were sixty dollars per day, thus making it a good business proposition.

A local electric street car line operated in Ann Arbor, and, as the law at that time would not encourage one road having the right to run on another's tracks, the city road kept the motor lines out of the city, making them stop at the city limits and deliver their passengers to them. On the other hand, Ypsilanti welcomed the puffing, smoking dummy to its streets, and for the next few years the most of the city's growth and new buildings were on those streets where the motor ran.

The first official trip of the motor was an eventful one. The members of the common council and newspapermen of the two cities were invited for a ride. They went out on the electric car to the Ann Arbor city limits where transfers were made to the steam motor. Fortunately, it did not jump the track on that excursion trip and it only set fire to one barn. But that was soon put out and the party was safely landed in Ypsilanti. Not wishing to run any more risks they were all returned home on the Michigan Central night train, declaring the road a success because no one was killed or even maimed for life. Trips were made regularly after that and six hundred passengers a day were carried.

In the country it ran on the highway, consequently horses, cows and

chickens were occasionally offered up as sacrifices. Whether they were sometimes very old and driven on the track purposely or not by the owner, the road never had a suit, but always settled for the live stock. This kept the good will of the farmers and they would turn out in the night or storm to help boost the motor back on the track. The farmers and their families had a rate made them by books giving seventeen rides for a dollar.

In 1891, we bought a car twenty-eight feet long, which was very large for those primitive days, from the Grand Rapids street railroad which had just equipped its Reed Lake line with electricity. The car cost us $800 and it had such good trucks under it that they are still used under one of the freight cars of the Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor & Jackson electric road. The total mileage of those trucks must have been enormous by this time, as they have been in constant use for seventeen years.

To illustrate how old fashioned we were in finance, we had the idea that the mortgage bonds when issued should be paid when due, whereas the modern way is, that when due they shall only be refunded, and as much more added as can be sold. But we innocently provided for a sinking fund which would nearly wipe out the loan by the date of its maturity. As that would make the operation of the watering pot too conspicuous our primitive methods have not been followed. However, there is this to be said about the water poured into railroad properties. They have increased so rapidly in earnings and values that, even when watered heavily, they have soon absorbed the liquid and become worth the previous fictitious valuations.

There were some interesting hold-ups on the company several times. At one time early in its history, the owners of a farm just outside of Ann Arbor wishing to sell it to the street railway began suit and got out an injunction which stopped the cars running. In a lively week of hustling the officials of the road got that farm taken into the city, and the tracks moved over to the middle of the road, two rods nearer the farmhouse than before, and the cars merrily rolling past. Since then that farm has had all the benefits of the city.

Another time, when the owners of the road were holding all the bonds themselves and in order to put the earnings into improvements agreed to hold the coupons and wait for their interest, one man thought he would not wait. So he sent his bonds to some Chicago brokers, who at once demanded the interest on the bonds. This not being paid, they threatened to put the road into a receiver's hands by a certain date.

Believing they would try to carry out the threat the directors applied for a receiver first, and had the bookkeeper of the company appointed. Nothing more was heard from that hold-up.

After the consolidation of the Ann Arbor street railway with the Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti street railway, the city lines were a drag on the company, especially in the summer time. As an experiment, arrangements were made to sell ten tickets for a quarter, good after 6:30 p. m. This caught the popular fancy for mark down prices, and the open cars were packed every night with passengers who wanted to cool off before going to sleep. They brought their families and neighbors, using up their slips rapidly enough. The officers of the road found it did not cost more to run the cars with sixty passengers bringing in one dollar and fifty cents a trip than three passengers at five bringing in fifteen cents. In other words, the cutting in half of the fare made revenues ten times more.

We would commend these results to the upper peninsular railroads which keep on charging four cents when they could make more at two cents a mile.

There have been many consolidations. First the Ann Arbor street railway was taken in during the summer of 1895. In January, 1898, it was sold to the Detroit, Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor street railway company which increased the bonds from $150,000 to $600,000 building to Detroit. In February, 1899, by improvements, extensions to Saline and rolling stock, it was bonded for $1,000,000. Then when the Jackson division was built the first part of 1900 the bonds were made $2,600,000. In 1902 this Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor & Jackson road averaged 5,326 passengers per day.

The road was fortunate in having J. D. Hawks, a former Michigan Central engineer, take it up and build it to Detroit, as his experience and railroad facilities gave him opportunities for purchasing rails, ties, and equipment of the best and getting them quickly assembled. Much of the subsequent success of the road is due to him, as was much of it due on the start to the optimism and public spirit of Henry P. Glover of Ypsilanti, who not only put in a large amount of money, but the most of his time, without any salary.

The first electric car to be operated in Michigan, and the third one in the United States, was in Port Huron. It ran from the park on Military street to the bridge about one mile, and it was a Vandepoel type of car with the motor and motorman in the center of the car, leaving enough room at the end for four or five passengers. This was in

FIRST ELECTRIC CAR IN MICHIGAN.

MAP OF INTERURBAN LINES IN 1906.

1886. We have secured a picture of this pioneer electric car, which was run nearly sixty years after the first horse car carried granite at Quincy, Mass., for Bunker Hill monument on the first railway, in 1827.

Just before the fourth of July, 1895, an electric road was opened to Mt. Clemens from Detroit. It inaugurated the large high-speed car, with heavy double trucks, and I believe it was the first in the country to do this. The road, it is said, was built hurriedly and cheaply, simply to sell to investors, but its popularity became at once so great that it became from the start a paying investment. Then it had to be entirely rebuilt with larger rails, heavier engines, larger feeders and trolley wires, and cars, all the old equipment having to be thrown away before it was worn smooth. It was too good a thing to sell. Even at that time, electric power could not be transmitted far, and twenty miles was regarded as the *ultima thule* of distance roads could be operated successfully. The transformers were waiting to be planned by the daring, which would, without too great a loss, transmit a high voltage 250 miles, as at present.

It is a giant stride in ten years from a road which could only be twenty miles in length by the limitations of transmission and losses so large as to make it commercially unprofitable, up to today when you can go from Bay City to Cincinnati or Pittsburg, a distance of 300 miles of well graded electric highways connecting with 3,700 miles of electric railways, representing investments of $110,000,000. It has made such a marvelous jump that even the courts have difficulty at times in keeping in view the fact that electric roads are simply highways. They may come back to the full meaning of it soon when arrangements may be made for individuals to drive their own cars over the tracks as wagons or automobiles go on the dirt roads. Gasoline, or denaturalized alcohol, is quite likely to run many cars in the future.

The map shows the wide territory which can be covered in a continuous trip on electric lines.

Detroit was a long time in getting electric cars, for the old horses took the bits in their mouths and stayed on, trudging between the tracks until pushed off. But a little bob-tailed single truck car came as an early interurban between Rouge river and Wyandotte in 1893 with a mile and a half of road run by the Edison system. It was an early forerunner of the system to Toledo, just as the Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti road had been, three years before that time, of the road between Detroit and Jackson.

In 1894—only twelve years ago—the Detroit Citizens' Street Railway

company, had but thirty-seven miles of horse car road and thirty miles of electric road where they have 187 miles today. The only other Michigan cities to have street cars at that time were Adrian, Ann Arbor, Battle Creek, Bay City, Grand Rapids, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Lansing, Marquette, Muskegon and Saginaw, the most of them losing money.

The great success of interurban electrics has wrought a considerable change in the ideas of investors. For instance, in 1895, one of our officers talked with David Whitney about his buying some of the bonds to be sold for putting electricity on the road and building through to Detroit. This investor, who was one of the wisest in the State, refused to consider it a moment, saying no street railway could succeed unless it could get a large summer business to a lake or river resort. The road from Detroit to Ann Arbor would fail because during the best season for making money the students were away from Ann Arbor and Ypsilanti. Notwithstanding this, the bonds of tractions now command premiums and, within the next few years, are likely to be made legal investments for savings banks.

At first the interurbans carried express for the express companies, and were building up a large business until the express companies got together and agreed to keep off these roads, confining their business to the railroads. Therefore the electrics now have express and freight service of their own which are increasing sources of revenue. For a while the United States express came into Ann Arbor over the Ann Arbor & Ypsilanti Electric Railway.

The interurbans are called the people's roads because they are on the main streets of the town and pass the farmhouse doors. Being so much more available, as well as cheaper, they are cherished by the people far more than the steam roads. Usually they have catered to the people by making a cent a mile rate, and by selling mileage books good for anyone to ride on. The most exasperating thing to the people that the steam roads do is to forbid any one but the buyer to ride on his book. The interurban in this and in many other ways have been wiser than the steam road managers. Hence they have been getting away their business.

The country is now being very thoroughly covered by the interurbans and great convenience has come to the people thereby. Their progress during the past fifteen years has been most marvelous.

THE RECOLLET PRIESTS WHO OFFICIATED AT THE CHURCH OF SAINT ANNE, DETROIT, FROM 1701 TO 1782, AND AS CHAPLAINS AT FORT PONTCHARTRAIN, DURING THE FRENCH REGIME.

BY RICHARD R. ELLIOTT.[1]

Father Constantin De Lhalle.—The parochial record books of Ste. Anne's church, Detroit, comprise an unbroken history, extending from the date of the first entry made by Father De Lhalle, when he baptized the daughter of La Mothe Cadillac in 1703, down to the present time; a period of more than two centuries.

It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that no Catholic church in the United States, can show an authentic parochial record, extending back 200 years, as does that of Ste. Anne's of Detroit.

The founder of religion in Detroit, Father Constantin De Lhalle, first chaplain of Fort Pontchartrain, and first pastor of Ste. Anne's church, was killed in 1706, while walking in his garden, by a bullet fired by a hostile Indian, said to have been an Ottawa; he was buried in the habit he wore near the spot where he fell mortally wounded.

The first entry in the record book of Ste. Anne's church, Detroit, is in the hand writing of its saintly founder; it records the baptism of a child of Cadillac. Translated it reads:

"I, Constantin De Lhalle, Recollet and chaplain of Fort Pontchartrain have administered holy baptism to Marie Therese, legitimate child of Antoine de La Mothe Cadillac, commanding in the King's name, the said fort; and of Madam Marie Therese Guion, the father, and mother; who had for sponsors, C. Arnaud, god-father, and for god-mother, Miss Genevieve Le Tendre.

In attestation of which we have this ninth day of February, 1704, affixed our signatures.

Frere Constantin De Lhalle,
Recollet.
C. Arnaud; Genevieve le Tendre"

A facsimile of the original leaf from which the above is translated, will be found on page 528, Farmer's History of Detroit.

Father Dominique De La Marche.—The second Recollet father to officiate at Detroit was Father Dominique de La Marche, who, upon

[1] For portrait of Mr. Elliott, see Vol. 33, p. 22.

the death of Father De Lhalle, was sent from Quebec to serve as chaplain of the fort and pastor of Ste. Anne's *ad interim,* until a permanent official could be appointed. He had been professor of theology in the college of his order in Paris, when he volunteered for missionary work in New France. He arrived at Quebec, July 18, 1706, when he was sent to Detroit, where he officiated as stated, until his recall in 1709.

Father Cherubin Deniau.—The third Recollet father who officiated as chaplain of Fort Pontchartrain and pastor of Ste. Anne's, Detroit, was Father Cherubin Deniau, who served from 1709 until May, 1714, when he was recalled to Quebec.

Father Hyacinth Pelfrane.—The fourth Recollet father who succeeded as chaplain of the post of Detroit and pastor of Ste. Anne's church, was Father Hyacinth Pelfrane, who served from 1715 until 1718, when he was recalled to Quebec.

Father Antoine Delino.—The fifth Recollet father who served as chaplain of Fort Pontchartrain, was Father Antoine Delino, who officiated from 1718 until 1722, when he was recalled to Quebec.

Father Bonaventure Leonard.—His successor was Father Bonaventure Leonard; 1722-1735. In the second year of his incumbency, the following entry will be found in the parochial records of Ste. Anne:

"In the year of our Lord 1723, on the third day of May, upon the request of the Reverend Father Bonaventure Leonard, Recollet, chaplain of the post of Detroit, pastor of Ste. Anne's, the undersigned affirm that they were taken to the locality where formerly stood the church in which had been buried the late Reverend Father Constantine De Lhalle, Recollet, exercising the functions of chaplain of the said post of Detroit, who, having examined the locality where his remains might be found according to the information which had been given, the Reverend Father Bonaventure had engaged two laborers to open the soil, who, during the day, found the coffin of the said Reverend father, which was recognized by the appearances which each of us saw to be his remains, to-wit: His callotte, or cap, several fragments of his habit, of his *calice* or hair cloth shirt, very clearly indicated; after the examination of the relics, the Reverend father caused the remains to be taken to the church.

In testimony of which, we assure all who may be interested of our veritable attestation.

HENRY CAMPAU,
HUBERT LACROIX,
CHARLES CHENE,
XAVIER RAQUETUIADE."

Father Armand De La Richardie, S. J.[1]—In the meantime, 1728, Father Armand de La Richardie, S. J., had established on the south littoral of the strait at the *Point de Montreal*, nearly opposite Fort Pontchartrain, the "Huron Mission of Detroit," which, prior to the conquest became one of the most extensive missionary establishments in New France. Father Bonaventure Leonard was recalled to Quebec in 1735, where he died in 1741.

Father Prisque Daniel.—Father Prisque Daniel succeeded in the pastorate of Ste. Anne. His first entry in the register is dated August 31, 1735, and his last, June 19, 1738, just before he returned to Quebec.

Father Louis Marie Bonaventure Carpentier.—Father Louis Marie Bonaventure Carpentier, distinguished Recollet, succeeded in 1738. According to Tanguay, he had been ordained at Quebec May 1, 1735, and had officiated at St. Croix before proceeding to Detroit. He was known at the post as Father Bonaventure, but he was familiarly called by the *hibitants "Pere Bon."* He exercised much influence over the Potawatomie and Miami Indians in the vicinity, who gave him the name of *"Robe Gris"* on account of his much used brown habit; while the Jesuit Fathers at the Huron mission on the south shore of the strait, whose uniform was black were called *"Robes Noirs."* During the pastorate of "Pere Bon" there was much agreeable intercourse between the latter and the Jesuit Fathers. The state of religion at Detroit during the pastorate of "Pere Bon" is occasionally indicated by entries in the account book of the Huron mission.

Father Pierre Potier, S. J.—Father Pierre Potier, S. J., who made these entries, charges among others, "Pere Bon," June 13, 1743, with twenty livres for twenty masses offered for his "intentions." Again in the following year, thirty livres for thirty masses. In 1750, fifty livres for as many masses. November 20 of the same year Father Potier made this entry: "Pere Bon" has directed that 100 masses be offered for his "intentions."

For the information of the many unfamiliar with the Catholic customs, what is said about masses being offered, has this signification:

Catholics all over the world believe in the efficacy of the offering of the holy sacrifice of the mass for particular purposes, these are called "intentions."

A mother may have the holy sacrifice offered for the welfare of children or relatives; for a willful daughter, or a recreant son, etc. Only a priest may perform such duty, for which the compensation may not

[1] Society of Jesus.

be the same in all localities. Generally speaking, at the present time, in this country, the compensation is one dollar. The livre of Father Potier's times, all things considered, corresponds in value with the dollar of the present. A priest accepting such a commission assumes a grave responsibility.

Here is evidence that in 1750 the pastor of Ste. Anne was under obligation to offer 150 more masses for his parishioners than he was able to perform, and that in the fulfillment of this duty he had had recourse to the Jesuit Fathers across the strait. Considering the difference in the value of money in this locality 155 years ago and the present time, we may consider the relative value of the offering for each service as not far from the dollar of our own times.

Most cordial relations certainly existed between the Jesuit Fathers and the Recollet Fathers. Father Potier continues: "Pere Bon" has also sent the fathers of this mission some home-made cheese, some Gruvere cheese, some snuff and Spanish tobacco. Father Bonaventure Carpentier was recalled to Quebec in 1754. He was engaged in missionary work in that city and vicinity twenty-four years. According to Tanguay his forty-three years of sacerdotal life ended there in 1776.

Father Simple Le Bocquet.—The Recollet Father, Simple Le Bocquet, succeeded the genial and holy friar "Pere Bon." He arrived at Detroit, August 10, 1754.

The third church of Ste. Anne had in the meantime become too small for its parishioners; the second generation of men had been born on the north littoral of the strait. Father Le Bocquet built and completed the fourth church of Ste. Anne, and enlarged the presbytery. Its location was on *Rue Ste. Anne*, some distance west of the site of the third church. It was consecrated with religious, civic and military parade, March 16, 1755. The consecrating prelate was Rt. Rev. Henri Marie du Breuil de Pont Briand, sixth Bishop of Quebec, who, from the date of the ceremony, had apparently spent the winter at Detroit and vicinity, for it was hardly possible for the bishop at that season of the year to have made the journey by the route of the Georgian bay or by bateau on Lake Erie.

This venerable prelate while at Detroit administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to postulants at Detroit in Ste. Anne's and to those of the Jesuit Fathers at the Church of the Assumption at the Huron mission across the strait.

As an additional testimony of the veneration in which the memory of the saintly founder of religion in Detroit was held by the Recollet

Fathers, we translate this official entry in the register of Ste. Anne:

"July 13, 1755, was Simple Le Bocquet, Franciscan priest, fulfilling the sacred functions of chaplain of Fort Pontchartrain, at Detroit, and Rector of Ste. Anne's parish; in the name of King Louis, have transferred from the old church to the new one the remains of our venerable predecessor, Father Constantine De Lhalle, Franciscan missionary, who was killed by the Indians in 1706, while in the performance of his sacred duties, and have deposited them temporarily under the altar until the completion thereof, when we shall give them such sepulture as becomes his memory and the miracles wrought through his intercession."

It was the fate of Father Bocquet to witness the lowering of the lillied standard of his "King Louis" by commandant Bellestre within six years of the time of the consecrational ceremonies of the fourth church of Ste. Anne, at Fort Pontchartrain, when the border ranger, Major Robert Rogers with a company of frontier militia from the Mohawk valley, arrived at the post to assume command in accordance with the terms of the treaty of Montreal, when General Amherst had accomplished the overthrow of French rule over nearly all of New France.

It was fortunate that such a distinguished man as Father Le Bocquet was pastor at Detroit at this crisis in the eventful history of Detroit, and equally fortunate that he had the advice and co-operation of Father Pierre Potier, S. J., Superior of the Huron Mission on the opposite shore of the strait, and pastor of the parish of the Assumption on the south littoral.

The force of Rogers was small, while a combination of Frenchmen capable of bearing arms with the warriors of the Huron, the Miami, the Potawatomie and the Ottawa nations under Pontiac, chief of the latter, could have defied any attempt on the part of the British, for some years, at least, to take and hold the post of Detroit. It would be a question of time, however, when such a combination would be overcome by an overwhelming force of British troops. With the surrender of Fort Pontchartrain to Rogers was ended the French régime on the Detroit.

While the French race in Canada at the time were universally Catholic, and while the majority of their Indian allies were Christian converts, national control had been won on the battlefields of Quebec and Montreal by the army of an anti-Catholic monarch. But the religious rights of the people of the conquered domain had been safeguarded

by the treaties which consumated the dynastic and political control made at Quebec, Montreal, and finally at Paris.

It was also reserved for the venerable Recollet, Father Le Bocquet, as it was also for the distinguished Jesuit Father Potier, to watch over the spiritual and temporal interests of their French and Indian constituents during one of the most critical and tragic periods in the history of Detroit.

"The conspiracy of Pontiac," as it is so named in American history, was cradled at Detroit. The home of the most renowned of the American Indian chiefs was at the Ottawa castle on the bluffs of the strait, east of Fort Pontchartrain, across its waters. Most attractive pens have depicted the bloody episodes which crimsoned the methods of savage warfare as they occurred and which in the history of Pontiac culminated at Detroit. It was a critical time for the French *habitants,* whose sympathies, though covered, were on the side of the Ottawa chief; but it was fatal in its results for Christian constituents of Fathers Le Bocquet and Potier among the Indian tribes on both littorals of the strait. The pastorate of Father Le Bocquet ended in 1783. His distinguished contemporary, Father Pierre Potier, S. J., had been called to his eternal reward in 1781. Father Le Bocquet had been clothed with vicarial jurisdiction; he had been twenty-eight years at Detroit when he returned to Quebec. He was the last of the venerable Recollet priests who during eighty-one years had served as pastors of Ste. Anne's church, Detroit. He and all his saintly predecessors in the pastorate wore the brown habit of the Franciscan order, and next to their persons the penitential hair shirt.

DETROIT IN 1827 AND LATER ON.

BY GENERAL FRIEND PALMER.[1]

I came to Detroit in May, 1827, with my mother and two sisters, on the steamer "Henry Clay." We were under the friendly guidance of Mr. Felix Hinchman (father of the late Mr. Guy Hinchman), who took charge of us at Canandaigua, New York.

My father, Friend Palmer, had preceded us some two or three months on account of urgent business matters connected with the firm of F. & T. Palmer, of Detroit, of which he was the senior partner.

[1] General Friend Palmer died Oct. 9th, 1906 at Detroit. For sketch see Vol. 32. p. 463

Our trip through New York from Canandaigua to Buffalo was by stage and very rough, the roads having been rendered almost impassable by recent rains. It took us, I think, two days and two nights to reach Buffalo. We had to wait at that point two or three days for the steamboat "Henry Clay." We did not mind that in the least, for we were quartered at the old Eagle hotel, kept by Benjamin Rathbun, a most sumptuous resting place, we all thought it, and so it was for those days. Our trip up the lake to Detroit on the "Henry Clay" was uneventful. We had a pleasant passage that occupied, I think, two or three days. The "Henry Clay," commanded by Captain Norton, was a floating palace, we thought, and we greatly enjoyed the time spent on it. It had no cabin on the upper deck—they were all below. When you desired to retire for the night or for meals, or get out of the reach of rain and storms, downstairs or between decks you had to go.

The "Henry Clay" was one of the three steamers that composed the line from Buffalo to Detroit, viz.: "Henry Clay," "Superior" and "Niagara." It was the only regular line between the above points. Now and then the steamers "William Penn" and "William Peacock" would put in an appearance. We could only count upon about one boat a week. The mails came by these boats during the season of navigation and the balance of the year by land through Ohio.

We landed at Jones' dock, between Griswold and Shelby streets, on a fine day, about ten o'clock in the morning and all walked up to the residence of my uncle, Thomas Palmer, corner of Jefferson avenue and Griswold street. There were no public conveyances in those days. Thomas Palmer lived over his store, as did many of the merchants doing business here at that time.

Let me refer once more to Captain Norton, one of the most conspicuous and popular captains on the lakes at that early day. The "Henry Clay" was a crack steamer and, of course, must have a corresponding chief officer. Of commanding presence, Captain Norton, of the "fast steamboat 'Henry Clay,'" when he appeared on Jefferson avenue, clad in his blue swallowtail coat with brass buttons, nankeen pants and vest, and low shoes with white stockings, not forgetting the ruffled shirt and tall hat, was the observed of all observers. Steamboat captains were kings in those days. All were pleased and anxious to show them every attention. When the "Clay" rounded Sandwich point, Detroit lay before us and, though small, the city presented quite an attractive appearance. The most conspicuous object in the distance

was the steeple or cupola of the statehouse or territorial capitol building, that pushed its head up among the surrounding trees, its tin covering glittering in the morning sun. This statehouse was located, where is now Capitol Square, and where the remains of Michigan's first governor, Stevens T. Mason, now repose.

The windmills along the river also attracted our wondering attention. Three were located on the Canadian side of the river, one on the point opposite the residence of the late Joseph Taylor and two just above the present site of Walkerville. The one on the American side was on a small point where Knagg's creek then entered the river and opposite the old Knagg's homestead, Hubbard's farm (since destroyed).

The four mills presented to us a wonderful sight on that bright May morning. They were in full operation; their four immense arms, covered with white sailcloth, were whirled through the air by the force of the wind, and, as said before, filled us with delighted amazement as all New York state could not produce a scene to match it.

Two companies of British regulars in their red coats (they were stationed at Sandwich), were going through their drill on the green in front of the old Huron Catholic church, its decaying walls propped by poles, and on the open in front was planted a high wooden cross, (since destroyed). The parsonage or mission house was there, though I think it has since been destroyed, held up by its two enormous chimneys at either end. The contrast presented by the red of the soldiers' uniforms and the green sward will always remain a vivid picture in my memory, so new and so unique. The Indians in their canoes, to whom a boat propelled without the aid of sails or oars was always an object of wonder, attracted our attention also, as did the horse-ferry boat, John Burtis, captain, that plied between Detroit and Windsor, as slow as "molasses in January." The description of the celebrated first steam Monitor of the civil war (Ericsson's) would aptly apply to this boat of Burtis', namely, "a cheese box on a raft."

It is needless to say that my father welcomed us gladly at the dock, and my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Palmer, greeted us with a genuine western hospitality that put us directly at our ease.

I will try to give my recollections of Detroit and vicinity, and the people at that early day. The outlook below the present site of Fort Wayne, was not quite so inviting as now. The country around the mouth of the River Rouge was low, flat and marshy, covered with a most luxuriant growth of wild grass (marsh hay), that any one could cut if he so desired. What was not cut was usually set on fire in the

winter and would burn for days, giving the people of the city quite a scene, at night illuminating the sky above the marsh, and showing vividly the flames leaping through the dry grass. The same scene used to be repeated every winter on the Grande Marias, above the city, just beyond the water-works.

Where Fort Wayne now is, and extending a little this side, was an immense hill of yellow sand that always looked, from the city, like a yellow patch on the landscape. This sandhill, it is presumed, was used in the early days (the memory of man runneth not to the contrary), as a burial ground by the Indians, because in its slow demolition (the sand of which it was composed being used for many purposes by anyone who desired to take the trouble to get it), numerous remains of Indians were found who had evidently rested there before and since Cadillac's time.

The first residence, down that way, I do not know who occupied it at that time, was an old style French-built house, with huge chimneys at each end. There was an old orchard on the west side. At one time, 1808, I think, it was occupied by Judge James Witherell and family, who, coming here soon after the destruction of the town by fire in 1805, found suitable tenements exceedingly scarce, and had to accommodate themselves to circumstances. It was somewhat perilous at that time for people living so far from the fort, as the Indians were none too friendly. I have often heard Mrs. Thomas Palmer, Senator Palmer's mother, and daughter of Judge Witherell, relate how her father used to admonish the family to keep close indoors after dark for fear of being carried off by the redskins.

General J. E. Schwarz also lived down that way about 1830, in a cottage with a veranda in front. The cottage once belonged to Honorable Austin E. Wing, and was occupied as a residence by him. It stood on Bates, between Woodbridge and Atwater streets. The general had a raft constructed and floated the house down the river and anchored it on the bank about where Baugh's iron foundry was built. The general, his wife, who was a highly refined lady, and his daughter, Emma, made it an ideal home, many a gay party from the city enjoying their hospitality.

The Knaggs' house (Hubbard farm), built about 1790 (long since destroyed), stood on the west side of Knaggs' creek, twenty feet back from the road, on what is now the corner of River street and Swain avenue. The mouth of Knaggs' creek was said to be, in 1812, about 300 feet wide and came up to within a few yards of the Knaggs' house.

At the mouth there were growing, in 1827, about three acres of wild rice that attracted vast multitudes of wild-duck and large numbers of blackbirds. In connection with this old house, I quote from remembrances of the late Colonel James Knaggs, son of Whitmore Knaggs, who was born in the house. It may be of interest to some to repeat it here.

"Whitmore Knaggs, my father, was born in Detroit in 1763, the same year Pontiac tried to carry out his famous plan of driving the English out of Detroit and the other forts on the western frontier. On July 31, 1763, a party of the Detroit garrison, under Captain Dalzell, made a sortie, and at Bloody Run were defeated by Pontiac with great loss. After his triumph, Pontiac invited the leading French residents, including Peter Descault Labadie, who afterwards became the father of my mother, to a grand feast in honor of the victory. There was plenty of fish, flesh and fowl, but no liquors." General Hull was a frequent visitor at the old house. Governor Cass and Governor Woodbridge also called frequently. Tecumseh, the celebrated Indian chief, with his brother were also common visitors. The Labadie house (still standing), was next above the Schwarz mansion. The Labadies were an old French family, here in Cadillac's time. Some of their descendants are with us now. The residence just above was commenced by Territorial Governor George B. Porter, but never finished by him. He was carried off by the cholera, in 1834. The house was of brick and was designed to be the finest in Michigan. It had reached only one story and a half at the time of the governor's death and there it stopped. It was roofed over in a sort of a way to protect it from the weather and remained in this condition for many years until Colonel Larned took hold of it, put on a substantial roof, without increasing the height of the walls, and thus it is to this day. I remember Governor Porter very well. He was a Pennsylvanian, a fine looking gentleman and well liked here. He was exceedingly horsey and brought with him a fine stud of thoroughbreds. Mrs. Porter was a fine looking woman, but rather stout, whereas the governor was of slight build.

The Brevoort house, occupied by Commodore Brevoort was built by Robert Navarre about the year 1740. That and the Labadie house, built the same year, were standing in 1885. The Brevoort house was just above Twenty-fourth street, on what was commonly known as the River road, but now River street. The Lafferty house, which was demolished some years ago, was built about 1750.

On the River road and in front of the old Lafferty homestead was

the Lafferty elm, a conspicuous mark in the landscape. It is known to have been planted a few years before the close of 1700, and was a striking example of the period required by the elm to produce a respectable shade. In 1862 the trunk measured at four feet from the ground two feet in circumference, which dimensions it held to the limbs. At ten feet the stem parted into seven branches, each of which was in size a considerable tree. It stood within the fence, and its limbs extended exceeded 100 feet. One by one its seven limbs were ruthlessly cut away by the ax, and finally the main trunk succumbed to the iron march of improvement. The tree was then in the vigor of three score years and ten, and might have continued for centuries, with increasing honors and usefulness, the glory of the neighborhood. I myself have often rested under its shade, when a boy in the thirties and forties, and wondered at its giant proportions and vigorous aspect.

The Loranger house, part of which was standing in 1885, was built about 1730; the Lafontaine house was situated just below the Loranger farm, between the river and the road. It was occupied as a schoolhouse about 1835, the Lafontaines having moved to Monroe. This Lafontaine house, though seemingly strongly built, tumbled down of itself shortly after this, leaving its two stone chimneys standing bare and naked for some years after.

Peter Godfroy lived on the Godfroy farm, fronting on the River road. The house was of recent construction, compared to the others that I have mentioned. Mr. Godfroy once lived on the corner of Woodward avenue and Woodbridge street, about 1827 and while living there he built the house I mention on his farm and occupied it about that time. This side of the Lafferty house, after a short distance, came May's creek (now obliterated) where the Michigan Central Railroad tracks intersect the river front. Then came the residence of Hon. Robert Abbott, auditor-general, then the residence of Governor William Woodbridge (Woodbridge farm), then the residence of Colonel Baker, United State Army (the latter was the last commandant at Fort Shelby), then the residence of John Mullett, surveyor-general of the Northwest Territory, then the Kercheval residence, then that of Hon. Augustus S. Porter, United States senator, then the residence of DeGarmo Jones, then the Cass farm, with the residence of General Cass. On the river front of the Cass farm and inside of its lower line, was the large brick brewery of Mr. Thomas Owen, who it was said, brewed fine ale, and was an exceedingly jolly, rotund Englishman.

There were no paved streets in Detroit and scarcely any sidewalks

north of Jefferson avenue. There were no public conveyances, and I do not think there was a two-horse private carriage in the whole city except one owned by Ben Woodworth. The universal means of getting around was by that most handy vehicle the two-wheeled French cart; indeed none other would have been practicable, when mud prevailed, which it most always did, and to the fullest extent, particularly when wet weather set in. I have often seen in those days, the female portion of the families of General Cass, John Mullett, DeGarmo Jones, B. B. Kercheval, Judge James Witherell, Judge Moran, Colonel Brooks, etc., enjoying a ride in one to church, or on a shopping tour. How convenient they were, a buffalo robe, spread on the bottom, or a plentiful supply of hay or straw, two or three stools, or ottomans, and the thing was complete. They could be backed up anywhere and to get out and in was too easy. It was quite a sight, when the streets were in bad condition to see the long line of carts backed up in front of the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches on Woodward avenue, between Larned and Congress streets, waiting on their owners. I know all about these carts, having when a boy driven them, off and on for years, until the necessity for them ceased to exist.

There were no business houses of any kind on any street north of Jefferson avenue, for many years after I came. The business was confined, entirely, to that portion of the city fronting on the river, between the Cass farm, Jefferson avenue and Hastings street. It was a pretty busy locality, then, between the points named, thronged as it was, with the French residents from up and down the river, and from Canada as well. The French *voyageurs* could always be seen there in great numbers, clad in their picturesque dress. The Indians (bucks, squaws and pappooses) were also largely in evidence, particularly at the time of the annual distribution of presents to them at Malden by the British government. On these occasions they always made this city a visit of many days (going and coming) filling the streets and camping around anywhere they liked. They were perfectly peaceable, creating no disturbance, although one might think so from the fact that they were all so addicted to the use of whisky. They were all great friends of Mr. Joseph Campau and he of them, who had his store and dwelling on Jefferson avenue, east side, between Griswold and Shelby streets. I have often seen the sidewalk in front of his place so crowded with them lying around that it was difficult for pedestrians to get along without stepping on a squaw or pappoose.

Randolph street was then a busy street from Jefferson avenue to the

river, on it at the corner of Woodbridge street was situated Woodworth's Steamboat hotel, the most celebrated hostelry west of Buffalo. It was at this hotel, that all the stage lines centered, and it was here that all the gay balls and social functions were given. On this street was the Berthlet market, besides it was fully occupied by traders of all classes. Woodbridge street from the hotel down to Bates street was a fashionable quarter, containing the residences of General John R. Williams, Doctor Marshal Chapin, Thomas Rowland, Knowles Hall, Mr. Sanderson (father of Mrs. George W. Bissell), etc. On one corner of Jefferson avenue (southeast) was the Governor Hull (now Biddle house), and on the other the Council house (where is now the water offices). On the opposite corner was the Kearsley residence (still standing), and on the other corner was the Judge Solomon Sibley house and grounds. In the same block with the Hull house were the residences of E. A. Brush and Major John Biddle. So it can readily be seen that, in and around this locality, ebbed and throbbed the life of the city, and it might with truth, be said, that of the Territory of Michigan, as well.

Bates street from Jefferson avenue to Atwater was a residence street. Hon. Austin E. Wing lived on this street, as did Mr. H. H. LeRoy. On this street at the corner of Atwater (northeast) was the Detroit Garden, quite a resort in those days, and the only one of the kind here. It also had a small theatre attached to it. Woodbridge and Atwater streets from Randolph down were occupied by business houses exclusively, and traffic on them was always lively. None of the Buffalo steamboats tied up at any point above Woodward avenue for some years. Their principal docks were those of DeGarmo Jones just below the foot of Griswold street, and the dock, just below Cass street and in front of the old Mansion house. Warehouses were at the foot of Randolph street, foot of Woodward avenue, and further down were the warehouses of DeGarmo Jones, Oliver Newberry, Shadrich Gillett, etc. The Mansion house, on Jefferson avenue, just about where Cass street is now, was a first class hotel, but not quite as popular as uncle Ben Woodworth's. A little above it, on the same side, was the government arsenal, and opposite was the postoffice, although it was not in this locality when I came, but was located on Woodward avenue, and Judge James Abbott was the postmaster. John Norvell succeeded him, and when he came he moved the office to the above locality. From this up, there were not any buildings or points of special importance except, perhaps, the Wendell & Whiting house (still standing) nearly opposite the old Michigan Exchange site. In the early days it was occupied

by Tunis S. Wendell and Major Whiting, the former an extensive merchant here, and the latter was the United States quartermaster at this post. This old house has witnessed within its walls, many gay and festive scenes. It was built in 1821 by Benjamin Stead, an Englishman, and said to be the second brick residence ever built in Detroit, that of Governor Hull being the first. On Smart's corner was a brick store (where is now the Merrill block). The old market was in the center of Woodward avenue, a short distance below Jefferson. Close by, at what was King's corner, was located the whipping-post, at which the deserving received their portions. It was not used in my time, although it stood there until about 1830.

General Cass lived in his quaint old dwelling down the river, said to have been built in Cadillac's time, with the high bank in its front, that has since been tumbled into the river. His ample orchard, through which coursed the Savoyard creek, stretched out in the rear. There were a large number of the old French pear trees in this vicinity then, not many down, but quite plentiful up the river. There was a row of them in front of the Beaubien homestead on Woodbridge street, a short distance above Beaubien, about in the rear of the Vondotega Club, also on the river front of the old Moran homestead on Woodbridge street, also in rear of Chancellor Farnsworth's house, where is now the Lovett residence. The latter consisted of twelve fine trees, all in a bunch, and were called the "Twelve Apostles." By whom they were planted is not known. It is to be regretted that they were not permitted to remain. Also in front of Riopelle, Dequindre and Witherell residences, on the river, the latter had six on the Dequindre street side of his house and three in the rear, between the house and apple orchard. Above Judge Witherell's nearly every French resident, clear to Milk river point had two or more on his premises. Many of these same trees are standing yet, and quite vigorous. Long may they wave.

There were but few churches here then. The Presbyterian congregation had a small wooden church with steeple and bell, on the corner of Woodward and Larned. Reverend Noah M. Wells, pastor. The Catholic persuasion had Ste. Anne's stone church, on corner of Bates and Larned streets; most all are familiar with this church, although demolished. This had four or five steeples and bells, then, but they found they could get along with two and so did. Father Gabriel Richard had charge. The Methodists and Baptists had a sort of an apology for meetinghouses, not churches, for quite a while after this.

There was not much of a settlement out Woodward avenue beyond

the campus. Cliff's yellow tavern was just this side of West Grand Circus Park, on quite a little knoll, and the park itself was a pond of water. The present capital square contained the territorial capitol building. Most of the people of any note, doing business here lived on Woodbridge, Griswold, Congress and Larned streets, and a few on Fort. I do not remember any on Lafayette or Michigan avenue, except on the latter and the corner of First street was the dwelling of Charles M. Bull. Fort Shelby was in the process of demolition when I came, all the embankment had been leveled, and the earth used to fill in the river front. Most of the cantonnement buildings were standing, but not for long, as they were sold at auction, and speedily disappeared or were moved elsewhere. There were no up river steamboats until the little "Argo" was built by Captain John Burtis, proprietor of the horse-ferry boat. The steamers "Clay" and "Superior" used at long intervals to venture on a trip to Mackinac and Green bay. These voyages were heralded weeks before the time, in the "Detroit Gazette," the Buffalo paper, and also in the New York journals. The steamboat "Walk-in-the-Water" when she was alive, advertised a pleasure trip to Mackinac, Green bay and Detroit, from Buffalo in the "Detroit Gazette" and in the New York papers. The latter compared it to the voyage of the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece.

Well, the land boom that struck Michigan in 1837, changed very much the aspect of things. Steamboats and sailing crafts got to be quite plentiful; thousands of people came from New York and the New England States, and Detroit awoke from its lethargy, cast aside its swaddling clothes, and became slowly the almost giant that she now is. When St. Anne's was building it was thought the grounds adjoining the church, devoted to cemetery purposes, would be ample for all time, or nearly so, and it was the same with the builders of the church, corner of Woodward avenue and Larned street. It is presumed they judged from the aspect of things here at that early day, that the question of being compelled to select ampler grounds, and beyond the possibility of being encroached upon, would stand small change of coming up. Yet less than one month after we came, both the congregations I have named purchased land adjoining each other, way out on the Beaubien farm for cemetery purposes, finding that their supposed ample grounds were inadequate. I do not know the number of acres that each bought, but I do know that at that time it was thought beyond all question, that the locality selected was far beyond the fear of ever being endangered. My father was the first buried in that locality, in

the protestant ground. When the funeral cortege passing up Jefferson avenue, came to where Beaubien street now is, the bars to the lane running to the rear of the Beaubien farm and to the cemetery had to be taken down to allow the procession to pass through. There was not a house in all that section of the city. It was all farming land. The present generation has seen how these grounds have been abandoned, and others selected in their stead, have now, in their turn met the same fate, the fear of, they know not what, staring them in the face.

Woodward avenue from Jefferson to the river, contained as said the old city market, in its center. The New York and Ohio house was opposite this market, on the west side, between Jefferson avenue and Woodbridge street, adjoining was the residence of Colonel Anderson, United States Army, where is now the Mariner's church, across Woodbridge street, on same side was the residence of Judge James Abbott, adjoining was the postoffice (he being postmaster), adjoining was his store and warehouse. The judge owned the entire block bounded by Woodward avenue, Woodbridge, Atwater and Griswold streets. The balance of the block was devoted to garden purposes and cultivation of fruit trees. There was a warehouse on the dock at the foot of the street. Alvah Brunson had a tavern (Brunson's tavern) opposite the postoffice on the southeast corner of Woodbridge street. The Godfroy house, was on the other corner, and in front of where is now the police-station. Jefferson avenue, was almost entirely devoted to private residences, very few business places, the desire seemed to be to get near or in the vicinity of the river.

The first steamboats to visit Chicago, were those conveying the troops under command of General Winfield Scott in 1832 (cholera year) whose mission was to put an end to the Black Hawk war. Chicago before this did not attract scarcely any attention, being only an outlaying military post, on the very borders of civilization. The troops of General Scott on reaching Detroit, were attacked with the cholera, they suffered severely here, as also on the route to Chicago, and after their arrival at the latter post. The campaign of Gen. Scott is a matter of history.

The Savoyard river, or creek which had its headquarters out on the Brush farm somewhere, came down through the rear of Cadillac square, into Congress street, down the latter street across Woodward avenue, to Griswold street diagonally across the latter street to the alley, adjoining the old post-office building, and thence down through this alley to the Cass farm, across it in the rear of the Cass mansion, it found its way to the river, across Larned street, under a stone culvert. In

IRON MONEY. FROM BILLS SENT BY HON. PETER WHITE.

1825 or 1826, the city put an end to this Savoyard creek, within its limits, by building a large oaken box drain or sewer in its bed from Griswold street, down to the line of the Cass farm, which of course killed it for all time. I have been told, that it was quite a formidable stream at times, but it did not have that appearance when I knew it or the part of it wending its way through the Cass orchard. When I came here, all that remained of this stream or creek, was its well defined banks across Griswold street, which were soon after leveled. It was said that this creek, derived its name from an old French citizen, Mr. P. Berthlet, builder and owner of the Berthlet market, that was once on the northwest corner of Randolph and Woodbridge streets. He always bore the nick-name of "Savoyard."

A MERE SKETCH OF IRON MONEY IN THE UPPER PENINSULA.

BY HON. PETER WHITE.

I suppose there are very few people living today, who ever saw, handled, or know anything about iron money, that for many years formed so large a part of the circulating medium, in most of the counties of the Upper Peninsula.

But everyone remembers, who is old enough, how hard put to it we were, in all parts of the country, for currency, immediately after the opening of the civil war. The early days of mining never saw us well provided for, but the war made it worse. The silver and gold money, even the fractional silver, disappeared as if by magic, most of the small silver to go into somebody's stocking, until specie payments were about to be generally resumed.

There were bills of State banks in circulation, secured by State bonds, but not National bonds as the National bank bills are. Some of them were good for varying percentages of their face value, and some were pretty bad. They were indispensable for the times, until we found out how to do without them, but all the same they were a perfect nuisance, as no one could be quite sure what the discount was going to be, and you almost always lost something. If the holder of such bills could change them into our own iron money, he was always very glad to do it, even if obliged to submit to a sharp discount.

When the silver and gold went out just after the war began, for a

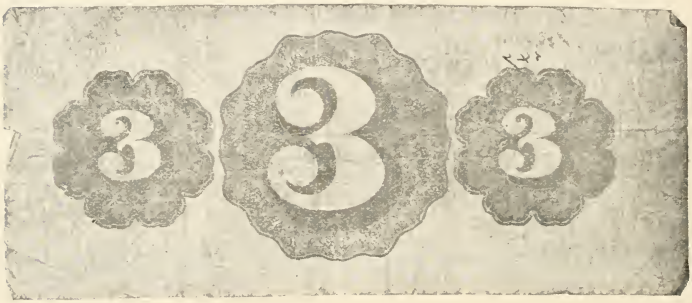
few weeks, (it seemed longer then,) there was no small change at all, except postage stamps. These went into use, gum and all, and as they were not legal tender, some people would not take them, and it was most perplexing. Then while the government was laying plans for something better, they issued postal currency, the postal die being stamped on ungummed paper, or dies made to show stamps over-lapped were used for small bills as high as twenty-five and fifty cents, and as low as five and ten cents in denomination. When the treasury department caught up with the suddenness of the situation, matters gradually adjusted themselves, except in the outlying districts. In California, gold and silver continued in use to a considerable degree, but in the northern Peninsula of Michigan, which was unprovided with express facilities, or even tolerable means of transportation, it was almost impossible for us to get any government currency at all.

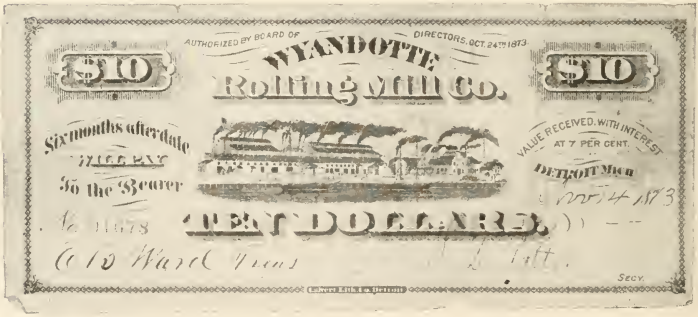
Several expedients were therefore invented, all the lumbering and mining regions have had experience of the company stores, sometimes used as almost a tyranny over the employees, but sometimes almost an absolute necessity. On pay days, a large part of the disbursements consisted in books of coupons, good at the company stores for so much merchandise.

The Northern Peninsula still has remote districts, where the plan continues in use, and of course we had this plan in war times, and it helped out to a degree. But there were many independent business men. All trade could not go on in company stores, and be squared by coupons, so a freely transferable currency was imperatively needed. This was found in the so-called iron money. This had been in use, in a limited way, by several of our companies, as long ago as 1853 and 1854, which was its first appearance. Called iron money on the iron range, the same plan was used at Portage lake, and there they called it copper money. But it was the war that increased the volume of it sufficiently to get it into history, and a very important part it played.

Here is a brief description of what it was. In those days, the great companies had not come to handling all of their own work. They farmed a great deal of it over to small contractors, who employed their own men, and made what they could. When one of these small contractors wanted, we will say, a hundred dollars on his contract, the company's local agent or paymaster, gave him a draft for the amount, just like any other draft, drawn on the sales agent, or the company's treasurer in Cleveland, Boston, or elsewhere.

This contractor probably had a store account somewhere, and tendered





IRON MONEY. FROM BILLS SENT BY HON. PETER WHITE.

the draft in payment. If there was change coming to him, as there almost always naturally would be, the storekeeper did not pass it out to him, but putting the draft in his drawer, told the man that the balance would stand to his credit for more goods. So the contractor did not get any cash out of the transaction at all, and if he needed money to pay his men, would not know where to turn to get it. When he needed money again, he would be tendered a second draft by the company, but made wise by his previous experience, he would say; "I can't use a draft. The storekeeper, who gets it will force me to trade it all out at his store." "Well," the agent would say, "I see the force of that, and I will divide the hundred dollars due you, into twenty dollar amounts." Even that did not suit perfectly, and finally the expedient was hit upon, of printing a regular form for small sight drafts of five and ten dollars each. The old companies, like the Jackson, never issued anything smaller than five dollars. But some smaller companies, like the Collins and the Cascade issued one's, two's, three's and four's. These drafts passed into many hands, in fact everyone took them.

Many state banks had secured their issues, by purchases of bonds issued by states, which afterwards joined the southern confederacy. Of course, holders of notes from these banks speedily became scared, and sometimes came and offered their notes, two dollars for one in iron money.

The first small drafts, I believe, were drawn by the Jackson company. They were drawn by Henry Merry, superintendent of their mine at Negaunee, on Samuel Peck, their agent in Marquette, while the other companies drew direct on their home offices in Cleveland or other eastern cities.

Soon these drafts for five and ten dollars began to pass from hand to hand, it being often some considerable time before they reached the place of payment. They got pretty dirty in the transit. One company tried the experiment of making them payable three months after date, with interest at the rate of ten per cent. This experiment made by the Iron Cliffs company, did not meet with good success, and no one ever followed suit.

I had been a private banker since 1854, and handled the iron money, of course, about as soon as any one. Our custom in handling the iron drafts, was to sort out those of each company by themselves, and bundle them up into even thousands, for presentation to the agents of the companies. They would then take up the small drafts, and issue in

exchange a sixty or ninety day draft on the treasurer of the company, adding the interest. This would then go through the usual channels for collection, and the game would begin all over again.

The stamp taxes required by the United States internal revenue act, for war revenue, went into effect, if I remember correctly, in July or August, 1864. By this law, a two-cent revenue stamp was required on all drafts in excess of ten dollars. Some of the companies paid no attention to the new law. The Jackson company, however, stamped not only its larger drafts, but the ten dollar drafts as well, thus going beyond the requirements of the revenue law. But the stamping of the small drafts led to the discovery that they had been quite extensively counterfeited.

Mr. S. N. Bronson, who was the son-in-law of Mr. Samuel Peck, the agent and cashier of the Jackson company, was in the habit of canceling these stamps, by using a monogram of his own initials, S. N. B., in such a way that one of the strokes formed not only part of the N, but part of the B, and to a person unfamiliar with his full name, it looked like S. B. only.

The counterfeiter, Dr. Crucial of Negaunee, used simply two letters S. B., with a dot between, and it was this defective cancellation that caught Mr. Bronson's eye, and enabled him to detect the forgery, after he had actually redeemed many hundred dollars of the bogus ones. Dr. Crucial had apparently become possessed of regular blanks of the Jackson company, and Mr. Peck's signature was a very tremulous hand, particularly easy to counterfeit. The discovery that the drafts had been imitated caused tremendous excitement, as there were quite a good many in circulation. I had several hundred dollars in them myself.

I never knew the whole amount of the counterfeited issue, but it was said at the time, that several thousand dollars in the bogus paper had been foisted on the community. Of course, the discovery made amateur detectives of everybody, and it was soon discovered where they came from. Many of them, and those new and unsoiled, were traced back to Dr. Crucial, and he and two accomplices were arrested, indicted and brought into court. The evidence produced on the trial was perfectly conclusive of their guilt. The judge, at that time, was named O'Grady, and he took a most surprising view of the whole matter. When the evidence and arguments were all in, he charged the jury, that under a decision of an English court in the reign of George the third, it was not counterfeiting or forgery to imitate a thing called money, if it

were not money, and he directed the jury to acquit without leaving their seats, and the prisoners were discharged.

Of course the judge was wrong in his attempt to apply the English precedent. Iron money was only so-called colloquially. It was just what it claimed to be, drafts and everyone knows that to imitate a check or draft is forgery, any way you look at it. The judge seemed to think that the iron money was a pretty worthless affair, but it is worthy of comment, that aside from some of the notes of the Collins, and one other, the Cascade, all these drafts were paid, and therefore aside from this counterfeiting, from which the most excellent currency in the world is not free, no one ever lost anything by iron money, and so it proved an unmixed convenience and blessing to the community, so far as any money could.

The question of the revenue stamp, and its supposed necessity has another important bearing. Noticing that the Jackson company was stamping its ten dollar drafts, another company sent a sample draft to Washington to the commissioner of internal revenue to ask if that form was taxable, and he responded that it was not, nothing as low as ten dollars was taxable. It will be noted that the commissioner then was the same person, who afterwards tried to enforce the ten per cent tax.

Besides the companies, several of the storekeepers had issued notes in small denominations to help them make change for the five and ten dollar drafts. These notes were payable in goods. In times of great scarcity, they were sometimes endorsed, "payable in goods, except butter and eggs."

As may readily be imagined, even in the day of small things, before shipments began to be described in millions of tons, or any of the present magnificent statistics of the mining industry began to be dreamed of, these transactions extending over a good many years finally ran into very large figures. I have already noted that the commissioner of internal revenue had given a ruling, in response to inquiry, that these small notes were not taxable. This made his action taken in 1874 all the more surprising and unexpected.

There was a United States law providing that all currency in circulation, other than United States legal tenders, and national bank bills was subject to a tax of ten cents on each dollar, each and every time it was paid out, so that if a man paid out the same one dollar bill ten times, he owed the United States a dollar, and having failed to report what he had done to the revenue department, he had incurred

a forfeiture of as much more. This law was intended to help the sale of United States bonds, and was an emergency measure at a trying period during the civil war, as the government needed the money to carry on the war.

It suddenly occurred to the commissioner that this was money. Remember, all the so-called iron and copper money was in drafts, not notes at all. But if it could be construed as money, a very big thing was in sight for the commissioner, and those who were interested in him.

A special detective was sent up here in the summer of 1874 to investigate how great had been the amount of iron money issued, and he reported the amount not less than $100,000,000. Of course, this does not mean that the companies had issued any such amount, but it includes sometimes several uses of the same piece of paper. The commissioner therefore assessed those, who had been engaged in the circulation of iron money, ten per cent of the estimated payments, or $10,000,000, of which no less than twelve hundred thousand dollars were assessed against me personally. I had plenty of companions in misery, but none were so deeply involved as I, though I suppose several of the companies would have had to pay, unless relieved of the assessment, several hundred thousand dollars.

Under the law, one-half of this assesment, as far as it could be collected, was to be paid to the informer. Suppose, therefore, that only one-tenth of the whole amount could be collected, still a few men who were interested in pushing the assessment through, stood to divide about a half a million dollars. You may therefore not wonder at the earnestness with which the claim was pushed, and the great difficulty we had to obtain just relief.

There was a certain justice in the action of the government against the State banks. It was to everyone's interest, that the currency should be stable and well secured. But we were not using iron money, because we were opposing the government, or objecting to national banking laws or currency. We were glad to use as much currency as we could get, and were acting under a sort of compulsion, if we would keep in business at all.

Every banker, every mining company, and every prominent business man in northern Michigan was hence involved, and besides, the principles of the decision, if successfully applied, would affect many other regions in other states, especially in Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The detective pursued his investigations with a great deal of secrecy and in September the assessment was made, and I was requested to pay

over nearly a million and a quarter to the government, because I was supposed to have paid out about $12,000,000 in iron money.

At about that time I became a candidate for the State senate on the Democratic ticket. The district was then normally Republican, but not to anything like the present extent. We used to be allowed, if I may use a bull, to hold our November elections in September, or else our returns would be so long delayed, that the canvass of the vote of the whole State would be an interminable matter. But at this date, the northern peninsula had outgrown that privilege.

The supreme local issue in 1874 was the attempt to carry through the legislature a land grant for the building of a railway, from the Straits of Mackinac westward. It was believed, politics aside, that I could do as much toward winning the land grant as any one, and perhaps could do more. So I was very generally voted for, and elected largely by Republican votes. The whole northern peninsula was favorable to the re-election of Zachariah Chandler to the United States senate. Although I was a Democrat, I was as much in favor of Mr. Chandler as any one, as he had been very active, faithful and successful in caring for the interests of the State. While a stalwart of the stalwarts, he was quite ready to assist his Democratic fellow citizens of Michigan, and so I had always found him.

As soon as possible after I heard of the assessments on account of iron money, I went to Detroit to see Governor Baldwin, who was soon setting off for Europe. His term had expired. I was anxious to get as large a number of excellent letters as possible, and asked Mr. Baldwin to go with me to see Senator Chandler, and get a letter from him to the most influential persons in Washington. Chandler at once said that the matter was entirely too important to be left to any letter or letters, and he at once dropped everything, and started the next day for Washington. I suppose he knew more about what a deep laid plan there was than I, and how many people expected to be enriched by it.

Chandler was immediately successful, in a preliminary way, and induced the president to issue an order, holding up the assessment until after the close of the short session of congress then approaching, which would give an opportunity for relief legislation to pass. Mr. Chandler was also kind enough, when congress met, to draft a relief measure, introduce it in the senate and see that it was kindly dealt with in committee. His influence was tremendous.

The bill was also simultaneously introduced into the house. In the meantime, I set about enlisting support for the bill the best way I could.

I secured letters from the governors of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York. The governor of New York was Samuel J. Tilden, and he was deeply concerned in the relief measure himself, so he would not give me an official letter, but a personal letter to Mr. Wheeler of the house, afterward vice president, with whom he was on intimate business and personal terms. The others all asked their senators and representatives to do all they could to assist the relief bill, which I was promoting. As soon as our own legislature met, both houses took action, asking all their senators and representatives in congress to favor the bill. So everything looked favorable, only to receive a most unexpected and dangerous setback, through the withdrawal of Mr. Chandler's support.

In the campaign for Mr. Chandler's re-election, I have said that all my district, and that I, personally, favored Mr. Chandler's return, on account of our high opinion of his value and his past services to the State. But there was a considerable defection from Mr. Chandler in his own party, growing out of dissatisfaction over his handling of patronage, and this defection, while not numerically strong in itself, was very determined, and proved to hold the balance of power.

The Democrats had about an even thing in the senate, but were in a serious minority in the house. They would naturally have voted for a straight-out Democrat like Mr. George V. N. Lothrop, a great man, and a great lawyer. But they were induced to make a deal or combination with the independent Republicans, and to support Isaac P. Christiancy, one of the justices of the supreme court, and one of the "Big Four," who made the decisions of that court respected, and quoted over the whole civilized world.

I had gone so far as to say to Mr. Chandler's friends, that I would vote for him, if my vote would elect him. But I did not feel that I was there principally in his interests. My district wanted the land grant and I could not afford to antagonize the votes, which could carry or defeat that grant. I wanted therefore to be in the natural majority. I had said about as much to Mr. Christiancy's friends, as to Mr. Chandler's. I came far down on the roll call, and felt my course would unfold itself. There were then thirty-two members of the senate and an even hundred in the house.

A senatorial election is held in joint session of the two houses, and by joint ballot, hence you see the successful candidate needed sixty-seven votes in a full session of 132. I believe the independents numbered seven or eight. There was great excitement during the vote, which

was by roll call, and when my name was reached, Christiancy already had sixty-six votes, while Chandler had only sixty-three. Had Chandler come to my name with sixty-six votes, I would have voted for him, but as Christiancy could be elected by my vote, and had been chosen by my party, I voted for him. I can truthfully say that I lost sight of the relief bill at the time, or did not consider it in connection with the election. I was thinking of my land grant, and besides, I had formed an opinion of Mr. Chandler, from other association with him, which unprepared me for the course he adopted.

He was in Lansing during the election, but immediately left, and went through by special car to Washington, where he lost no time in telling the commissioner of internal revenue that he could go on at once with the assessment, and endeavored to get the senate committee to withdraw the favorable report they had made to the bill for our relief, drawn and introduced by himself. I do not know whether he acted entirely on his own judgment, although he was deeply incensed over his defeat, but he failed to make the senate committee recede.

At that juncture, I was fortunate enough to learn the state of affairs from Mr. William B. McCreery, the State treasurer. Mr. McCreery was from Flint, and had been, up to January 1st, when his term as State treasurer began, United States collector of internal revenue, which office of course he had to resign. But there had been delay in the appointment of his successor, and Mr. McCreery still had the books, and received correspondence, so he found out Chandler's change and informed me of my danger.

Mr. Jay A. Hubbell, our northern peninsula member of congress, also telegraphed me of the situation of the bill, and informed me that all the Democrats and some of the Republicans would vote against it, and advised me to come on and see about it personally. There were then only a very few days left to the session so I went on at once. The State senate gave me leave of absence to go, and the whole legislature sympathized and assisted as they could.

I appeared before the senate committee, and secured their favor, and also before the house committee on ways and means. They examined me for hours and days, and they also repeatedly examined Douglas, the commissioner of internal revenue, who, of course, was dead against my bill, while the secretary of the treasury, and every other member of the cabinet was for me. I had countless personal interviews, and had to entertain a great deal, so the time passed in a whirl.

One of my letters was to General Banning of Cincinnati, a demo-

cratic member of the house, who had been prominent in the civil war and therefore stood high. I was introduced to him by my friend Mr. Magill. General Banning had great influence among the Democrats. I was perfectly loaded with statistics, and one morning, I went to find General Banning, before the house was called to order, and found him at his desk talking very earnestly with a man about the tax on matches. There was a good deal of legislation affecting internal revenue schedules in the air, reducing war taxes, that required careful consideration, and every one interested in any thing, that had been subject to a war tax, was very busy about a reduction. As I approached, General Banning turned to me and said, "Mr. White, what do you people out in Michigan think? Would you prefer to have the tax on matches reduced, or would you like to see whisky taxes lowered?" Anxious to stand well with every member, and the mention of whisky somehow making me think that General Banning's companion was a Kentucky member, I replied diplomatically, "Well, we Michigan people would like to see the whisky tax lowered to fifty cents a gallon but we think matches ought to go on the free list." At this, the supposed Kentuckian quite beamed on me. Just then Mr. Hubbell came along, and told General Banning, who had been absent for sometime on a government commission in New Orleans, that they had been waiting on their committee to report certain legislation until he got back, that they were agreed, but did not wish to bring the business in until he had seen it; that if he would give him a few minutes, he could put the whole matter before him. So Banning went off with Hubbell, but said, "I want to talk with both of you, now do not go away until I get back."

So I began to explain my case to the supposed Kentucky member, talking very fast, taking first one document, and then another out of my pocket. He tried to stop me several times, but I insisted, "I won't take but a few minutes more, I want to make it all clear, wait until I make my full statement." So finally he resigned himself until I was through. Then, when I looked at him finally to see if he were convinced, he said in a cracked voice, "I'm not a member of the house. I'm Richardson, the match man from Detroit, come down to see about getting the tax off of matches. I tried to stop you, but I couldn't but if I can do anything for you, I will."

I found afterwards that Mr. Richardson probably did get me one vote. I was trying to get an appointment with a member, in order to influence his vote, when he said, "if it is that thing, that Mr. Richardson, the match man, spoke to me about, I am in favor of that already."

The senate finally passed my bill, all this work going on in about a week, and then the house also acted favorably, but with amendments, that had to go back to the senate for concurrence. It finally passed the senate on the last day of the session, after the too rapid clock had been turned back twice to give the senate time to finish its work. The bill was then hurried to the president, who signed it two hours after that congress had really legally expired.

This turning the clock back is often done, and indeed it is impossible to see how it could be otherwise, such is the rush of last things.

Had my bill failed, I would have had to try it again, but the tax would not have been allowed by the president to be pressed. I was told that Secretary Bristow had his promise, in case my measure failed, that he would see that another postponement was had until the *next* congress could act upon it, with more time to do it in.

This dashed the hopes of all who had hoped to enrich themselves by this tax. I am not sure, but it seems to me, that up to that time at least, no tax of so great proportions had been assessed against a private person.

No direct recognition of my services was ever made by the great companies relieved by the passage of my bill. But indirectly it was of great service to me. An unremunerated obligation is often a most valuable asset, and I have found this so. Much friendly relationship and many public services can, I am sure, be traced to my work that winter. I have thought the great willingness of the mining companies, to help me when I was World's Fair Commissioner, and their liberal gifts of time, skill and money would not be found absolutely unconnected with that winter's work.

Some Republicans were disposed to feel sore at first, over Chandler's defeat, and to visit ill-will on me, but it was of very short duration, and before the session ended, complete harmony was restored with even Chandler's warmest friends, and I had the most abundant evidences of friendship and sympathy. The land grant was passed, and so was made possible our present close connection with the Detroit and the east, then known as the Detroit, Marquette & Mackinac, and now the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railroad.

Mr. Chandler's term expired with that congress, but not his public service. Mr. Christiancy was not conspicuous as a senator, great as he had been as a judge, and Chandler returned to the senate on Mr. Christiancy's resignation. As secretary of the interior at the end of President Grant's second term, his firmness undoubtedly saved the Republi-

can cause. Those were trying times. It is impossible not to admire Mr. Chandler in many ways, and yet he belonged to the type of politicians, which is not in the ascendancy at present.

He was a self made man, of tremendous energy, great business power. Politics was like the wine of life to him. He died in harness, in one of his greatest moments.

But I cannot close here without giving the after act of the great conspirators. Finding that they were foiled in their attempt to make a fortune for themselves in the moiety they were to get if they succeeded, they got their biggest lawyers into consultation and decided to bring an action against each of the companies in the name of the United States, claiming a very large amount.

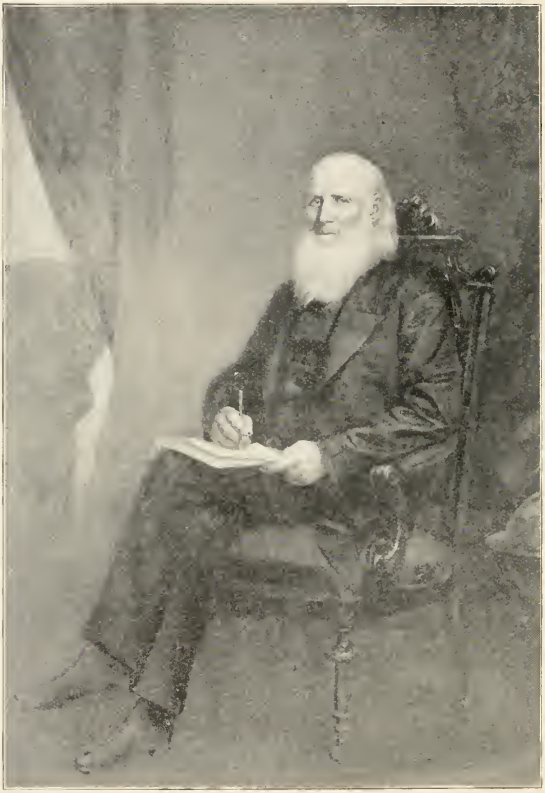
The agent of each company was arrested on a warrant issued out of the United States circuit court, and each gave a bond in a required sum to appear in Detroit at the next session of that court to stand trial.

And at the proper time they were all on hand, and the attorneys under direction of the court agreed that the Iron Cliffs company case should be tried first and that it should be a test case. The United States district attorney, A. B. Maynard, made his opening to the court and jury. Then the case of the government and the conspirators commenced.

If I remember aright I was the first witness for the government and altogether I was on the stand more than twelve hours; other witnesses were called, specimens of iron money were exhibited to the witnesses and the jurors.

The case proceeded slowly for three days. The judges sitting were Hon. H. H. Emmons, circuit judge, and Hon. Henry N. Brown, district judge, and after listening to much exciting argument, they agreed to disagree, as to whether the government had made out its case, and under that disagreement the case would be certified up to the supreme court of the United States.

At the urgent solicitation of the attorney general, (Williams, of Oregon) and other attorneys interested in the prosecution, the cause was advanced and it came on for its hearing. The attorney general made a terrible onslaught and other attorneys were heard for the government. Then came the arguments for the defense. The attorney general arose to make the closing argument, when the chief justice announced that the court did not wish to hear any further argument! The attorney general demanded to be heard, when the chief justice said,



REV. JOHN D. PIERCE,

Michigan's first Superintendent of Public Instruction.

"The court is unanimous in the opinion that the government had not made any case and it is *dismissed.*"

We have come a long way past iron money. The samples of money shown in the picture represent the currency in use in those days. We are now in as close touch with great financial centers, as Philadelphia was with New York, when the United States bank was in power. But in prosperity it is well to remember old friends and the ship that brought us over. Here's hoping that whatever kind of money you like best, you'll have plenty.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF JOHN D. PIERCE.

BY R. CLYDE FORD, LL. D.

John Davis Pierce, Michigan's first superintendent of public instruction, and the first one in the United States, was one of those elemental, pioneer characters upon which great states build their fortunes. His life goes back to the first years of the republic, for Washington was still president when he was born in 1797. He came of good stock, and seven generations of his ancestors had battled with the vicissitudes of life in New England. Like ancient Attica, New England—particularly in that day—was a rough, wild nurse-land, but its crops were men. In more than one direction the chronicle of the family touches the history and romance of the young nation. Pierces had fought in the Indian wars; some were for the king, some against the king in the revolution; some were statesmen, senators and governors, and one became president of the United States. The Wayside Inn, made famous by Longfellow, was also built and owned by a kinsman of the Pierces.

Most of the Pierces were not rich; in that day men could be great without the help of money, and John D. Pierce was a poor man's son. His father died when he was two years old, and his mother was forced by circumstances to give the baby over into the care of his grandfather, and to do this she carried him on horseback from Chesterfield, New Hampshire to Paxton in Worcester county, Massachusetts. What a pathetic picture that is, Mrs. Pierce journeying alone over the New England hills, with a weight of grief in her heart, in her arms her first born boy, whom she was taking to where she was to give him up!

Till 1807 the boy lived with his grandfather, a sombre, starched,

staunch old royalist, who still hurrahed for the king, and wore knee-breeches and silver-buckled shoes. But when the old man died he passed into the home of an uncle, where he had a small and unwelcome place by an already overcrowded fireside.

His life for the next few years was a hard one, loveless and full of toil. He was regarded as an interloper in the household and made to work like a farm hand for his board and keep. Summers he assisted the other men in trying to wrest a living from the rocky soil of the farm; winters he chopped in the woodlot and ate poor and frozen dinners. Most boys would have succumbed in such cheerless surroundings and dropped into the mediocrity of ignorance and indifference, but not so with young John Pierce. Already he was beginning to dream dreams and see visions, and the little schooling he got each year only served to whet the longings of his soul. "Why," says Carlyle somewhere, "talk with yon stable boy, when you may converse with princes and walk in the palaces of kings?" In books John D. Pierce escaped from the thraldom of his environment, and modest but entranced he walked the royal halls of learning. He read every book he could beg or borrow within ten miles of his home.

And then one day he was "converted." Let no one smile at that term applied to the change that came into the young man's life. Whether we have a place or not in our religious creed for conversion, we must not forget that it has played a great part in the making of characters and careers in New England, and from the time this lad reached out, and as he thought, took hold of the hand of God, he was consumed by two holy ambitions,—to get an education, and then to preach the gospel. And when he had once made up his mind he was firm as a rock. He succeeded in getting his uncle to release him a short time before his majority, and then with the money he earned working out, plus the hundred dollars he had inherited from his royalist grandfather, in 1818 he entered Brown university. In spite of the fact that he had to stay out now and then to teach a term of school he was able to graduate four years later among the first eight in a class of thirty-six.

Later he was principal of an academy for one year, studied theology at Princeton, was then licensed to preach in the Congregational church, and in 1825 was elected pastor of a church at Sangerfield, New York.

The Sangerfield period has been, until very recently, an unknown chapter in his biography, nevertheless it was a period which showed in a remarkable way the sterling qualities of his character.

Late in the year 1826 all western and middle New York was thrown

into a turmoil of excitement by an anti-Mason agitation. It was occasioned by the mysterious disappearance of one William Morgan, who had made himself obnoxious by his threats to expose in a book the secrets of the order. The facts surrounding his death will probably never be known, but it seems pretty well established that he was taken blindfolded in a closed carriage by unknown parties to the Niagara frontier, and that his further whereabouts could never be traced. Popular belief credited the Masons with having made way with him, and the order was denounced with fury by platform, pulpit and press in New York and other states, and a national political party was formed to combat the influence of secret societies. When this agitation reached Sangerfield there was bound to be trouble for Rev. John D. Pierce, for he was a Mason.

For a year or two things went on, but at last the gap between pastor and people was too wide for successful church work; there were accusations, a trial, a splendid vindication of Mr. Pierce, and then his resignation. He had triumphed, but felt that his usefulness in the place was over.[1]

This episode with the Sangerfield church was a turning point in John D. Pierce's career—it turned his face toward the west,—for soon after, being offered an appointment by the American Home Missionary Society in Michigan or Illinois, he accepted it eagerly, and early in 1831 he left to spy out the land. He met a committee of the missionary society in Detroit, then journeyed westward by way of Ann Arbor and Jackson to Marshall, which at that time contained two shanties and a big double log-house, partly completed. He liked the outlook for work here, and at once returned east for his family and household effects. In the fall of the same year we find him back again in Marshall, settled in the big log-house which he had bought, and which for many a day was the church, tavern, and boarding house for the community. The latchstring of that house was always out.

For the next few years Mr. Pierce lived the life of a typical frontier preacher. He rode on horseback in every direction through the wilderness to minister to scattered church communities, or to perform marriage ceremonies, or to say the last words over the plain, rough-hewn coffins of those who had died in the new land. In every way he lived the life of his people. When the cholera ravaged the territory in 1832

[1] The book on John D. Pierce, published by Profs. Ford and Hoyt, of Ypsilanti, relates he was tried on three charges, viz; "differences in doctrine, Masonry, and loss of usefulness." In view of fifty busy and successful years' work after this in Michigan, it shows the absurdity of the accusation.

his wife was among the first victims in Marshall, but he remained bravely at his post and nursed the sick and dying and buried the dead.

As early as 1832 a move had been made to inaugurate State government, but the coming of the cholera and the Black Hawk war had retarded matters, and it was not till 1835 that the necessary constitution and plan of government were devised, with Isaac E. Crary as delegate to congress. It was just here, in these two years preceding Michigan's formal entry into the union, that our present school system had its origin, and here in these years do we see Rev. John D. Pierce in the new character of educational reformer.

Educational affairs in the territory were in a chaotic condition. Through lack of a centralized administrative power, and absence of all system, there had come into existence a few elementary schools without definite curriculum, or proper support, or regular term, or adequate teachers. And while a university with pompous designations and titles had been planned, it was ineffective in its workings,—somebody was needed who could tear away the useless educational practice and theory and co-ordinate the various departments of public instruction upon a basis of law and order. And John D. Pierce, the missionary in the wilderness, who had never concerned himself much with matters of statesmanship, politics, or political aspirations, came forth to do the work. And he did it so well that anyone who studies his achievements will marvel at his wisdom and foresight. No educational structure ever reared in America shows more skill in its building than our public school system, as modeled by John D. Pierce.

Thanks to a copy of Sarah Austin's translation of Cousin's report on the schools of Prussia, which had appeared in New York in 1835, Mr. Pierce had perceived the feasibility of a centralized school organization, controlled by a responsible official, and his friend, General Isaac E. Crary, had incorporated this principle in the plan of the new State constitution. When Mr. Pierce, in 1836, was appointed superintendent of public instruction, the one man had come into authority who was wise enough to cope with the problems involved.[1]

[1] The following letter was sent by Dr. Miriam Gardner, Clifton Springs, New York. It was very plainly and carefully written and folded to make its own envelope. It was addressed to

Mr. Edward DeLamatter
Fayetteville, Onondaga Co.
N. Y.

H. G. Hubbard Esq.

Dear Sir Detroit Feb. 17—

I have but a moment. Opportunity presents of sending to Fayetteville tomorrow morning and I embrace it. I left my school in Baldwinsville in a flourishing condition last July on account partly of ill health and partly because it

He began his duties by taking a trip east to talk with school men and study school methods and organization. When he returned he formulated a report which embraced three things:

1. Organization and support of primary schools.
2. Reorganization of the university.
3. Disposition of university and primary school funds.

The Prussian school system was constantly before his mind. The school district was made the unit of the new system and was held responsible for the erection of all buildings and the supplying of all appliances, and was also enabled to levy a tax for its own support. The school district was followed by the township with its corporate board, as the next step in the system. Mr. Pierce also recommended that provision be made for a library in every school district, and this became the law. He submitted plans of a model schoolhouse, and almost all of the older rural school buildings in the State today are exact reproductions of his idea.

But his master stroke of policy was in taking the control of the sixteenth sections of land away from the townships and giving it to the State. This was accomplished by the aid of General Crary in congress, and when the commonwealth came into the union the transfer had been

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would not support me in such a way as to enable me to do duty to my family & creditors—I could only make my two ends meet—I came to Mich. with a view of giving short courses of instruction from place to place in sciences—My wife came on in Sept. & was sick 3 weeks—taken the day she arrived. I had just recovered from a month's illness—I have no more than paid my expenses for several months—But I have succeeded in making friends to myself & to my cause—Wherever I went I gave a lecture on Ed—I not long since was invited to give an address on that subject before the "young men's Society" & by Governor Mason's special request I gave it at the Capitol so that the members of the Legislature might hear—He wished them to interest themselves in the subject inasmuch as he intended to carry Mich. ahead of any other state on that subject—Well the capitol was crowded—all were pleased—Several of the members a few evenings after at the Governor's party acknowledged themselves converted to my views. I meant to rip up your N. Y. system. I attacked that, because it is called truly the best in the Union—Well the result of all is that I am to be appointed to the office of "Superintendent of public instruction" which is recognized by the new constitution. I am the only candidate & the Governor told a Senator & friend of mine today that he should nominate me to the office (the legist. must concur) and that he considered me the only man in the state fitted for the office—Several of his personal friends have interested themselves in my behalf—Salary not yet fixed.

Some say it will not be less than $1,000—It lasts 2 years—I am glad on account of Creditors, friends, & I think more on account of the opportunity it will give me to advance a cause I have long had at heart. I want to hear from you & friends. Can you not send a family letter on my account & Mrs. L's—She & children are well at her brother's—40 m. from here. I am with them but a small portion of the time—May God bless you & yours. Much love to all your family. Tell Jacob to write.

Yours sincerely—
O. S. Leavitt

A fire here this evening—3 or 4 poor buildings burnt.

provided for in the act of admission. The result showed the exceeding wisdom of the change. "It infused new vigor into the new-born system," was Mr. Pierce's own comment, and the organization of district schools, with the help of apportioned State funds, became at once a matter of pride in every settled portion of the State.

The other task which devolved upon him in his new office was not simple either—that of reorganizing the university. Should the energies of the new State be centered in one great institution, or should a number of petty institutions scattered over the State be empowered to grant degrees, and in this dismembered way carry on the work of higher education? Mr. Pierce studied the problem carefully, corresponding with scholars and college presidents all over the country, and finally made up his mind that *one* great institution was better than an indefinite number of little ones masquerading under a great name. He labored hard, writing, talking, lobbying to have his ideas adopted.

"It is to be borne in mind," he said, "that the policy now adopted is destined to affect the literary standing and character of the State, not only for the time of the present generation, but as long as the republic and its institutions shall be preserved; nay, more—so long as its name and the memorial of its deeds shall be read in story or in song." He won the day and his enthusiastic words are coming true, and our great university at Ann Arbor will no doubt endure with ever-increasing fame as long as the republic stands. It is noteworthy but not remarkable that Mr. Pierce's notion of one central State university has been followed by almost all the States organized since his day.

"Whoever heard of a preacher knowing how to handle money," some tight-fisted Yankee might have said, and undoubtedly did say, when Mr. Pierce was appointed to office, but the administration of the funds in the hands of the superintendent of public instruction was as successful and business-like as the rest of his work. In his last annual report to the legislature he shows that the total receipts from the sale of lands and other sources amounted to $186,388.98, of which $135,648.84 belonged to the primary school fund, and $50,690.14 to the university fund. Of this large amount, $117,860.45 was invested, and the balance applied in the support of schools.

With all of his other work Mr. Pierce found time during part of the time of his incumbency of office to edit and publish an educational magazine, called "The Journal of Education." Most teachers of the State have never heard of such a publication, and I dare say not a dozen teachers in Michigan have ever seen a copy of it, and yet as the first

educational paper published west of New England it is a landmark in the history of education in the Northwest, and not the least of Mr. Pierce's great achievements. It reprinted educational reports that had appeared in other states, addresses on educational subjects, the superintendent's own circular to the school-inspectors of the State, gave information about the formation and organization of new school districts, and discussed knotty questions of school law. It likewise reported meetings of the historical society, of which Mr. Pierce was an active member, made mention of the various educational conventions, and discussed in an able way, the various subjects of the school curriculum. We find Mr. Pierce in that journal an ardent advocate of the teaching of more science in the school; "In all our schools," he says in an editorial utterance, "fate seems to have laid its heavy hand upon the study of the sciences. The ancient and modern classics occupy by far the greater share of attention; but this ought not to be so."

"The Journal of Education" did not say much about method or device; it dealt with the larger questions of the principles of education. It was not only for the teacher, but also for the citizen who was ready to think a little about culture and progress, and play a part in it. It was well edited, its literary style was vigorous, its utterances were dignified and often profound—I am convinced that it was one of the greatest educational journals ever published in Michigan.

When Mr. Pierce's term of office as superintendent of public instruction expired in 1841, he returned to Marshall and the work of the ministry. Like Cincinnatus, when his work was done, he preferred the delights of private life to the stress of public service. But in 1847 we find him a member of the State house of representatives, where he speedily became prominent. In 1850 he was a member of the constitutional convention, and succeeded in having a homestead exemption law incorporated in the constitution of the commonwealth. It has since been the model of similar laws in almost all the western states.

In 1853, on account of failing health, he gave up his active work in the ministry and retired to a farm near Ypsilanti, later moving into that town, where he continued to reside as long as he remained a resident of the State. Once or twice in those years attempts were made to draw him into politics again—he had begun his career when democrats were plentiful, and lived over into a time when they were scarce, and so was not again chosen to any important State office. In 1867, however, when the law creating the office of county superintendent of schools was enacted, he came forth from his retirement and served two

years as superintendent of the schools of Washtenaw county in a way that is still remembered. He continued to live in Ypsilanti in peaceful and contemplative leisure till 1880, when he and Mrs. Pierce went to reside with their daughter in Massachusetts, where he died, April 5, 1882. At his own request he was brought back and buried in the cemetery at Marshall among the scenes of his pioneer life.

John D. Pierce—"Father" Pierce, as he is generally remembered, was a much greater man than most people suppose. Some, who know him and his work only by hearsay, remark: "He certainly did a great work for Michigan education, but everything was in his favor—luck was with him." How absurd that view! Everything in his favor? Go back and study the conditions in Michigan seventy-five years ago, when there was no wealth, no public sentiment for education, when communities were widely scattered here and there over wide areas without means of communication, and haunted by disease, poverty, and debt! Luck with him? The same luck that is with any man who does things, —who has ideas, courage, and enthusiasm! My friends, he possessed an intellect great enough, and a belief in himself and God sublime enough to attempt great things, and he accomplished them. The sure revelation in store for anyone who examines his career carefully, and studies his utterances on various subjects, is a conviction of the intellectuality of the man. He had a giant mind,—and not a mind either that only carries out what other men conceive and plan, but an *original* mind, gifted with a rare measure of boldness and philosophical acumen. He was the greatest educational philosopher ever produced within the borders of the State, and compares favorably in his insight into the ways and means of education with Burke A. Hinsdale, that other stalwart thinker and educator who, for many years, was the glory of the University of Michigan.

Mr. Pierce's philosophy of education was as sure as his philosophy of life. Study his educational doctrine, and find fault with it if you can. Where is there anywhere a clearer and saner view of the relationship between the individual and the State than is expressed in his words and documents? And it is all based upon a perfect trust in the ability of the individual, when placed in the right surroundings of growth and culture, to work his way upward to a wide place in the realm of civilization. He cherished no impossible Utopias and he chased no fleeting rainbow glories as concerns democracy. Like De Tocqueville he believed that the cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy. He says:

"Our safety is not in constitutions and forms of government, for no constitution within the power of man to devise can provide such security; but in the establishment of a right system of general education, in the development and culture of those moral and intellectual powers implanted in the nature of man. Would Michigan attain a high rank and an honorable distinction in this matchless confederacy of states, let perseverance be written upon the walls of her capitol, and let this be the watchword of the people till every child in the State shall be thoroughly educated and fitted to fulfill his duty faithfully to his country and his God."

He thoroughly understood the meaning and aim of education, which he regarded as a maturing process calculated to expand the capabilities of the individual in effectiveness and enjoyment, in this life and the life to come. He understood also the social aspects of education—a good deal that is now talked so glibly by educational reformers was preached and written by this wise frontiersman seventy years ago.

But perhaps nothing shows the universality of his genius more than the way in which he was in advance of his day and generation. It is as if in the contemplative shadows of the great forest he had gained a power which enabled him to look far ahead through the years and follow out some of the currents of civilization, even then, setting into and through the wilderness. In the days of the stagecoach he thought of a day to come when the traveler would be whisked from place to place with the speed of the wind. He imported in that pioneer period, at great expense, thoroughblood stock for his Ceresco farm; he argued boldly for the cultivation of the sugar beet in Michigan as early as 1838; wanted a place for the teaching of science and agriculture in our public schools; believed mightily in trained teachers, saw the value of school libraries and appliances. And yet some say he was only an imitator, and never original. Some say that he patterned in his educational work after New England and Horace Mann. But the facts do not bear out the assertions. He was superintendent of public instruction in Michigan a year before Horace Mann became secretary of the board of education in Massachusetts; and he issued the outline of his proposed system of education two years before Mann's first annual report. Likewise his *Journal of Education* antedated *The Common School Journal,* originated by Horace Mann by almost a year.

This man deserves to be remembered. It is now sixty-four years since he was superintendent, and almost a quarter of a century has elapsed since his death, and as yet no fitting tribute to his memory has

come from the hands of the people. It is a bitter satire that on the only monument ever erected to him the very date of his death is cut deep in error. We honor our illustrious statesmen; we honor our soldiers and sailors—almost every city and cemetery has its monument erected to the brave men who fought to preserve the union. But as Pericles once said to the people of Athens, while it is fitting that we should mourn over our warrior dead, we should not forget by what manner of living and deeds of action we have risen to power and become great.

"When I think sometimes of what wondrous fame
Hath fallen upon men of noisy deeds,
Of laurel flung for every drop that bleeds,
And grateful nations busy with a name,
I think of those who, deaf to praise or blame,
Labor in silence for their brothers' needs,
Sowing in darkness those immortal seeds
To one day blossom in men's souls like flame."

Our great statesmen, our brave soldiers all deserve remembrance, but not more so than that God-fearing pioneer, John D. Pierce, who was a scholar, a profound thinker, a statesman, a reformer, and above all, a typical American, who planted in the woods of Michigan those immortal seeds of culture and civilization, which shall blossom and bear fruit as long as the commonwealth shall last.

DISCUSSION OF "THE LIFE AND WORK OF JOHN D. PIERCE."

BY WALES C. MARTINDALE, SUPERINTENDENT DETROIT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Education in the ancient world was for the few. Even the Greeks with all their love of freedom never dreamed of abolishing slavery. Their philosophers and poets are still the admiration of the learned world. Homer's Iliad and Odyssey have never been surpassed and even in the despotic Orient there were poets and poetry. Firdausi, sometimes called the Homer of the East, wrote the poem which in our day has supplied Matthew Arnold with the story for his Sohrab and Rustum, a poem most beautifully denominated "the capital of the graceful Corinthian column" of his literary fame. But in spite of beautiful

literature and a genius among the Greeks at least for freedom and for politics, the term humanity, with the comprehensive meaning we attach to it, did not exist for them. The innate right of every human being to become all that his nature will allow him to become is a modern doctrine which finds its practical embodiment in our system of free education. This system has its critics and detractors, some of them in high places, but who shall say that the ideal is not a noble and inspiring one? Four thousand years ago there existed in the east, as there exist in China at the present day, systems of education having for their main purpose the training of an army of servants for the State. Those who showed capacity for what was then considered intellectual attainment might become "scribes" and were then eligible for the highest offices of the state. Those who were not found adapted to the prescribed training were unceremoniously assigned to other and less dignified employment. Methods and apparatus for attaining the desired results were quite effective in ancient times. The art of writing was held in great esteem and the clay tablets which were used for this purpose and which are still in existence reveal a good deal of similarity between these primitive schools and our own. The forerunner of the modern copy book, a clay tablet of an early Babylonian school, bears this inscription: "He who excels in the school of writing will shine like the sun." Other tablets bear texts similar to those of the present day. Pupils who excelled in writing, judging from the complexities of the cuneiform system, deserved the commendation bestowed upon them. The pupils of John Monteith in one of the early Detroit schools were taught, through lack of other material, by tracing the characters in sawdust. Their exercises, unlike those written in clay at Babylon, have perished, but the love of learning and the spirit of democracy which characterized our early Michigan teachers are still alive.

It is not surprising that the name of John D. Pierce, after a period of comparative obscurity, should receive the public recognition which is its due. A study of the educational history of Michigan, even a superficial study, reveals Mr. Pierce as an example of that enlightened patriotism of an earlier day which saw clearly that the only safety for a republic, its only chance for survival, lay in the intelligence of its people. The republic was more than an experiment with the sturdy patriots of the early nineteenth century. They loved it with a surpassing love, and to harbor a doubt of its ultimate success was treason to them. The public school was its bulwark, and to the extension and to the strengthening of the public school system such men as John

D. Pierce gave the devoted effort of a lifetime. Mr. Pierce was familiar with the educational systems, not only of the different states of the union, but of Europe as well. He studied educational reports diligently in order that his own state might benefit by the experience of others. He seems to have been struck with the historical connection between revolution and popular education. He quotes as follows from Cousin's famous report on Prussian education: "The powerful and active superintendence exercised by the church over the education of the people, dates from the origin of the reformation. The authors of a revolution effected in the name of liberty of conscience must necessarily labor at the emancipation of the popular mind and diffusion of knowledge." In another place he quotes from a New York report which doubtless expressed his own views on the function of public education. * * * "The course of instruction in the common schools ought to be adapted to the business of life, and to the actual duties which may devolve upon the person instructed. In a government where every citizen has a voice in deciding the most important questions, it is not only necessary that every person should be able to read and write but that he should be well instructed in the rights, privileges and duties of a citizen. Instruction should be co-extensive with universal suffrage." The next sentence strikes the key note of all his educational effort. "An unenlightened mind is not recognized by the genius of a republican government."

Popular education connects itself always with the idea of liberty. After Prussia had been almost annihilated by Napoleon, she turned her energies more determinedly toward popular education as a means of attaining national liberty. After national liberty had been attained by the American revolutionists, they turned instinctively toward the development of public education as a means of preserving the republican institutions which they had established. However partial the purpose with which each devoted group seems now to have labored, their work is unified by the broad underlying principle of human liberty. Each group labored for an end which was not final in itself but which marks an advance toward self-emancipation. Toward that end we still labor.

The deep patriotism of John D. Pierce gleams through his writings and gives us, as I have said before, the key to his enthusiastic endeavor for the establishment of free public schools for all children. A quotation is herewith given which for lofty patriotism is unsurpassed: "Our government proceeds from the people—is supported by the people—

and depends upon the people." This is very much like President Lincoln's immortal "of the people, by the people and for the people."

To quote more fully. "To protect us in our rights and dearest interests we trust to public sentiment, and we are perfectly confident that an enlightened public opinion is all-sufficient to cure evils and avert dangers. In this position we are sustained by the history of the past. Nearly all the important and salutary reforms ever effected in governments have originated with the great multitude of the people. Among other nations, especially where ignorance prevails in the body politic, violent commotion, anarchy and bloodshed have often followed in the wake of a mere change in the administration of government, whilst we procure reforms and effect quiet revolutions at many of our important elections. Reposing under the standard of civil and religious liberty, we offer to the oppressed of every clime a safe retreat. We share the rich inheritance of our fathers, and the wide domain of our country, with people of every other land. This is the boldest experiment upon the stability of a government ever made in the annals of time. And after having been in 'the full tide of successful experiment' for more than half a century, we hesitate not to believe that our own system is feasible and safe. However unpretending and simple in form, our government is nevertheless effective and perfect. It proceeds from the people—is supported by the people—and depends upon the people—and at the same time restrains and controls the people more effectually than the most rigid system of despotism. But how is the political fabric to be preserved? Only by the general diffusion of knowledge. Children of every name and age must be taught the qualifications and duties of American citizens, and to learn in early life the art of self-control—they must be educated. And to accomplish this object, our chief dependence must necessarily be a free school system."

No account of the early efforts in behalf of education in Michigan would be complete without referring to the work of John Monteith and Gabriel Richard. These men, like others who followed, aimed to provide a system of education for all children and youth from the lowest primary through the university. They stifled the strong religious prejudice of their day in order that the children of their adopted State might have the benefit to be derived from a free system of education. They kept alive a public sentiment which was absolutely necessary that success might finally crown the efforts of those who worked in this common cause. The Detroit board of education has

recently named a school for John Monteith and thus in honoring his memory has honored the Detroit public schools.

Many of those who have worked in the cause of public education in Detroit and Michigan have in the past, as testimonials to their worth, had schools named for them. There are so many testimonials of this kind that it would not be possible to enumerate all in a brief paper. There are many other ways, however, in which we may show an intelligent appreciation of the labor of those who have gone before.

In speaking of the successful work of Superintendent Pierce, Dr. Mayo has the following to say of leaders of educational movements: "The most common defect of our American educators in exalted and difficult positions of school administration has not been the lack of good learning, a serious interest in good education, high character, or a fair amount of administrative ability. It has rather been that peculiar aloofness from the common American life which often makes the man or woman of excellent culture, worth and capacity as one apart from the majority of intelligent and efficient people who are the actual force of every good American community."

Well prepared through training and temperment, Mr. Pierce was in all respects the man for the great work which awaited him in the new State of Michigan. What he accomplished in so few years leads us to believe that modern life still responds to the touch of inspiration.

The Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society has done well to devote a part of its program to the life and work of one of the State's most eminent educators. While honoring his name, you give strength and form to the aspirations of every teacher of the commonwealth of Michigan.

IMPORTANCE OF LOCAL HISTORY.

BY HON. DAVID E. HEINEMAN.

One day last summer, while spending a vacation abroad, there reached me at Rome, a letter from the secretary of our society, inviting me to again take a modest share in a program for a mid-winter meeting. Conformable to that trait in human nature which prompts one to readily subscribe for all sorts of things, involving a remote instead of a present reliability, which enveigles one into every thing from a promissory note whose future acquaintance one would only be too happy to cut, down to subscription books which one never cares to cut at all, I sent a hasty acceptance. History, be it universal or local, seemed plentiful enough at Rome. There was no request that might come from home with which it seemed at the time so easy to comply. It appeared, indeed, as easy as it must have been for that Pope Gregory, who, when requested by some Pilgrims from abroad for a relic of the martyrs, simply stooped, picked up a handful of Roman soil and silently delivered the significant gift.

However it is with Michigan and not with Roman soil or Roman history that this society is chiefly concerned. We hold that the soil of Michigan is not without significance nor is the soil of any region which has witnessed human endeavor. Distance may lend its enchantment to the soil and history of Rome, Egypt or Assyria, but we are just as distant from the farthest corner of the earth as it is from us, and the enchantment works both ways.

To the Italian immigrant sailing up the bay, the sky scrapers of New York are quite as awe inspiring as is the Roman Coliseum to the tourist from Iowa. Time operates precisely as does distance. Remote centuries may fascinate because of their remoteness, but the inevitable future will remove our age so far from those who follow hereafter that what we now look upon as the dawn of historic times, will be, by comparison only as yesterday. The historian of the eightieth or ninetieth century will group us uncomfortably close to the cave-dwellers and to the unspeakable cannibal.

Everything in connection with history is relative. Not only that, it is uncertain, elusive and shifting. Napoleon said that "History is a fiction agreed upon," but Napoleon himself is a striking proof that the

fiction does not even remain an agreed one. History is constantly in the making; the task of the chronicler, confronted with the ever increasing bulk of material, becomes one of abbreviation and elimination. Consider such a work as "Gibbons Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," whose every page is brilliant with names, which, like sparks in burnt up paper, appear riotous for an instant and are gone. Yet these names represent important persons, events, epochs, if you please, and lo, they are crowded to a paragraph, a line, some of them to a word. Only the specialist finds time or occasion to resurrect them in their ampler significance. How few names, how few periods, how few events, go to make up what the world ultimately sees fit to keep at the finger-tips of memory. As the centuries pass on, how even these few items will lessen in perspective. "Who's Who," for 1906 will be a volume of many hundred pages; Who was who, will never be but a single page. And yet to obtain the real benefits of historic study, to learn all that of value, which the past has to teach us, to understand the real meaning of each name, event or epoch, we must understand the details which surround it. To know the larger outlines of the world's history is to know merely a narrative, which is chiefly recommended by the fact that it is supposed to be true. To give it its real value, we must correlate it in every way to ourselves, and this we can only do by so mastering the details that we seem to live in the very midst of them. We cannot do this with the study of local history.

The term local history is a misleading one. I confess that it is hard to define. To say that general history is the history of larger events and more important personages, is only to beg the question. The great event was a very local event where it happened, and the great personage is always a very familiar experience to his valet (or those who knew him before he became great). The city directory, we must admit, seems decidedly local history, but if we had such a city directory of ancient Thebes, we would have a more human and valuable knowledge of Egyptian civilization than all the monuments of Egypt afford. An Assyrian king posts a list of laws in the public square, as perfunctory an act as the posting of an election notice or the publication of an ordinance is with us. It was doubtlessly considered a local matter, but only the other day, the spade turned up that tablet and the history of human civilization had to be rewritten. We are never conscious of history in the making; we can never tell the ultimate significance of an event apparently local. Thus all history proves to be local history. It is said that during the most important and exciting happenings of the

French revolution, many parts of Paris were absolutely unaware of the great historic events that were being enacted there. What historian of our own day is able to tell us whether the recent occurrences in Moscow or St. Petersburg are just local disturbances or parts of a great historic upheaval, a revolution affecting populations and territories vastly exceeding those of France. A monstrous massacre takes place at Odessa, likely the greatest that has disgraced the history of Europe. The historian of the future will tell of it in his own way, but we may note that, through our local mails, to people living here in our own city, descriptive letters have passed, purely local and transitory writings, but impelling human documents of a vividness, of a historic value, far beyond what the historian of the future will be able to furnish. What man can say of the passing event; this has no special significance. The local lists of births for today is of no interest except to the city statistician, yet who dare say that in that list there may not be a child of destiny. If not in today's list, perhaps in tomorrow's, if not in Detroit's then perhaps in some other city's.

But let us take even the great event, the great personage, and see if we can understand them without first understanding the local conditions that surround them. Who would undertake to comprehend England's greatest human achievement, Shakespeare, without first seeking to comprehend Warwickshire, its people, its life, its natural scenery. Who could have an adequate conception of what many consider America's most characteristic, perhaps its greatest human achievement, Lincoln, without first seeking to comprehend the early Kentucky and Illinois settlements. You will find only a few general remarks in the pretentious histories about these settlements; you will have to learn what the local historian, the local historical societies, the local grocery gossips, if you please, have transmitted, before Lincoln will mean very much to you, before he will be the real Lincoln, a real being of flesh and blood and not as most historic personages have become, a name, a face, a few characteristics and a bundle of clothes.

Lord Macaulay has happily generalized these things. He who wishes to understand the condition of mankind in former ages or of his own age must proceed on this principle. "He must see ordinary men as they appear in their business and in their ordinary pleasures. He must mingle in the crowds of the exchange and of the coffee-house. He must obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth. He must bear with vulgar expressions. He must not shrink from exploring even the retreats of misery. If he attends only to public transac-

tions, to wars, congresses, and debates, his studies will be—unprofitable." And again: "The circumstances which have most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from ignorance to knowledge, from ferocity to humanity—these are, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call important events. They are not achieved by armies or enacted by senates. They are sanctioned by no treaties and recorded in no archives. They are carried on in every school, in every church, behind ten thousand counters, at ten thousand firesides."

All this is clearly the province of what we call local history. Without due attention to it we can understand neither our own age nor any other. The scenes of long ago are very much like the scenes of today; the people of long ago are very much like the people of today; the happenings of long ago are very much like the happenings of today and the human nature of long ago is quite the same thing as it now is. The people who visit this old Rome and from the Palatine look down upon the centuries, forget all about the rest of the world. Their eager interest lights upon every stone or site that can be correlated to every possible event in the history of the city of Rome, but in doing so they forget that only a small part of these sites and stones ever had anything but a local interest. Similar things in their home cities, which they wouldn't dream of looking at, ought to be of far greater interest to them. Should a pipe drain of the period of the Roman kings be of greater interest to, say a Detroiter, than one of the old wooden pipes of the original water-supply system of Detroit, which now and then are brought to light? Should a sheet of copper containing a grant of some piece of land of no consequence given by one Roman to another, both of them of no consequence, be of greater importance to that Detroiter, than the deed now preserved in the Detroit Museum of Art signed by the Indian Chiefs with their crude emblems and conveying Belle Isle, a place of some considerable consequence to Detroiters as long as there will be such a place as Detroit? Are we so shallow as to allow things to be valued simply for their antiquity? Shall we not learn to value things because they are near to us, familiar to us, a part of us, and therefore, in many ways, of benefit to us? Presumably in centuries to come, when Detroit shall have become transformed beyond our recognition, could we return to it, when the American Indian shall be relegated to his place among the anthropophagi, the centaurs, the cyclopses and other half-real, half-imaginary chimeras, the Belle Isle

deed will be a treasure more valued than the Rosetta stone or the Tel el Amarna tablets. We delve among the vestiges of the quarrelsome herdsmen, cattle-thieves and outlaws who made up the earliest Roman community, who built their little stockades on the Palatine and to whom, what we call the Roman Forum, would have been a convenient market-place, except for the wretched drainage; might we not with equal right and interest concern ourselves with the somewhat more respectable people who established our own cities and villages, which not only excel Rome in their size and their civilization, but which are ours, of us and for us? The old French worthies of Detroit, whose farm lines, beginning at the river and, being parallel, met only at infinity, had their finite difficulties quite as much as the early Romans. The Savoyard river during the spring rains required a Cloaca Maxima quite as much of the Juturnian springs, as anyone who cares to excavate beneath the Union Trust or the Richmond Backus Company's buildings can see for themselves, and if there was no Quintus Curtius to leap into it, or no divine Castor and Pollux to appear on its banks, it was because these French settlers were too hardheaded to believe that sort of nonsense, and only told it in the form of witch and were wolf to the children around the winter's fireside. These early settlers, and their successors, are not without interest for us, nor the makers of New England, nor of New York City, that greater Rome of the New World, nor the builders of any part of this American nation of exalted destiny. If they do not savor of vast antiquity, it is a fault, as the young English statesman argued of himself, that they will overcome in time. But as that time elapses, what they gain in dignity of years, they lose in distinctness of outline, unless what we call local history shall come to the rescue and preserve them in their truth.

In order to preserve for the fortieth century, a knowledge of what a city of the twentieth century is like, there should be no necessity for a volcanic eruption such as preserved Pompeii. But let us assume one; let us imagine the city of Detroit laid away by such a catastrophe in a slumber of twenty centuries. Imagine it then resurrected to the view of the people of the fortieth century, with its streets and buildings, its fountains, statues, shops and wares, with the varied machinery of its manifold factories, with its square miles of homes and churches, and schools and cemeteries. How infinitely richer in human interest, how infinitely greater in value of every kind, would such a discovery be to them than the discovery of Pompeii has ever been to us! But we need invite no such catastrophe. The simple way, the only way to transmit

all this to the distant future is to preserve the record of it now. Some devotion to local history ensures an adequate and truthful universal history; some slight attention to the thing that is now taking place. The constant plaint of the historian, when he tries to piece out the broken fabric at which he toils, is the lack of contemporaneous evidence. How our entire knowledge of the ages gone by would be illuminated and changed by an accurate account of a conversation with this or that great figure, or a true description by some spectator of this or that significant event. How all our doubts concerning the founders of nations, of religions, of political systems, and of these things themselves, would be resolved. And if it were not for the contemporary record of some of these things, what strange notions might not future ages entertain, say for example, of our theory and practice of religion, or of our republican form of government sustained side by side with that of monarchy, or of such singular things, for example, as the rise of Mormonism and of other recent and remarkable sects. One needs but a moment's thought to realize that nothing can escape distortion and false representation, if it be carelessly transmitted or, worse yet, merely abandoned to the ages. One needs but a moment's thought to realize that almost everything, nay, it is hard to find the exception,—should in some form or other be preserved and transmitted.

Quietly and modestly, as its means and membership have permitted, this society has gathered the material for no less than thirty-four volumes of what we call local history. These volumes have historic value, and they have value of another kind as well. Historic value, because, without them the true history of our State, our cities and villages, our farming communities could not be written. Without the history of Michigan, the true history of the United States cannot be written, and let us not doubt for an instant that the rise of the United States is the most important political event that this world has yet witnessed. Here for the first time, absolute individual freedom has to the fullest extent been granted, here for the first time, the territorial integrity of a whole continent against the aggression of the monarchial system, has, with unselfish motive, been declared and maintained; here for the first time, has been laid down the policy, with equal unselfishness, that whenever commerce goes into the far off unvisited lands, she shall go through a door open to all the world; here for the first time, a nation has moved towards the reputation of the doctrine of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper," and by its repeated acts seems to claim a jurisdiction wherever, in this wide world, human misery has lifted up the cry

of human despair, which is more important in the annals of the world than the beginnings of the Roman State or the beginnings of this later and better Imperium? Surely nothing that touches the foundation of any of these United States can lack historic value in the truest sense.

So much for general history. Consider now, if you will, such contributions as are represented by these thirty-four volumes to the moral equipment of a community. And first of all, not scorn the simple annals of the pioneer which go to make up a part of those volumes. If you would understand how the great war for the Union was won, learn here in what former battles of the wilderness, the warriors and the fathers of those warriors were trained. If you would understand the horror wherewith the north regarded slavery, learn here how the toiler came to know and to value the entity known as a day's work. If you would understand true American democracy find it here in the equality born of mutual dependence and mutual aid. If you would understand how the great cities and the great industries all over this land of ours, came to be created by the honest industry and perseverance of boys from the country, learn it here.

One day last summer it was my privilege to be present Under the Oaks at Jackson at the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of one of our great political parties. The Secretary of State, the speaker of the house of representatives and other notables were present, and undertook, in eloquent flights, to describe the rise of that party. But far more vivid than their accounts of congressional debates or of anti-slavery legislation, there lived and listened throughout all that vast assemblage, the real reasons why that political party sprang from Michigan soil. Everywhere were to be seen white-haired, white-bearded Michigan farmers, hardly a one that was not bent and warped with the wear and tear of a life of incessant toil, but what patriarchs they were, these old Fremont voters, what strength of character was chiseled on their rugged faces and how ornamental and vain seemed all the speeches and all the music in the simple presence of these magnificent pioneers. These are the men whose names are sown thick along the pages of these publications; these are the men who should not only be remembered in their little home community, but who, as a class, should never be forgotten or left unstudied, for these are the men who made Michigan; the kind of men who made the United States; who gave its highest value to what we call the real American character.

What American would seek for better ancestry than such as these? Who could find a larger or a better task than to emulate such predecessors?

Nor should the women be forgotten when we claim these path-finders, these clearers of the forest, these builders of the great highways of civilization. These volumes bear ample testimony to their nobility of character, their unbounded self-sacrifice, their unfailing heroism. Somewhere in one of those volumes I have read a quaintly simple account of the journey of one of these pioneer families, moving from the east to some destination in the then wilderness of Michigan. There one can see the father, the mother, the family of small children, the few companions, the team of horses, the three ox-teams. The smallest child is taken ill. The mother does her best to nurse it back to life but the uncouth wagon moving over the rough roads makes an indifferent hospital. The child dies, the caravan halts, a little grave is hastily dug beside the forest road; one can see the mother placing the little dead babe within it; not a word is said, the grave is covered over, the caravan moves on. That's all. Its somewhere in some one of those thirty-four volumes. The eyes that kept back the tears that summer afternoon have long since lost the light of the world; the heart that struggled in silence with its grief has long since turned to dust. But if you want to know how it was that the men who made our commonwealth were sustained and cheered in the oppressive loneliness of their toil, think of that simple but pathetic story. If you care to understand how, when the call to arms resounded throughout the land, wives and mothers had the courage and the self-sacrifice to say to their husbands and to their sons "go,"—think of that woman. When you read of that pathetic love wherewith Lincoln enshrined the memory of the mother he never came to know, of how Garfield on taking the presidential oath turned from the chief justice to embrace his aged mother, how William McKinley went, as on a pilgrimage, from the high seat of power to the maternal home at Canton, and again, when you consider how in Lincoln, in Garfield and in McKinley, there were interwoven with the strongest fibres of their being, that tenderness which has its source only in woman's nature, think of what the women of that earlier generation were like, and it will all become clear and comprehensible.

We cannot acquaint ourselves with what we call our local history without feeling that there has been thus set before us a high standard of character and of endeavor. If we permit the name of our State to be tarnished by political corruption, or by social degredation, we are faithless to our best and most valuable traditions. All the good men and good women of the past, rise from their graves to point out our

disgrace. Little hope for the future of the commonwealth that wantonly neglects or insults its past.

A closing word may again suggest the historic richness of that past. The Detroit Art Museum where we are now assembled was once the home of a distinguished soldier of the Republic, one who, as the tablet of this building records, "spent his life in the service of his country." As we pass out of this building, another tablet of bronze serves to remind us of that significant event, the arrival of that first white woman at Detroit. A few steps down the street brings us within the ancient confines of that city whose siege, not to speak of other events, is just as rich in human interest as that of ancient Troy; a stone's throw to the left is the river upon whose waters floats a merchant fleet, whose evolution is of more real importance in history than that of the Carthagenian galleys; equally distant to the right, is the original site of a great university, destined to be remembered in the distant future along with the most historic of the world's seats of learning; and so we might pass, step by step, throughout the entire city. These things, duly remembered, duly cherished, should foster our pride, our self-respect, our ambition. They should make us realize the motto of our commonwealth, that wherever within her borders we look about us, our gaze rests upon a beautiful peninsula; not beautiful alone in those gifts of natural beauty, of lake and river, of forest and field, wherewith Providence has so bountifully enriched her, but beautiful, also in those achievements which bespeak the highest degree of human intelligence, character and morality, and which, as if in return for all that has been bestowed upon us, we may place as our richest offering upon the altar of God.

DISCUSSION OF THE PAPER OF HON. DAVID E. HEINEMAN ON LOCAL HISTORY.

BY HON. JOSEPH GREUSEL.[1]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen—The interesting and scholarly paper of Mr. Heineman is of value to us who have listened to it, and of especial value to the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society because of the cogent way in which attention is directed to the importance of local history. I conceive it to be the duty of all persons who have knowledge of public affairs of their own time and in their own locality to set down their recollections, that these things which they have witnessed may be preserved as a part of the testimony of the work of their own generation.

I am equally sure, my friends, that one may set down his private observations of matters of which he is a witness, and even his personal affairs, and that the time will come when these observations, the unostentatious and truthful record, will become of value to the historian of the future who aims to give life and interest to his subject.

Take the diary of quaint old Samuel Pepys who lived in the period 1632-1703. It is one of the most racy, unique and amusing books in the language. It was written in shorthand in perfect confidence and secrecy. All sorts of incidents, relating to his observations of public men and public matters as well as his domestic affairs, the appearance and actions of his friends and intimates, the people that he saw; little secrets of his heart, some relating to the tender passions, his amiable failings, too, results that sometimes provoked the criticism of his wife —all are set down with fidelity. Well, this written record of the doings, observations and gossip that old Pepys committed in shorthand to paper was deciphered 125 years after the death of the writer and published in 1825. The events, characters, follies, vices and peculiarities of the age are presented in true and lively colors. Without the light furnished by Pepys' diary, the history of the revolution and the restoration in

[1] Joseph Greusel was born in Glasco, Ulster county, New York, but has lived in Detroit upward of fifty years. On the father's side his family have been resident of Michigan from territorial days, and have figured in the legislative, municipal, civil and military history of the State. He is a member of the Michigan society of the Sons of the American Revolution and other patriotic societies. By profession a writer; with real estate and other business interests in Detroit and elsewhere in Michigan. He was a member of the legislature of 1903-4 and 1905-6.

England would be quite imperfect. One of the great authorities on the history of that period has acknowledged his obligation to Pepys, and even to much humbler records, by remarking that we could "wish, perhaps, that historians of far greater pretentions had sometimes spared a few pages from military evolutions and political intrigues, for the purpose of letting us know how the parlors and bedchambers of our ancestors looked."

In the same class with Pepys was John Evelyn, though his writings are not so frank, and his confidences not as intimate as those of his contemporary. Probably he was more apprehensive of discovery and the consequences, whereas Pepys—using the concealment of shorthand —wrote fearlessly.

The events and observations that make part of one's life experiences, if chronicled, are genuine mines of information for the historian. It sometimes happens that such personal records of public occurrences are the only information extant. For instance, among all the people in Detroit at the time it was besieged by Pontiac, 1763, there was but one —a modest, unassuming man—who kept a diary of events. This diary came into the possession of the Detroit Historical Society, predecessor of this society. From it Parkman obtained the principal facts of the siege, and combined them in glowing language in his History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac. These things are the materials of which great histories are composed.

They may be likened to the minute squares of stone which, when assembled, make up admired mosaics. The historian searches for them, collects them, uses them in the picture which he attempts. The result of the combination of these little fragments, each with its color more or less positive and strong, is a work no less beautiful than enduring. When a master hand most thoroughly collects this material—which is, on the whole, only too scarce and rare—then the splendor of the mosaic becomes a precious thing. It instructs and it charms. It expands knowledge, it broadens the mind, it captivates the imagination.

Take for example, Macaulay's famed third chapter with its vivid picture of the England of 1685. How indefatigable he was in collecting the *minutia* of the life of the population of that country in a most exciting period. The explorations that he made for material are unsurpassed. Up to his time they had not been equaled in the realm of literature. Nothing was too small for Macaulay, even if it afforded but a spark of light. With industry like this he achieved a most comprehensive and illuminating history which enables us to view—not only

the land and its rulers, its flocks and herds, wild and domestic, its sailors and soldiers, its mines, roads, forests—but also the lives, homes, pursuits, amusements, temperaments, characters and state of education of the people; least of all omitting the common people.

And Carlyle, equally industrious, presents to us by means of infinite search into all sorts of books, newspapers, pamphlets, diaries, private papers and letters, a history of the French revolution which shows us France. He was forever looking for such fragments as had truthful color, wherewith to make complete that picture which the world acknowledges to be grand.

And while biography may not stand upon the plane of history, there is in Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," the most intimate and authentic view of Germany. The period was that in which we were having our colonial wars, and it ends about the time our war of the revolution closes.

Washington Irving, writing the History of Grenada, made thorough perusal of the private papers of Spanish families and the old manuscripts in monasteries. By the help of these he framed his fascinating story. They were local histories, personal relations, neglected and unvalued, until Irving came to Spain and proved them to be treasures of knowledge.

The same with Prescott—his Ferdinand and Isabella, Philip II., Mexico, and Peru. Plainly for a thorough knowledge of a people we must have recourse to these local and individual records; these fragments penned as time was passing, of things near at hand, clearly seen and understood and truthfully set down.

Detroit has reason to be grateful to such as have already, out of their desire to preserve her history, set down their observations. Let me recall to you a few of the names of local annalists and chroniclers. Silas Farmer's history finds first place. He availed himself of the writings of his predecessors in point of time, and was most untiring in searching all public and official records. His History of Detroit is a work so complete and perfect as to stand first in the catalogue of city histories.

The president of this society, Mr. C. M. Burton, has devoted a great portion of his life, and the expenditure of large sums of money, in collecting material relating to the history of Michigan. He has gone to the archives of Canada, in Montreal, Quebec and Ottawa. He has gone to the archives in England, and especially in France—and had authentic copies transcribed of official documents, maps and reports connected

with the régimes of those nations in our territory. Nor has he neglected humbler sources of information, but has, by personal effort, sought out from old family papers many things bearing minutely on the circumstances of earlier days. In not a few cases he has discovered real treasures.

Bela Hubbard's "Recollections" is a fine example of the field that local history may be made to cover.

Judge B. F. H. Witherell's articles relating to Detroit from the earliest territorial days down to the civil war period, were contributed to the newspapers over the signature of "Hamtramck."

Robert E. Roberts published a pamphlet abounding in incidents of local history.

Robert B. Ross—one of the most industrious and painstaking of our local annalists. He has covered a wide field by going to original sources.

Richard R. Elliott has also worked energetically in a line that no one but himself could have so successfully explored.

Frederick Carlisle has contributed to our local history. Mrs. Hamlin has dealt fascinatingly with the legends of old Detroit. I ought also to include the name of S. D. Green whose contributions to "The Free Press," gathered from the lips of old residents of territorial days, were unsigned and therefore cannot now be traced to his credit.

No one can look upon the volumes resting on this stage, the publications of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, without accepting them as an evidence that the society has been faithful to its mission. That it has wrought well, a perusal of the index to these published volumes will show. The contributions are those of very many hands. The struggles and experiences of pioneers; the labors of missionaries and the early ministers; the relations of the country doctor—ever faithful and sympathetic; accounts of political struggles, stories of military campaigns in Michigan; experiences of traders and interpreters; of surveyors, fishermen, woodsmen, trappers and *voyageurs*. There is in these volumes much material that, aside from its interest to the general reader, is invaluable to the historian.

A few days ago there appeared in the newspapers a paragraph which related that the private library of the Pacific coast historian, H. H. Bancroft, has now passed under the control of the University of California by payment of $250,000 to its collector and owner. The library is remarkably rich in original materials concerning the early history of the Rocky mountains and entire Pacific coast region. President Wheeler says its possession by the University of California will make

that institution in the future the resort of all students who wish to study at first hand the history of that region. Such collections are now highly prized by universities because they add greatly to the university prestige as centers of learning.

A notable eastern instance is the important collection of original materials on Rhode island and colonial history in the John Carter Brown library at Brown university. The University of Wisconsin also has a priçeless collection of materials on the early history of the middle west and the Mississippi valley.

I know not what may be the money value of the volumes of our Michigan Pioneer and Historial Society, I know that they represent years of labor by the officers and members of this society. If the library of Mr. Bancroft is worth $250,000 to California, then I will say that the collection of this society, and the superb and extensive library of original documents owned by its president, Mr. Burton—are worth as much to Michigan as the Pacific coast collection is to California.

Lately I attended a meeting of a society interested in history where papers were read upon our commerce on the Pacific. The gentlemen who enlightened us on the subject understood it well. But they confined themselves to describing what our commerce upon that ocean is today.

Nothing was said of its origin, nothing of the adventurous romance of the beginning. No reference was made to the trading voyage of the ship "Columbia" of Boston, Captain Gray, in 1792, and his discovery of the great river which he named for his ship. When the boundary line between the United States and the British possessions came to be officially defined we realized the political importance of Captain Gray's discovery of the Columbia river.

No mention was made of John Jacob Astor's enterprise to extend our commerce on the Pacific; nor the consequences of his establishment at the mouth of the Columbia. One result was to impress upon the country the value of the Oregon region to the United States. The tragedy of the "Beaver," Astor's first ship, was overlooked; and the connection of Ramsey Crooks—formerly of Mackinac—with Astor, as partner and manager, was unnoticed.

Nor was mention made of the cargoes of hides brought from the California coast in the forties for New England tanners. Yet Dana's classic "Two Years Before the Mast" might have been supplemented by the experiences of a living witness, a man who sailed the Pacific,

contemporaneously with Dana, Moses R. Taylor, of Lansing, crier of the supreme court.

We heard nothing of old Baranoff, Russian governor of Alaska, whose eccentric doings as respected traders and trade might have been contrasted with the activity of an American governor of the territory—our own A. P. Swineford, of Marquette, who was in charge not long after we took possession.

Our local history does not lack for episodes of scientific, of romantic, and of tragic interest. Not much has been attempted in chronicling subjects of this sort. Some day what is known will be told, but the local historian must find out and hear the witnesses.

For example, there is at Mackinac, within the grounds of the old fort, a monument to Dr. William Beaumont. The medical profession of Michigan erected it. A small number of the profession know of Dr. Beaumont; few laymen have heard of him. Yet Dr. Beaumont studied out at Mackinac one of the world's great achievements in physiology—the doctors agree upon that.

He was an army surgeon stationed at the fort. One day a *voyageur,* Alexis St. Martin, employed in the garrison, handling a musket carelessly, sent one of those old fashioned half-ounce bullets into his own body. The shot passed through the man's stomach. Dr. Beaumont cured the patient all right. The wound was healed, but the orifice made by the ball, remained unclosed. The doctor—availing himself of this circumstance—made a life term contract with St. Martin, paying him wages, for the exclusive privilege of looking into his stomach.

Devising as best he could means for making the inspection, Dr. Beaumont began a study of the workings of the human stomach. All the processes of digestion were revealed to him.

He fed St. Martin most things known to the culinary art, and some that are not known to it. Every sort of meat, every sort of fish—fresh and salt; every sort of vegetable, every sort of fruit, and many sorts of cake; also pies, preserves and jellies. He nourished him with gruels and soups; with milk, water, coffee, tea, cocoa, and the like—warm and cold. Things that were wholesome; and also unwholesome. Rank tasting things as well disguised as could be—though it was years before sugar coating was invented. Oh! I tell you, St. Martin had a hard job of it. He sometimes went on a strike. Then the doctor raised his wages and gave him something to drink.

In fact he tried out on the poor *voyageur* all the different kinds of liquors, wines and drinks procurable. Withal he sometimes starved St. Martin, and then, of course, there was more trouble. The doctor

noted down results, established conclusions, made up tables of how long time was required to digest the different foods, and the action of the stomach under various conditions.

I believed he experimented safely with drugs and poisons, and placated St. Martin by traveling with him to foreign countries. The result of it was a profound and highly esteemed work, which marked a new day in medical science. I ought to say that to determine whether it is best to drink whisky, for example, at the beginning of a meal or at its conclusion—that was a mooted question in those days of hard drinking—Dr. Beaumont tried it out on Alexis. Drink before, is said to be the answer to this physiological question, if you drink at all. This shows foundation for the rules of the fine art of dining, preserved by tradition and the experience of mankind from the days of the Epicureans. For the science of the subject, the succession of wines at table, the physiological reasons, we fall back on the researches of Dr. Beaumont at a frontier post in Michigan.

Some years ago I became acquainted with Alonzo C. Davis an old Lake Superior mining superintendent. Later he was a member of the legislature. There are a few here present who knew Mr. Davis in his lifetime—Mr. Stanley G. Wight—and Regent Peter White. It was at Lansing that he told me of his experiences in opening the Minong mine on Isle Royale.

The company had a tract on the island of a thousand acres with surface indications of copper. Mr. Davis was made superintendent, and in 1870, I think, work on the new mine began. It was necessary to decide where to sink the main shaft. Davis went over the tract, and in his best judgment selected a spot in the midst of the primitive forest. Trees were cut, trees as large and as old as any on the tract. Then excavation. It was expected that the removal of a slight covering of surface earth would bring the shovelers to the rock, and from thence on quarrying would continue to the lower depths of the vein.

But it did not turn out that way. There was a great deal of earth at the mouth of the new shaft. As they dug the earth caved in, always enlarging the circle of operations. At some depth below the tree roots, after awhile, the skeleton of a deer, or moose, was uncovered. The bones were quite sound. The sight of them aroused speculation. Great trees growing above this burial place—trees that the rings evidenced had been of tolerable size when Columbus made his voyage across the Atlantic. Yes—great matter for speculation. The theory of Mr. Davis was that this particular spot had, at a former time, been a depression in a clearing, and was filled with water. The animal

whose bones were discovered had resorted to the water to drink. It was at a time of the year when it was frozen, and the ice was thin. The animal broke through the ice and perished.

How did the depression fill up? The winds of many years drifted surface sand and soil therein, vegetation formed and moulded away. The forces of nature, the winds, the rains, the frosts—had acted, filling slowly, dust to dust, over the skeleton of the deer.

Well, they continued to remove this earth and to dig. The operation was a bit vexatious; the banks caved and the pit enlarged. At length the bottom—the rock bottom—was reached. Clearing out the soil there was revealed a spacious basin. In it a mass of pure copper approaching 5,000 pounds in weight. Pure, solid copper—a great smooth mass without point, projection or cavity; protuberances shaved off, and marks of cutting tools all over it. Cutting tools—some cart loads of them—lay about the basin. Stone tools—axes, hammers, celts of a certain fine, hard, firm quality of stone that would stand pounding, and with every blow cut keenly; cut away the copper—as the workman designed. Fragments of charcoal; these things—imperishable from mould or damp—were found.

What was the secret here uncovered? This: They had struck upon the mine of some ancient race, whose tools were stone; men of the stone age, mining for Lake Superior copper. The mass that Davis uncovered was too heavy to be removed from the pit by the men who first found it. They had no sufficient hoisting apparatus. Accordingly they had carved away at this particular mass of copper, removing strips and sections of it; their tools leaving it trimmed as we have seen.

But they left it there. Why? Some sudden catastrophe had overwhelmed them. The stone tools so plentiful about; the elegant prize of copper abandoned. The work had been stopped, and the workmen disappeared. The dimensions of the pit testifies that many men had been employed in it. They had hit upon and worked a considerable stretch of the main vein of the Minong mine of our days. Undoubtedly men skilled in mining, as mining was in their age. The rocks were heated with fires; water was dashed upon the rocks; and the rocks became pliable and split, leaving the copper to be plucked out.

The subsistence of these men must have come from a more fertile and distant region. Consequently there was navigation and commerce, of a sort, in that stone age—the miners in this remote region fed and provided by the people who needed the copper; boats and boatmen to bring provisions to the mines, and carry back with them the treasures of the earth.

They have perished—miners, merchants, husbandmen and navigators. The principal vestige of their labors and their enterprise is the ancient pit on Isle Royale. They may have been of that mysterious race called mound builders—the illusion of histories. Traces of their work are upon this continent from the shores of Lake Superior to the southernmost state of Mexico. No one knows anything about them, but the field for conjecture is boundless.

There is a ridge of yellow sand—no! there was a ridge of yellow sand in Springwells, extending from near Fort Wayne to a point where the River Rouge makes its first turn in the district called Delray. The ridge has disappeared; its site is built up with the habitations of men and the shops of manufacturers. But a few years ago it was visible, covered with a second growth of oaks, an interesting feature of the landscape.

Mr. J. H. Carstens, father of Dr. Carstens, dug into this ridge of sand at the rear of his property to set up against the bank targets for sharpshooters to fire at. In making the excavation he came upon several human skeletons. They had been buried in sitting postures. Beside each skeleton was an earthenware vessel, decorated with incised bands, and round of bottom. In this round bottom—mingled with earth, each vessel had a brownish substance impossible to define; and upright in the vessel a needle of copper, nine inches or more in length. I call it a needle, or an awl; it was pointed at one end and squared—the rest of it—like the steel rib of an umbrella.

That is all, except that the skulls possessed peculiarities and were given by Dr. Carstens to Harvard university, where they are treasured as evidences of a race distinct. That is all, except the needles of copper. They came from Lake Superior, probably from Isle Royale. The copper needle apparently was indispensable to the dead as well as to the living. In that belief the copper accompanied the corpse to the grave. We trace its origin; the origin of the man, his history, his destiny—is lost in the mists of forgotten time.

With this material evidence we hit dimly on vestiges of that race—shall we say of mound builders? And we know they perished before Columbus began his voyages, or the new world was dreamed of by the people of the old.

"So fleet the works of men,
Back to their earth again;
Ancient and holy things
Fade like a dream!"

PART II

1906

MICHIGAN

PIONEER AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ANNUAL MEETING, JUNE 6 and 7, 1906.

The thirty-second annual meeting was held in the senate chamber at Lansing, June 6 and 7, with a greater representation from different localities than usual. The room was decorated with flags, and bouquets, given by the Agricultural college, Boy's Industrial School, and F. M Cowles, beautified the room.

On account of commencement preparations at the Michigan Agricultural College, John Wilson Dodge substituted a fine vocal solo for the college chorus. Prayer was offered by Rev. William Putnam, the venerable chaplain of the Michigan Grand Army of the Republic. Mr. Burton delivered the president's address emphasizing the value and the growth of the work and pointing out future developments. This was followed by another solo from Mr. Dodge. H. R. Pattengill gave a report of the year's work. B. F. Davis being absent, the treasurer's report was not read. Prof. A. J. Patton from the Agricultural college, sang a pleasing selection accompanied by the musical director of the college, Miss Louise Freyhoffer. Instead of the memorial, which will appear in our volume to our honored and lamented member Peter B. Loomis, of Jackson, Mr. Edward W. Barber read a brief paper on the Snow-crowned Pioneers. Hon. Peter White took the next place and gave an interesting account of the Sault Canal Celebration, giving personal experiences and statistics as well. Meeting closed by a vocal solo by Prof. A. J. Patton.

Presentation was made by Hon. Dwight N. Lowell, of Romeo, on behalf of citizens of Macomb county, of an oil portrait of the artist William Woodruff Gibbs, which was graciously accepted by the presi-

dent in the name of the society. Hon. Peter White was called on and recited "The Julie Plante."

On account of another engagement, Hon. Perry F. Powers was granted this time and gave an eloquent address on The Power of the Press in Historical Matters.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Miss Nathalie Gilmartin opened the evening session with a soprano solo. Hon. William R. Bates gave an account of the Development of Flint, followed by another song by Miss Gilmartin. A eulogy on Rev. F. A. Blades was read by Judge Edward Cahill owing to the illness of the writer, Hon. William C. Maybury. Mrs. Alice M. Wood of Muskegon then gave a sketch of her mother, Widow Bedott, the Pioneer of American Humor. She quoted from the writings, and at the close, Mr. Burton read one of the longer poems. Session closed by vocal music by Mrs. Ella Littlefield of Detroit.

Mrs. Nellie Osband Baldwin of Grand Rapids was the first speaker of the Thursday morning meeting, on Co-operation with Women's Clubs in Historical Work. Following this Hon. L. A. Glover, secretary of Cass County Pioneer Society, gave a report of their methods, and assistance possible from these sources. Judge Edward Cahill of Lansing, and Mr. B. A. Finney of Ann Arbor talked on help that might be received from the colleges. Deputy Superintendent French gave an account of what the public school was doing in this work. Mr. Lawton T. Hemans spoke of making permanent records and a resolution was introduced by Judge Cahill and supported by Mr. Tucker of Three Rivers, as follows:

That Mr. Lawton T. Hemans be appointed a committee to suggest a plan to enhance the historical value of public records. Such suggestion to be furnished to the executive committee of the society and the committee just appointed on the revision and amendment of our constitution and by-laws for their consideration.

The following resolution by Judge Cahill on revising the constitution, seconded by Mr. Tucker, after being reduced to writing was passed:

I move that the president appoint a committee and report to the next annual meeting of the society any amendments or revision that may be advisable to the constitution and by-laws of the society, and that such committee give such notice of the amendments proposed as the by-laws

require. Motion carried and the president appointed as such committee Judge Edward Cahill, Mrs. Mary C. Spencer and H. R. Pattengill, all of Lansing, said committee to report at next meeting.

Mr. E. G. Tucker of Three Rivers, gave a very cordial invitation to the society to assist in the home-coming at Three Rivers the week commencing August 21, 1906.

THURSDAY, 2:30 P. M.

A change in music was made by the boys from the Industrial school opening the meeting with a chorus.

The bouquets were voted to Mr. John Dewey of Owosso, Dr. Haze and Mrs. Marian Turner as the oldest Michigan pioneers present. Mr. Burton told of the work of other historical societies. The boys sang again, after which Hon. Frank S. Neal of Northville, a warm friend of Mr. St. John, gave a touching and eloquent eulogy of his life. A fine picture of Mr. St. John occupied an easel in front of the rostrum.

Hon. Dwight N. Lowell of Romeo, gave a summary of and submitted an excellent and carefully prepared paper on the Bench and Bar of Macomb County for publication. Mrs. Littlefield, in place of Mr. Greenlaw, gave a solo, "Bessie the Maid of Dundee." Mr. Barber read extracts from very full biographies of Michigan congressmen from 1819 to 1861, after which Albert E. Greenlaw, a former Fisk jubilee singer, but at present a resident of Sarnia, Canada, gave a fine bass solo and responded to a hearty encore.

At 7:30 Mr. Greenlaw opened the meeting with a solo, "Bandelero," and for an encore gave "Sing Me to Sleep" to an enthusiastic and large audience considering we were experiencing the worst electric storm of the season.

A very concise but important historical paper on the Location of Fort St. Joseph by Hon. Daniel McCoy was clearly read by Mrs. Ellen B. Judson. A map and photo showed the exact site of Fort St. Joseph, and proved many historians wrong and placed Michigan under four flags instead of three as heretofore given.

Mr. Greenlaw delighted the audience with his music and responded to encores. The next two papers on the program will appear in the book, there not being time to listen to them. Hon. Lawton T. Hemans in presenting a bible owned and used by Governor Stevens T. Mason, prefaced his paper, which will be printed in our volumes in due form,

with a description of the Mason family, and vividly depicted the Mason homestead in Raspberry Plain, Va. He classed George Mason with Patrick Henry, as they sat and worked together in the convention which framed the constitution. The Mason home was adjacent to that of James Madison and Governor Mason's father, John, graduated from William and Mary college, married a minister's daughter, and October 29, 1811, Stevens T. Mason was born. The sisters were prominently married to Postmaster-general Barry and Governor Howard respectively, and started from Washington to Lexington, Kentucky. At Ashland one sister died, and this changed the plans, and they settled at Ashland. The family fortune, never too great, was exhausted and Stevens T. Mason became a clerk in a grocery store, but at nineteen years of age was acting as chief executive of Michigan.

Mr. Hemans also spoke of the difficulties of digging up early State records, and said in 1835 many of the State officers were not elected as now, but appointed by Governor Mason among whom were superintendent of public instruction, John D. Pierce; Henry Howard, treasurer; Robert Abbott, auditor-general; Daniel Roy, attorney-general, and Kintzing Pritchette,[1] secretary of state.

Little is known of some of these early officers and nothing could be learned of what became of Pritchette, Mr. Hemans asked Miss Emily Mason and she told him he spent one summer evening on their porch, and the next day he died of cholera, but as his name appeared and offices were held by him after this date they conclude the name was confused with a young Boston friend, whose death occurred at this time. Consulting Mr. Burton he learned that Mr. Pritchette's death occurred in a Pennsylvania insane asylum; but this report could not be verified and he found him acting as the first territorial governor of Oregon, after which he returned to the State and was appointed secretary to a Russian embassy. Further records show him as consul to one of the Samoan islands. A stranger at San Francisco said a man died on board a Pacific steamship and was buried at sea, and this ended the life of Kintzing Pritchette. Mr. Hemans spoke of only two generations existing between the present civilization and savagery. That John Mullett, who died in 1902, surveyed Ingham county and now Michigan had two and a half million inhabitants within her borders, where within the memory of man, Indians reigned supreme. That Judge Wayne and Robert Abbott together took the entire census of Michigan.

[1] His commission in the office of the secretary of state is signed Kintzing Pritchette.

Mr. Greenlaw sang "They Have Crucified My Lord" and generously responded to an encore.

Mr. Burton said the researches he made regarding Pritchette included his collection of early newspapers, old church records and tombstones with the result that he secured over 500 pages of manuscript.

In accepting the gift of the Mason Bible he said Michigan owed largely to Governor Mason the upper peninsula, the common school system and the Sault canal—monuments enough for one man. He commended the work of this meeting, pronouncing it one of the best and most practical ever held.

The audience sang "America." Mrs. Jason E. Hammond acting as accompanist and with a benediction by the venerable Dr. William H. Haze, the thirty-second session closed.

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

The growth of this society for this year has been in no way phenomenal, but shows steady, encouraging progress, a wider influence, and a broadening along many lines. It will be a long time, if indeed, we ever again attain the success and enthusiasm of the last meeting aroused by the visit of our distinguished guests, the daughter and sister of our first governor, Stevens T. Mason.

An innovation was a mid-winter meeting held at Detroit, January 16, at which several fine papers were read interspersed by excellent music under the direction of Mrs. E. D. Hutchinson of that city. The beautiful new Auditorium was placed at our disposal by Director Griffith and his able assistant, Mr. Burroughs, and no efforts were spared to help us achieve success. The birth of the first historical society, of which ours is the legitimate successor, having taken place in the historic city of Detroit, it was very mete and fitting that the first of these semi-annual gatherings be held in its early home. The object of these additional sessions is twofold; one to relieve the congested state of the programs occurring from the quantity of valuable papers so freely offered us. The second no less important factor is that by going to different localities in the State we arouse local interest impossible to reach when only a regular place is given no matter how convenient or centrally located it may be.

We particularly wish to emphasize the assistance of Mrs. Nellie Osband Baldwin of Grand Rapids, chairman of the historical section of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. Material is being received at this office showing the growing interest by the women of Michigan in this work and more hearty co-operation on the part of individuals.

The department of public instruction has constantly given wise and beneficial aid in educating the young, regarding the importance of securing and preserving Michigan history. The observance of Pioneer Day has been so successful that we feel it will strengthen the bond between the past and the future—the pioneers of long ago and the pupils of the present. Let everybody assist in the observance of this day.

Sufficient credit cannot be given Mrs. Mary C. Spencer, the excellent State librarian, who has the custody of our books and who gives such

faithful unrequited service. The constantly increasing demand for these volumes, the respectful recognition they are obtaining have increased the labor until, with our present finances, without this assistance from the library it would be almost impossible to accomplish the present amount of work.

The museum has become an established and successful factor in placing before the visitors the aims of this society. The response from all parts of the State for assistance in depicting the early times, by relics as object lessons, has resulted in an overflow of exhibits in the hall, and the universal verdict of all the beholders, "You must have more room." The acquisition of upward of one thousand five hundred pieces of china, the life work of Mrs. Florence S. Babbitt, the original pioneer china collector of Michigan, and gathered from the pioneer families of Michigan will make this one of the finest displays of its kind in the State. Her loan collection of lamps, brass, and iron exhibits attract universal attention and commendation.

Our thanks are due the legislature for means to enlarge the work and secure historical data heretofore impossible. Their respectful consideration prove their interest in advancing all matters which have for their object the prosperity and good name of Michigan.

Letters were written to every county asking them to organize a local pioneer and historical society wherever one did not exist and make provisions to pay a delegate's expenses to the annual State meeting. Many responded, but some definite plan of work should be arranged looking to systematic and practical co-operation, and sent to each vice-president of the county with requests to report to the State society.

Special letters were enclosed to all the leading newspapers of the State requesting notices of meeting and asking them to forward to us papers with local history and to join us in having a newspaper bureau in connection with this society preserving files of the papers of the State. We are receiving six papers weekly. "Le Canadien," "Jackson Patriot," "Grand Traverse Herald," "Tuscola Advertiser," "State Republican" and "Moderator-Topics."

A slip was placed in the invitation of each member's envelope, "What have you done or what will you do for this society?" Mr. and Mrs. Harrison of Tuscola sent regrets accompanied by two dollars, Henry Chamberlain of Three Oaks wrote an interesting reply and promised some valuable reminiscences. It surely aroused some interest, and, in time, may bring tangible results.

The yearly volume was made up of material accumulated during the

publication of the Cadillac and Wayne documents, and was numbered 30 to take the place left for the index which was marked with a Roman number.

It would simplify and further the work very much if committees were appointed to secure papers and reports on different subjects. The trouble is committees do not commit—they are mostly inactive and apathetic. If you get one worth anything it must be made up of busy people, and these neither can or will devote time sufficient for the labor. Could someone be employed to prepare and edit manuscripts, much better articles would be the result. As it is the historical committee neither perform or authoritatively delegate the work to others.

One of the most serious problems confronting us is filling the vacancies caused by the rich harvest gleaned by the Grim Reaper. The loss of so many valued members and friends of the society saddens the exultation felt over the success and progress attained by systematic and enthusiastic labor.

From Detroit comes the record of the death of Judge Graves of the supreme court, Major Hopkins, Fred Carlisle, for years the working officer of the Wayne County Pioneer Society, Elder Blades whose worth will be eloquently and lovingly presented. Alfred Russel, whose sudden death came as a shock to so many. James E. Scripps, a veteran editor and publisher and a man who aided, while living, the artistic interests of Detroit in the art museum to which his legacy speaks while he is no more. P. B. Loomis, the influence of whose quiet but helpful life will be found in the able tribute of Mr. Barber, nor must we forget Mr. St. Johns of the Industrial school whose fatherly care has won so many boys to good citizenship and noble lives. Clement E. Weaver of Adrian, passing the alloted span of years has left a worthy record. From the capital city the call came to the young in the sudden death of Leonard E. Walker and to a well rounded life in the departure of Mrs. Cyrus E. Alsdorf whose home and neighborly character endeared her to all. Mrs. Hoyt whose papers for two sessions claimed our interest, reports the loss of a brother and sister, pioneers of Kent county.

As the work of these devoted citizens was to establish and settle Michigan, ours must be the service to record their labors and continue the history of them so well begun.

It might be well to have an "experience meeting" of our officers that each could bear testimony to his share in the great work and pledge the united support of every effort and means in his power to make Michigan history more commensurate with Michigan's worth.

ACCOUNTS FOR THE FISCAL YEAR 1905 AND 1906.

Balance on hand July 1, 1905	$149 10
Membership fees	34 00
Refund	90
Received from State treasurer	5,640 00
Total	$5,824 00

EXPENDITURES.

Paid Edinger for Indian relics	$552 66
Wynkoop Hallenbeck Crawford Co., for printing Vol. 34	641 58
Paid expenses of board meetings	84 82
Salary for clerk	1,000 00
Board of State Auditors for paper for Vol. 34	279 85
Incidentals, express, postoffice box, etc	38 64
Assistant in office	400 50
C. M. Burton for cut of Gen. Wayne for Vol. 34	4 65
Expenses of Detroit meeting	11 00
Paid Mrs. Florence S. Babbitt on china collection	1,064 75
Paid for materials for and work on cases	15 74
Robert Smith Printing Co., binding Vol. 34	265 13
Paid Carnegie Institute for copying Schoolcraft papers	266 00
Paid E. E. Miller for Indian cradle	24 25
Expenses of annual meeting 1906	43 58
Total	$4,693 15

Total receipts	5,824 00
Expenditures	4,693 15
Balance July 1, 1906	$1,130 85

HENRY R. PATTENGILL,
Secretary.

REPORT OF TREASURER.

Annual report of the treasurer of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society from June 1, 1905 to the close of business May 31, 1906:

Cash on hand June 1, 1905	$261 76	
Received from State treasurer	5,640 00	
Received for membership	47 90	
		$5,949 66

Paid orders as follows:

Wynkoop Hallenbeck Crawford Co.	$686 43	
Wm. Lavin	30 00	
Mrs. M. B. Ferrey	1,904 63	
Miss Florence Day	65 00	
Grinnell Bros.	8 00	
W. D. Sabin, treasurer	10 00	
Joseph H. Edinger	552 66	
Geo. H. Cannon	12 00	
Mrs. Mary C. Spencer	25 28	
Board of State Auditors	279 85	
Mrs. Kate V. Richmond	182 00	
C. M. Burton	4 65	
Mrs. Florence S. Babbitt	747 50	
Miss Nellie Bordeau	27 00	
Edward Cahill	10 34	
H. R. Pattengill	9 67	
Miss Genevieve Dew	86 50	
L. D. Watkins	6 60	
Robert Smith Printing Co.	251 63	
E. E. Miller	24 25	
Carnegie Institute	266 00	
Miscellaneous	41 09	
		$4,421 08
Cash on hand June 1, 1906		1,528 58
		$5,949 66

$100.00 additional in special account.

Respectfully submitted,

B. F. DAVIS, Treasurer.

TO THE SNOW-CROWNED PIONEERS.

BY EDWARD W. BARBER.

I wish to say a few words, at the commencement of this thirty-second annual meeting of our society, to the real pioneers of Michigan, those who have seen the seasons come and go for sixty years and more—old boys of the past, before there were any telegraphs, telephones, electric railways, or daily rural mail deliveries, no wireless messages shooting through the air—boys, as frisky once as a herd of goats, with eyes aflame, fearing nothing in the wilds and helping to plant a civilized state in a dense wilderness.

With the best words at my command let me greet you on this occasion.

You have been watching the fleeting things of this world for almost a lifetime; you have plodded through the mud and mire of disappointment, as well as along the graded highways of joy; you have worked hard and long in the heated fields and in the frozen forests of the past; you have helped to make a blooming paradise out of a tangled jungle, and have seen proud spires rise where stood the gnarled oak and stately elm; you have loved and lost, and it may be loved again—have seen the squirming babe of long ago take on the beard of manhood and stand in the thickest of the struggle—have noted the failures and the survivals; and some are gathered here today to greet the friends of later years and think over the adventures of the good days that are gone.

This is a world of change. Nothing here is permanent. Well nigh a generation has passed since this society was organized, and not one of its founders is here today—not one. All are gone. Yet in hovering thought they may be present. The realm of inspiration is unseen by mortal eyes. You, too, must follow them to a better world.

Listen, and you can hear the whispers of the winds as they came to you in the early days. You can discern the promises of the heart, made long ago, fulfilled to some extent along life's journey, sometimes in the presence of loved ones, at other times in the musical prattle of children, and the tender joys of home. As the years pass these, too, become memories. You can now understand the hint of Nature, as she told you in the fields where flowers bloom and die, or

as some dear ones have passed away, that a little further on there would be rest.

> "A little further on—
> Thus did we say when eager youth invited hope
> To try her wings in wanton flights,
> And nimble fancy built the soul a nest on some far crag."

This is your day, snow-crowned pioneers! Yours to live over the years long gone—the time that lingers in memory only. They were not filled with romance. They were devoted to the best of all experience—work! The making of a state then depended upon work; the salvation of society today depends upon work. Who can forget how the old ox-team used to tear out the roots in the new ground; who can forget the plow-handles that jerked into the ribs of the unsuspecting fellow who failed to see the grub; who can forget the hurricane deck of the old plow horse upon which the youngster sat to guide the animal between the rows in cultivating the corn; who can forget the time when the preacher came and there was not much chicken left; who can forget the earliest settlers when getting lost in the forest was a not uncommon event; who can forget the way the boy sided along when trying to prevent his calico-clad sweetheart from seeing the dark patches in the seat of his old gray trousers; who can forget the stiffened cowhide boots that had to be tugged on in the morning and pulled off with a jack at night; who can forget the anguish of the youthful heart —and remember only the things that pleased?

Ah! there are many things the snow-crowned pioneer cannot forget, and many things that will forever remain untold. There was the log-house in the small clearing, with its shake or bark roof, and the snows drifting in during the winter,—and still it had its fond associations; the girl, the wife, the mother who toiled and struggled with you through clouds and sunshine. Recall the time when you and she were young and hopeful and happy. Go back to the schoolhouse, or the meetinghouse, where you took her that evening when your bashful love began. Take another peep through the open portals of the vestibule of heaven. Feel again the trembling hand of the girl as she confided the words too sacred to be written. There were no palaces to dwell in then—but there were castles in dreamland.

Indeed, there has been much of life that was worth living. "All time is short that has an end," said an ancient sage. Now it is good to be here. Pioneers of three score years and ten, this is your day. May

The Lake Superior Canal
Semi Centennial Commission
of Nineteen Hundred Five
cordially invites you to be present
at the ceremonies celebrating
The Fiftieth Anniversary
of the opening of the
Saint Marys Falls Canal
to be held at
Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan
second and third days of August
A.D. 1905

An answer is requested

Peter White, President, Marquette
Horace M. Oren, Sault Ste. Marie
Charles Moore, Secretary, Detroit

you enjoy it and live to enjoy many more. And when the evening sun has kissed for the last time the whitened locks, may the good God lead you into pleasant pastures beside still waters, where the sweet clover blooms and blooms, and where, under the everlasting trees, with your loved ones around you, you can tell over and over, in the realm of fruition, the trials and tribulations, as well as the joy and happiness, of the pioneer days here below.

For one, I cherish the belief that the best things of this material world are but symbols of better realities in the spiritual world.

THE FOLLOWING BULLETIN WAS SENT OUT CONCERNING THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE OPENING OF THE SAINT MARY'S CANAL.

The Jesuit missionary, Father Allouez, relates that the Indians believed Lake Superior was a pond made by the beavers, and that its dam was double—the first being at the place called by the French the Sault, and the second five leagues below. In ascending the river, the red men said, the God Michabous (the great Hare) first found the second dam and broke it down completely; and that is why there is neither waterfall nor whirlpool in those rapids. When he came to the first dam, being in haste, he only walked on it to tread it down; and so the great falls and whirlpools remain there.

Stephen Brulé, one of Champlain's interpreters, probably discovered Lake Superior about the year 1618, eleven years after the first permanent English settlement was made at Jamestown in Virginia, and two years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. In 1634, Jean Nicolet, another of Champlain's protégés, visited the Falls of Gaston (as the rapids were first named), on his way to the discovery of Lake Michigan; and in 1641, Charles Raymbault and Isaac Jogues held a brief Indian mission beside the rushing waters, to which they gave the name of Saint Mary. In 1660, Ménard made the first missionary journey to Lake Superior, and perished in the lonely forests about Keweenaw bay; and the following year Radisson and Grosseilliers made camp beside the rapids to enjoy a brief rest and the delicious whitefish before entering upon those discoveries which led to the establishment by them of the Hudson Bay company. In 1668, James Marquette began at Saint Mary's rapids a permanent mission, which became the first settle-

ment by white men within the present borders of the State of Michigan.

On the fourteenth day of June, 1671, Simon François Daumont, Sieur Saint Lusson, erected somewhere near the present site of Fort Brady, a cedar cross bearing the arms of France, and in sounding phrase proclaimed the authority of Louis XIV over the lands stretching from the North sea to the waters south and west throughout the continent. Eighty years later (in 1751) the Canadian-born Count Repentigny and Captain Louis Le Bonne received a feudal grant of six leagues along the portage, with a depth of six leagues; and in 1860 the United States congress gave to the descendants and assigns of Repentigny and Le Bonne, access to the American courts for the adjudication of their claims, which were finally rejected by the supreme court.

During the British occupancy, the British Fur Trading Company took from the Lake Superior country annually furs, the original cost of which was equal to a quarter of a million dollars. That company first built around the rapids a canal for bateaux; and one of the locks is still preserved as an ornament to the grounds of the Lake Superior company, on the Canadian side of the river.

American occupation at Sault Ste. Marie virtually began in 1820, when General Lewis Cass, territorial governor of Michigan and Indian agent, landed at the foot of the rapids with a small force of explorers and boatmen, commissioned by the United States government to make treaties with the Indians. By a display of personal bravery and firmness, he replaced the British flag with the "Stars and Stripes," secured by treaty a site for a fort, and obtained the cession of the Indian lands now covered by Sault Ste. Marie. At the beginning of the year 1840, the shipping on Lake Superior consisted of the American Fur company's brig "John Jacob Astor" and a schooner built by the Ohio Fishing and Mining company, of Cleveland, the latter vessel having made the portage around the rapids.

The copper deposits of Lake Superior were the source of supply for the mound builders, who made annual pilgrimages to Lake Superior; but neither the French nor the English were able to discover these deposits, although they obtained many specimens of copper, some of which were of considerable size. The copper bowlder in the National museum at Washington, taken from the bed of the Ontonagon river in 1843, marks the first shipment of that metal. The iron deposits of the upper peninsula were discovered by a party of surveyors under Dr. Douglass Houghton and William A. Burt in 1843; but until 1855 the shipments in any one year never reached three hundred tons. The

mineral deposits of the upper peninsula were practically valueless for lack of a canal around the rapids of Saint Mary's river.

Michigan's first governor, Stevens T. Mason, was an ardent champion of such a canal; and the legislature placed the project among those to be provided for from the proceeds of the five million dollar loan. Plans were prepared, money was appropriated to begin the work, and in 1839 the contractors appeared on the scene, but were stopped by the regulars from Fort Brady for alleged trespass. After many futile attempts to obtain congressional grants, in 1852 the general government gave Michigan 750,000 acres of lands to aid in constructing the canal. A corporation organized under a New York charter began work on June 2, 1853, and in twenty-two months constructed a canal with two locks, each 350 feet in length, 100 feet in width, and 13 feet in depth (the largest in the world), at a cost of $999,802.46. The engineer and superintendent who overcame the multifarious and perplexing difficulties incident to building so great a work hundreds of miles beyond the confines of civilization was Charles T. Harvey, the chief marshal of the semi-centennial celebration.

The Saint Mary's canal remained under State control until 1881 when it was transferred to the Federal authorities; and in September of that year a second lock, known as the Weitzel lock and constructed by the United States at a cost of $2,180,000, was opened. This lock is 515 feet long, 80 feet wide, and with a depth of 16 feet over the mitre-sill. The original plans were prepared by General Orlando M. Poe; and the work was executed under the direction of Alfred Noble. The original lock was in existence until 1886, when the government began the construction of the Poe lock, 800 feet long and 100 feet wide, with a depth of 21 feet. The Poe lock cost approximately $3,000,000; and the work of construction was done under the direction of General Poe. In 1895 the Canadian government opened their canal, which has a lock 1,000 feet in length and 80 feet in width. The Canadian and American officials exchange traffic reports daily, and all three locks are used to accommodate the commerce of the lakes without discrimination and without tolls. The commerce of the canal has increased from 1,200,000 tons in the decade from 1855-64 to 253,000,000 tons in the ten years ending with 1904; the freight charges per ton mill have decreased from 2.3 mills in 1887 to .81 mills in 1904.

During the year 1904, the number of passengers transported through the canals was 38,000; the amount of freight 31,546,106 tons, with a value of $340,000,000; the number of vessels using the locks was 16,120;

the greatest amount of traffic in a single day was on September 6, 1904, when 287,399 tons of freight went through the canals on ninety-nine vessels.

The semi-centennial celebration of the opening of the Saint Mary's Falls canal on a scale befitting the importance of the event is made possible by an appropriation of $10,000 by the United States, and $15,000 by the State of Michigan, and the contribution of a considerable amount by the vessel interests of the Great Lakes. It is proposed to devote the first day to sports of various kinds on the water and on shore, with a display of fireworks in the evening. The second day will be given to addresses by the representatives of the United States, of the Dominion of Canada, and of the State governments; ending with a reception by the governor of Michigan. The celebration begins on Wednesday, August 2nd, and continues through Thursday, August 3rd. The general charge of the celebration, including the permanent memorial to be erected at Sault Ste. Marie, and the history of the canal, is entrusted to the Lake Superior canal semi-centennial commission of nineteen hundred five, the members of which commission, appointed by the governor of Michigan, are Peter White, of Marquette, president; Horace M. Oren, of Sault Ste. Marie, and Charles Moore, of Detroit, secretary and treasurer.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION SOO CANAL.

The fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Soo canal was celebrated at Sault Ste. Marie, August 2 and 3, 1905. The Indians, the first owners of the country, were brought in great numbers to add picturesqueness to the scene and show the progress of commerce. Two governments were represented in interests and in the fleets passing through this wonderful waterway, and the distinguished guests present showed how important this development was regarded by the nation. The naval parade was the finest ever witnessed in the northern section of the State. Honors were paid to Miss Betty Poe, the representative of her father General Poe, who made this event possible.

The formal program was as follows:

Invocation, Archdeacon Arthur H. Lord, of Sault Ste. Marie.

Address of welcome, Hon. Chase S. Osborn, of Sault Ste. Marie, acting for the mayor of Sault Ste. Marie.

FIRST CANAL LOCK ON WESTERN HEMISPHERE IN 1790.

Address, "The State of Michigan and the Building of St. Mary's Canal," by Governor Fred M. Warner.

Historical address, "The Development of the Lake Superior Region," by Hon. Peter White, president of the Lake Superior canal semi-centennial commission of 1905.

Concert first regiment United States infantry band.

Address, Hon. Theodore E. Benton, member of congress from Ohio, chairman of the house of representatives; committee on harbors and rivers.

Address, by Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, solicitor-general of Canada.

Address, "The Navigators of the Great Lakes," by Hon. William Livingstone, president of the Lake Carriers' Association.

Address, "The Future of American Commerce," Hon. Julius C. Burrows, United States senator from Michigan.

Benediction, Bishop Eis, of Marquette.

"America," first United States infantry band.

SAULT STE. MARIE AND THE CANAL FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY HON. PETER WHITE.

In April, 1849, I was and had been for a couple of years, living at the Island of Mackinac, then in many ways relatively a much more important place than it is now. There was a depot of the American Fur company there, as there was at the Sault. I do not know which of the two was really the more important. So the business of Mackinac island dealt very largely with the skins of wild animals.

I had a position in a mercantile establishment, which gave me leisure in winter to go to school.

Hon. Edward Kanter, afterward of Detroit, and a very well known man, was my employer, and I liked my place very much indeed. But with the coming of this particular spring, 1849, there was a good deal of excitement in the air over an expedition overland to California, and another one which was being fitted out under Mr. Robert Graveraet, to go to the so-called "Iron Mountains" of Lake Superior.

I received the following letter from Mr. James M. Kelley, an early resident of Marquette, who is now an old man spending his declining

years in Tiburon, Cal., who was one of the party sent out from Worcester, Mass., to make the first iron manufactured in this region.

"Just fifty-seven years ago today (July 4, 1905) I was passing the Pictured Rocks on the schooner 'Fur Trader' (Captain Ripley) on my way to the Carp river. As I wandered through the Golden Gate park today, the memory of that old time on Lake Superior, and the scenes and incidents accompanying it, came to my mind with force and distinctness.

"In 1848 Robert Graveraet came to Worcester, Mass., with specimens of iron ore from Lake Superior," he continues. "Washburn's Wire Works tested it and drew wire from the bloom, reporting that it was equal in quality to wire drawn from the best refined iron. A company was incorporated, named the Marquette Iron company, with the Hon. William A. Draper president.

"At that time we were building a fine residence for Draper in Worcester. Mr. Upham, the foreman on the building, was asked by Mr. Draper to go to the Carp river, Lake Superior, and to take charge of the building department for the company. Upham at that time had just been elected to office as alderman of Worcester, and about that time was married to a young wife, so he concluded that he could not leave, and recommended me for the position. I signed an agreement with the company May 30, 1849, for one year.

"Our machinery, etc., was shipped by canal to Buffalo, N. Y., and soon afterward Mr. Coer, machinist, Mr. Gates, engineer, Mr. Harlow, manager, Edward Clark, agent, and myself started by rail to Albany, N. Y. From Albany to Buffalo we made very slow progress, as the line was owned by several companies (with no through tickets or checks), and a miserable strap rail on stringers had to serve for part of the way. We had to change cars, buy tickets, re-check baggage to the next town a number of times. At Canandaigua we had to stay over night, as there was no train west until the next morning. Finally we reached Buffalo. From Buffalo to Detroit we had a pleasant passage on the splendid steamer 'Illinois.'

"At Detroit we had to wait for our machinery. Detroit at that time was threatened with a visitation of cholera, so we went up to Sault Ste. Marie. After we had fought mosquitos for several weeks the supplies, machinery, etc., arrived. Shelden McKnight, the freight agent, had them transported over the portage (there was no canal then, only a dry ditch). We then chartered the schooner 'Fur Trader' to take us to the Carp river, Lake Superior, and we had a very pleasant

voyage up the lake. On July 4, while passing Pictured Rocks, we celebrated with the aid of a barrel of old rye (located at the break of the quarter deck, with the coffee pot and tin cup handy). We had a jolly good time. We sailed past the Carp river about a mile, I think, and landed near a rock, afterward called Ripley's rock. The shore was good and we landed everything—supplies, boilers and engines, portable sawmill and machinery.

"We were met here by a party of young men who had come up from Mackinac in a Mackinaw boat, a most welcome addition to our party, they were, Peter White, Wayne Graverett, James Chapman, Henry Davenport, John Mann and Dr. Rogers.

"We were now in the wilderness. The nearest white men were a few men at the Jackson iron mine, about a dozen miles back from the shore. The next nearest were the missionaries at L'Anse, about eighty miles distant and Mr. Williams and family at Grand island, about forty miles east. We made the location where the city of Marquette now stands, but that is another story. Before closing let me recall a remark I heard one day at the Soo, during our long stay there on the trip up. I asked our landlord what the means of support of the Soo people was. He replied, 'In summer we skin strangers, and in winter we skin one another.' "

The copper excitement began some time earlier, and there had been as early as 1846, some exploration and mining for silver lead not far from where Marquette now is. But now the iron excitement was something new. It had been long known by the Indians and others that there was copper in the Lake Superior country, very accessible and very pure. Just why the miners delayed so long in going after it is hard to say. But somehow the Mexican war, the first foreign difficulty in many a long year, and the discovery of gold in California seems to have operated to wake up adventurous spirits everywhere.

Eighteen hundred forty-nine was a great year for the American explorer. The '49er of Lake Superior has often clasped hands with the '49er of California, and indeed the men of one of these districts often sought the other extreme of the country to continue their work. The late John H. Forster of Portage lake was a California pioneer of '49. Mr. Robert Graveraet, who captained the proposed expedition to the Lake Superior region, was a man of remarkable strength, energy and commanding character, and I was advised by prominent citizens at Mackinac, like Mr. Samuel K. Haring, collector of the port, that the iron mountain country was likely to afford a fine

opening for an energetic young man. Mr. Haring had always been very friendly in his attitude toward me, and his advice influenced me a great deal. It required a good deal of faith for Mr. Kanter was paying me thirty-five dollars a month, with board, and the coveted school privilege, and I was to have only twelve dollars a month and board, for a year, with the expedition. Nevertheless I joined willingly and although I was only eighteen I was as heavily bearded as a mature man.

Our trip up the lake and river from Mackinac to the Sault was a tedious and difficult one.[1] We were in the old steamer "Tecumseh," a side-wheeler, and a mere pigmy compared with the steamers which now ply the lakes. It took us eight days to make the trip, as the ice was only just beginning to break up, and side-wheelers always made poor work of ice.

A railroad in this country had never been thought of, indeed, railroads were then in their infancy in the United States. Railroads in America are only about as old as I am.

There were then only about 1,600 people in the whole northern

[1] Captain Eber Ward, of St. Clair, relates, in the "Detroit Free Press," Aug. 2, 1905, the following experiences in 1846, sixty years ago, while acting as clerk of the "Independence," or as it was called "a six-mile boat," which plied the Lakes:

"She could make six miles an hour pretty well, and, one day, when we had some special coal on board, she made seven miles an hour all day. That was considered wonderful at the time then, but think of the boats we have now! Some of them make eighteen or twenty miles an hour and, when the turbine engine is perfected, I expect to see them making twenty-five miles an hour, or more, without any trouble.

"There were two steamers running from Detroit to the Soo, the 'Detroit' and the 'Ben Franklin.' Both were small side-wheelers, about three-hundred-ton boats, and they suffered like the other small ships from the fact that the business increased so rapidly that they could not take care of it, and other arrangements for shipping had to be made. The boats used to carry supplies to prospectors and surveyors as far as the Portage, and then the freight was carried over land, a distance of about a mile, to the foot of Lake Superior in little horse cars. I can remember at that time that they used to take ore from the Cliff Copper mine in barrels and ship it in a yawl-boat to a point from which they could send it east to be smelted.

"A sport that was always popular at the Soo was shooting the rapids. The only vessel that ever undertook this was the 'Uncle Tom,' a schooner of about one hundred twenty tons burden. She started down the lake with about a ten-mile breeze and went on through the rapids. In just a little while she ran onto a bowlder and knocked off her forefoot, but nobody was hurt that I remember. I believe she was the only vessel that ever attempted the trick.

"The Indians were very skillful with their canoes in the rapids, but once a yawl-boat, with a party of nine on board, tried to make the run. A sailor in the boat struck his oar against a rock and turned the boat about so that she filled and sunk, and seven of the party were drowned.

"Even sixty years ago life was pleasant at the Soo. There was a hotel kept by a man by the name of Van Anden, I believe. The houses were all built either of log or frame—no brick ones. There was a great deal of social life, and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves. The lock was not dreamed of then, of course, but nobody can appreciate more fully the importance of its construction and the significance of the celebration than some of us who remember the Soo sixty years ago.

THE MICHIGAN STATE LOCK OF 1855.

peninsula, perhaps a thousand if we leave out the settlements at Mackinac straits. I have no means of knowing how many Indians there were. Those who came to Mackinac numbered about 10,000 each year, but they came from south of the straits as well as north, and from as far away as the islands in Green bay. They were migratory in their habits, ranging far and wide in search of game, fish and furs. There were of course a few Indian trails, but none of them led to the iron mountains of Lake Superior. The water route, I might say the ice-water route, was all there was for us.

The trip on the Ste. Mary's river, with all its remarkable beauty, is of course, entirely familiar to all who were present at the "Soo" celebration. But beautiful as the river now is, it has changed immensely both for the better and for the worse since I first saw it. It has changed for the better, since it seems that the world was created for man, and man has now subdued, changed and possessed this stream for his residence, his solace, his recreation and his commerce. This was before the days of lights, dredges, buoys, ranges, and channel improvements. I doubt if a draught of over ten or twelve feet could have been successfully brought up to the foot of the rapids at that day.

But the river has also changed for the worse, as its perfectly wooded banks were then absolutely unspoiled by the ax or devastating fire. The forest was unbroken, enormous, beautiful in the extreme. The river was leaping with fish, and the woods full of deer, bear, and small game. The beaver were everywhere.

I do not remember all the stops we made, but the sailor's encampment was one of them. When we reached the Sault we found also a place very few here would recognize, though many old landmarks existed here not so many years ago.

The rapids were the same as to the central fall, but the canals, and buildings have very much altered the appearance of things, and the Hay lake cut, especially down by the little rapids, almost more than all. There were few wharves and almost no shipping. My recollection of the Canadian side is that only five or six small buildings made any show on the river.

On the American side was old Fort Brady, by the waters edge, a few houses on the river bank below it, but the principal part of the town above it. There was one wide street starting, from the fort grounds, and several very narrow little streets running out of it, as in all French towns. There may have been 500 people all told. Many

were French, some were half-breeds, some were Americans, some were the resident Indians. As early as the first Jesuit explorers it was noted that the Sault Indians were not migratory like the others. Some stayed all the year around as fish could always be caught in the rapids, and it was a sort of neutral zone.

The houses were mostly small and low. I do not remember who the commander of the post was, unless it was Lieutenant Russell or Captain Clark. The garrison could hardly number more than fifty men besides officers. I remember that there was a Baptist mission station here then, presided over by a clergyman whom every one called Father Bingham. I knew the family afterward quite well and nice people they were. One daughter was named Angeline, afterward she became the wife of Hon. Thomas D. Gilbert. I think he was at one time mayor of Grand Rapids. I know he was a regent of the university. His widow, an estimable lady, still lives in Grand Rapids. Captain Sam Moody one of our own party thought so much of Miss Bingham, that when he found a beautiful lake near Ishpeming, that he wanted to christen, he called it Lake Angeline after her, and "thereby hangs a tale." The ore under Lake Angeline proved so much more valuable than the water in it, that there is no lake there now.

There were several stores at the Sault then, and we purchased here the outfit for our expedition. For our prospective voyage on Lake Superior we had a Mackinaw boat between thirty-five and forty feet long, which had to be hauled and poled about a mile of rapids, near the shore. My recollection is that it took about three hours up past the swift water. Among those residing here then, with whom I was or became acquainted, was John Tallman Whiting afterward of Detroit. Here he had charge of the warehouse and dock belonging to Sheldon McKnight, a warehouse and vesselman, who owned in his time many steamers, among which were the "London," "Baltimore," "General Taylor," "Illinois," "Pewabic," "Meteor" and several more. Mr. Whiting was a most intelligent and agreeable man and was long my correspondent and friend. The agent of the American Fur company at the Sault was an autocrat named John R. Livingston, as Judge Abbot was at Mackinac.

There were two hotels in those days at the Sault. The Van Anden and the Chippewa. Smith, who for many years kept the Chippewa, bought the Van Anden and was proprietor for a long time. The Chippewa house that some of you remember was not the original Chippewa house.

That building burned down. Then Van Anden, who kept the Van Anden house, desiring to remove to Ontonagon to keep a new hotel there called the Bigelow, sold out his hotel to Smith the landlord of the old Chippewa, who immediately rechristened it the Chippewa.

When we say there was no canal, we ought to add that there was then on the Canadian side of the rapids a very small Liliputian lock, where it may still be seen. It was said to belong to the American Fur company.

It does not remind one of the present canal locks very much, but then Peter Cooper's locomotive with a barrel for a water-tank does not look much like a modern mogul, but it is the same thing nevertheless.

The number of real vessels, not counting craft like our own, then sailing the waters of Lake Superior, was very small, and none of them measured over 200 tons burthen. As they had not been built on the big lake, you may wonder how they got over there.

They were hauled over on wooden ways, very much as houses are now moved, with rollers and windlasses. "The Julia Palmer," a side-wheeler, and the "Independence," a propeller, came over the portage that way. The "Napoleon" was first a sail vessel but metamorphosed into a propeller. It was said that in a heavy sea, she would dip water with her smoke-pipe and thus put out the fires. The side-wheelers "Sam Ward" and "Baltimore" and propellers "Manhattan," "General Taylor," "Peninsula" and several more were brought over the portage in the same way. A Parisian Frenchman, once a passenger on the "Baltimore" when she was making very slow progress up the lake against a heavy head wind, walked out on deck just before dark at night, had a look at the Pictured Rocks and was much pleased with the view. In the morning before breakfast, he came out on deck again and the panorama astonished him, he exclaimed, "Wat ees dis beautiful sight you have here?" He was told, "You are looking at Pictured Rocks." He exclaimed, "Wat a great countree! Before you go to bed you walk on de deck you have grand view de Picture Rock, den you go to bed—you sleep all night—de steamer is go ahead all de time—you come out on de deck in de morning, you see de Picture Rock again. What big country you got and how many Picture Rock?"

No one told him that the steamer finding that she could make no head-way against the wind and the waves had run back to Whitefish point during the night, and that he was now looking at the same rock pictures he had seen the previous evening! Lake Superior was uncharted and only poorly lighted, and navigation was therefore quite as

dangerous, or more so, for these steam-craft of moderate power, as for our Mackinaw boat.

A merchant citizen of the Sault, named Peter B. Barbeau, a very prominent man, an old settler, met a stranger from off a boat lying at the dock. The stranger says to him, "I take it that you live in this place?" "Yes, sir, I do." "Well, then I would like to ask you how this town got its curious name, Sault Ste. Mary?" "That, sir," replied Mr. Barbeau, "is a corruption. The town was originally named after a lady called Susan Marie, and by mispronunciation it has become Soo Ste. Mary."

According to my recollection I was back in the Sault twice after the first visit, before the canal was opened. Once I came down by lake taking a steamer passage to reach here. On the second occasion I came down with Hon. Abner Sherman on land office business. We wanted to enter some land at the United States land office which was then at the Sault. We walked all the way, and the journey was one of enormous difficulty and hardship, and a good deal of danger. It took nine days, I wish I had time to tell you incidents of the trip.

The distance now from the Sault to Marquette by railroad is almost an air line, and is about 153 miles, but we could not take any such direct route; we had to follow the shore all the way.

Fording the streams like the Au Train was very dangerous, and once came near costing me my life. While skirting the great Taquamenon swamp was another heart-breaking task. We would be in the water up to our waists for miles, but we lived through it nevertheless.

Such were things before the canal was built. The different appearances then in the town, shore and vessels were not more marked than the difference betwen our dress then and now. We hardly ever wore coats, but hickory shirts in summer and flannel shirts in winter, and occasionally we had blanket coats, with capote, but more usually if we were cold we put on one or more shirts. Most housekeepers of today would be greatly surprised at the thickness and beauty of the five-point blankets, which was one of the annual treaty payments to the Indians, one to each adult. Such a blanket was nearly as stiff as a board and wonderfully warm.

When pay-time came, besides the blankets enough money was distributed to make either eighteen or twenty-two dollars to every Indian man, woman or child. I do not remember whether the Indians were ever paid at the Sault, but I have seen 10,000 or 12,000 paid at one time at Mackinac, and the whole beach full of wigwams for miles.

SAINTE MARY'S FALLS CANAL.

Looking toward Lake Superior.

The inhabitants were very willing to have them with their attendant draw-backs as it made trade. But all the northwest furs came down this way by flotilla from Fort William. Before the canal came, the Lake Superior country was the land of romance, but otherwise closed except to the limited traffic we have mentioned. But commerce was both the key that opened it, and the result of the opening. Enterprising as were the great French explorers, no trade but that of fur was important to their eyes. It was to their interest as they saw it to keep the country wild, a fur-bearing country. The canoe and the bateaux were big enough for them. They never thought of displacing the Indians by large settlements. But when the lumbermen, the miner, the heavy freighter came, the canal became a necessity, but from our present standpoint its original projectors would have been satisfied with small things. How would a lock one hundred feet long strike you now? Yet such a lock was actually planned, indeed actually determined upon by some persons in authority at a time not far from the achievement of statehood. What surprise would now be felt to hear that the United States government ever opposed the canal! Yet soldiers from Fort Mackinac actually chased away the first laborers employed by the State to dig the canal, because they were trespassing, and had entered without permission on a military reservation. The State and national authorities were at cross purposes for some time. And who would be supposed more alive to the uses of a canal, and more intent to see that one should be built, once for all, and sufficient for all future demands than the vessel men? Yet the vessel men would have been satisfied with a much smaller canal than the one actually built. I have in my possession a copy of a letter written by Captain Eber B. Ward, long acknowledged grand mogul of all vessel interests, the heaviest proprietor of lake shipping in his day.

"Detroit, January 29, 1853.

"Hon. Wm. A. Burt, Member H. of R., Lansing, Mich.:

"Dear Sir—The deep anxiety I feel in common with the rest of the community for the early completion of the Sault Ste. Marie canal induces me to write to you on the subject. I fear the defeat of our long cherished hopes. The legislature, in their anxiety to prevent undue speculation by those who would be disposed to contract to do the work are in great danger of going to the opposite extreme, and make such requirements as will deter competent men from taking the contract for the land. The size proposed by the senate bill, 350 by seventy feet locks, is entirely too large for the locks. The crooked, narrow, shallow and rocky channels in the St. Mary's river will forever deter the largest class of steamers from navigating these waters. Aside from the im-

pediments in the two Lake Georges,[1] there are several places where the channel is very narrow, with but eleven feet of water clear of rocks, and the channels too crooked for the large class of steamers to pass in safety. This I regard as a conclusive argument against making the locks so large as is contemplated.

"I do not believe there is the least necessity for making the locks over 260 feet in the clear and sixty feet wide, as no vessel of larger dimensions that could pass such locks can be used there with safety without an expenditure of a very large sum of money in excavating rock at various points along the river, a work that is not likely to be undertaken during the present century. The value of wild lands may be estimated by ascertaining the amount actually realized by the State for the large grants that have heretofore been made for the purposes of improvement when no taxes were collected until the lands were sold to settlers, I think it will be difficult to find a value of twenty-five cents per acre for all such grants made to this State. A well organized company might make the lands worth seventy-five cents per acre, provided they were not taxed while held by the company. I have no doubt that the small sized canal required by the act making the grant of land would cost $525,000, or seventy cents per acre. Add eight cents per acre for interest during the construction of the work and fifteen cents per acre for selection and location brings it to ninety-three cents per acre, a price at which any quantity can now be located without any risk of loss and with much greater chances of making desirable selections. If the legislature will appoint a committee who shall act with the governor to make the best contract for the State they can, holding them responsible for a faithful discharge of their duties, I feel confident we shall succeed in securing the great object of our wishes. But if this bill should materially restrict the governor in his powers, I think we have good reason to fear that the most vital interests of the State will be delayed for years to come.

"Hoping for a favorable issue to this absorbing question, I remain,

"Truly yours,

"E. B. WARD."

In his letter he protested most vigorously, but fortunately in vain, against building the canal locks over 260 feet long. The lock was actually made 350 feet long, but 260 feet would have allowed the passage of the longest vessel he then had, and he did not foresee the demand for anything bigger. But what really dictated his letter was the fear that if a lock 350 feet long were begun, it would never be finished. There was the vast land-grant of course, but Captain Ward had so little faith in the value of the granted lands, that he estimated their selling value at only twenty-five cents an acre. He thought they would sell for enough to build a canal lock 260 feet long, not one of 350 feet. Captain Ward died, as it seemed to some of us, only a few yesterdays ago, and doubtless lived to change his mind. But with our present

[1]The two expansions, Ste Mary's river so-called.

knowledge of the ores that have been dug, the timber cut and the crops shipped from Lake Superior districts, his fears were as erroneous as his land valuation. Two reflex influences are here to be noted. The canal made the ore trade and the ore trade made the canal.

Without a canal ore could not be shipped at all. With a small shallow canal the finished product of the smelter seemed a more reasonable freight than the ore. But still the ore trade began, and the tonnage of all sorts speedily outstripped the capacity of the canal. It was enlarged and enlarged again, so that a trade which employed at first vessels of two or three hundred tons burthen, is now rapidly tending to be monopolized by carriers of 8,000 to 10,000 tons capacity, each with a consort, so that one engine might pull to Cleveland, Ashtabula, or Erie 16,000 to 18,000 tons of ore. In 1855 it was estimated that 30,000 tons of freight passed the canal. In 1881 the tonnage had grown to 1,567,000 tons. In 1886, the enlarged locks carried 6,411,000 tons. In 1901, the second enlargement open 230 days, carried over 25,000,000 tons, three times the commerce of the Suez canal, and six times that of Kiel. My thesis is this: The opening of the Sault canal has been of the largest benefit to the whole United States of any single happening in its commercial or industrial history.

In widely reaching effect it is comparable with the Declaration of Independence, because every state in the union has benefitted by it. A long water-haul is so enormously cheaper than a rail-haul, that the ability to ship large cargoes direct from Lake Superior ports, 1,200 to 1,500 miles, or even across the seas has transformed the United States and changed her position among the nations. The grain of the northwest now finds an eastern or foreign market with surprising ease. Flour goes direct from Duluth to Liverpool.

Many fields and millions of acres are now under plow in Dakota and the Canadian northwest, as the result of the canal. Bread is cheaper in Massachusetts than would be otherwise possible, and thus the canal helps the happiness of the laboring man.

The lumber of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and of Oregon and Washington has passed or is passing the canal. Without this transport it would be impossible that the American people could be so comfortably housed, or that American timber could have been sold abroad for our national wealth and supremacy. The copper of Michigan is the purest in the world. It is usable for results not attempted with the product of other mines of other regions. It is sold all over the world, after passing the canal.

It carries the telegraph, the telephone, the electric railway everywhere. It is used in all the arts. The age of electricity is due to the canal. The iron of Michigan, the ores of unexampled purity have passed and are passing the canal. Before this movement began the iron industry of America chiefly engaged with the lean Pennsylvania ores was having a terrible struggle for existence.

The Lake Superior ores are rich and varied enough to mix with the Pennsylvania ores, and have saved the iron and steel industry of Pennsylvania, and so of America.

The iron industry has the key of the commercial supremacy of the world.

Before the canal we were dependent on the British Isles. Now we can undersell the world. The canal made Pittsburg the great city that it is today, it made cheap rails and possible railways, it made cheap tools, cheap wire and has fenced the woodless prairies, cheap nails and implements of all kinds. It has sent our rifles, shovels, hammers, weapons, bridges, rails all over the world. The American iron-clad is the child of the canal.

Kitchener went to Khartoum with the freight of the canal. Carnegie builds libraries and rewards heroic virtue with the fruits of a business impossible without the canal. The coal of the south returns by the canal to temper our winters and drive our engines. Population is the child of the canal, industry another, comfort another, education and philanthropy twins of the canal, agriculture, manufactures, transportation, world intercourse, commercial supremacy, and the world's peace are the offerings of the canal. The canal has reduced the price of steel rails from one hundred and fifty dollars a ton to twenty-six dollars and occasionally even less.

King iron used to reign from an English throne, now his throne is in America. We are now the great creditor nation, and as such have the greatest possible influence in the peace of the world. On the word of a bishop of the English church, I assert that the United States has now the greatest power for world peace of any nation, or that any nation ever had. Our power is largely the result of this canal. If any one knows of anything bigger in the history of civilization I should be glad to hear of it. What was the Colossus of Rhodes? What are the Great Pyramids? Where are the Hanging Gardens of Babylon? The biggest thing on earth is known by its results, and the biggest thing is the Sault canal. But bigger than anything created is the

A BREAK IN THE LOCKS. THE DELAYED FLEET.

Creator, and larger than anything conceived of is the mind that conceived it.

Who that celebrates this mighty triumph can forget the men who dreamed it and the men who made it? Governor Mason had it in his mind, but failed to bring it to pass.

A great thought is next in honor to a great deed. Let us not forget him here. General Weitzel who built the first enlarged lock was the officer who took possession of captured Richmond. Poe, whose name adorns the largest lock was famous on many a stricken field. Both wrought themselves as well as their names into these locks, and both were capable of more. If men, whose genius made these locks, and those whose interests and ability urged on expanded and used them were named together, it would prove that peace is greater than war, that commerce is the handmaid of peace, and if the men of the twentieth century outstrip those of the nineteenth who wrought this wonder, the race of giants must return.

Let me give you a few figures, and only a few, to show how the production of pig-iron increased in the United States after this canal came into being. For instance in 1855, the total of pig-iron in the United States was 700,159, gross tons. In 1864 it increased to 1,014,282; 1872, 2,548,963 tons; 1879, 2,741,583 tons; 1880, 3,835,191 tons; 1886, 5,683,329 tons; 1889, 7,603,642 tons; 1893, 11,773,934 tons; 1901, 15,878,354 tons; 1902, 17,821,307; 1903, 18,009,262 tons.

It is estimated, based upon the returns to this date, that the total production of pig-iron in the United States for 1905 will exceed 22,000,000 gross tons. The total of pig-iron in Great Britain in 1904 was 8,562,658 gross tons. It is an interesting commentary to be able to state as a fact that one single company in the United States, viz., the United States Steel Corporation, produced in the year 1904 a greater steel tonnage than was made in the whole of Great Britain.

The total amount of steel produced by the United States Steel Corporation last year was 9,167,960 tons out of a total in the United States of 14,422,101 tons. Great Britain's total production was in 1904, 5,134,101 tons of steel, a little over half as much as the United States Steel Corporation product and a little over one-third as the whole United States product.

That shows the great advantage that this country has in the manufacture of iron and steel since the entire steel-making capacity of the United States Steel Corporation is exclusively from Lake Superior ores. Last year the United States produced more pig-iron than Great

Britain and Germany combined. There are plenty more very interesting figures for us to contemplate, but I fear I will tire you and so forbear. The increased mileage in railroads in the United States since 1855 is astonishing and worthy of comment, but time forbids.

But I cannot close without pointing out the fact that the freedom of the canal is almost greater in its influence than the canal. This great waterway is free to the British flag as to our own as are all the canals of the United States government. The Canadians themselves have been as generous in allowing us the free use of their canal on the other shore at all times and under all circumstances as we could possibly desire them to be. They have set us an example of liberality of good will that we must always profit by and be just as generous in return. This then as we hinted is Lake Superior's Declaration of Independence.

This vast land locked sea with all its tributaries is free, and its freedom means these infinite results. And we who have seen its development and have worked the forests and mines which have chiefly made its commerce, may pause in wonder that *so few* and *so feeble* a people living under so cold a sky should have been permitted to share so largely in changing the seat of empire, and enlarging the happiness of the world.

PRESENTATION OF OIL PAINTING OF W. W. GIBBS TO THIS SOCIETY BY CITIZENS OF MACOMB COUNTY.

BY DWIGHT N. LOWELL.

Mr. President—It was a happy mistake which was made by the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society when it adopted the picture of "Father Marquette at St. Ignace, 1670" as its frontispiece to Vol. 31 of its published collections. This volume was issued and delivered shortly after the death of the artist who designed and painted the original.

While casually examining the volumes of the society our attention was called to the bare announcement of the birth and death of William Woodruff Gibbs as one of the pioneers of Macomb county and at the same time to the fact of the use of one of his finest paintings without credit to the artist. The oversight was called to the attention of one

of the members of the historical committee, Hon. George H. Cannon, with the result that a request was made for a short sketch of the life of Mr. Gibbs which was prepared and has appeared in volume 30.

After the attention of the society had been called to this matter a request was made that a suitable portrait in oil be procured to hang upon the walls of the society's room in the capitol at Lansing. To comply with such request an appeal was made to the friends of Mr. Gibbs and sufficient amount was easily raised to procure this portrait of one whom all loved and one whom it is a pleasure to see placed in remembrance so long as this society shall continue.

In behalf of the donors, Messrs. E. W. Giddings, Henry Stephens, M. I. Brabb, George H. Cannon, J. L. Proctor, William Gray, John McCafferty, D. H. Rowley, L. E. Bedell, C. C. Bradley, R. M. Greenshields, H. W. Bradley and D. N. Lowell, all former or present citizens of Romeo, this portrait of William Woodruff Gibbs is presented to the State Pioneer and Historical Society, and his friends hope and trust that as long as loving remembrance of friend by friend shall be a pleasure, so long may this representation of our friend remain to adorn the walls of this society's room and be an inspiration and incentive for others to furnish like tokens of remembrance of friends worthy to be here honored and in like manner remembered.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF FLINT.

BY WILLIAM R. BATES.[1]

The preparation of a chapter on the development of the city of Flint necessitates the examination of all available sources of information, and in this search so much attracted attention that it is difficult to decide what to eliminate.

The character of its citizens, their early struggles for livelihood, the upbuilding of local institutions, the courts, the press, transportation facilities—all of this and more—go to make the town, and in preparing what follows, it has been the endeavor only to touch, in this chapter, the things that in the judgment of the writer had to do with the be-

[1] This paper was prepared as one chapter of a memorial volume which is soon to be published by a committee of Flint citizens relative to the city. This explanation will I trust serve to make clear why no reference is made by me to the educational, fraternal, religious or social life of our town.—W. R. B.

ginnings and then to trace a few of the salient conditions down to our day.

The first obtainable semi-official information occurs in the "Michigan Gazetteer," published in 1838, all of which I quote:

"Flint: A village, postoffice and seat of justice for Genesee county, situated on Flint river. It has a banking association, an edge tool factory, sawmill, two dry goods stores, two groceries, two physicians, a lawyer and the land office for the Saginaw land district. The United States road passes through it. There is a good supply of water power in and around it. The emigration to this place has been very great the past two years, and still continues. The village is flourishing, and the country around it excellent. It is estimated to contain three hundred families. Distant from Detroit fifty-eight miles northwest and from Washington city 584 miles northwest."

The Indian names of the settlement and of the river are somewhat in doubt. Evart and Abbott's History of Genesee County calls the location of the city Mus-ca-ta-wingh, or burnt plain, and the name of the river Pa-wan-unk-ing, or the river of flint.

Judge Albert Miller, who worked for John Todd in the early thirties, records, in the pioneer reports, the name of the settlement as having been Pe-wan-a-go-see-ba.

William R. McCormick, who was a boy living with his parents at Flint river in 1832, gives in the pioneer reports the name of the settlement as Sco-ta-wa-ing, or burnt opening, and of the river as Pe-wan-a-go-wing-see-ba, or flint stones in the river.

Colonel E. H. Thomson in his very accurate article in the "Detroit Post and Tribune," in 1878, gives the names as Mus-cu-ta-wa-ing or open plain burned over and the river's name as Pa-won-nuk-ening or "the river of Flint."

Rev. R. E. Macduff in his history of St. Paul's parish gave Scootawanag as the Indian name of the settlement.

It is evident that whichever name in the Indian tongue was the correct one, it meant Flint in some form. Just why is not evident as the river seems not to have been a flinty one. Referring to this, Colonel Thomson wrote: "After wrestling for several years with these Chippewa jaw-breakers, the early settlers ended the struggle by calling both river and settlement—Flint, and Flint they are."

The name of the county was in all probability given in honor of Genesee county, N. Y., whether apropos or not, it can do no harm and possibly may serve to cause investigation to add that Chennussie was the name of a tribe of Indians belonging to the famous Six Nations,

and that in the Senaca language Je-nis-he-yuh signified "beautiful valley."

COUNTY AND TOWNSHIP ORGANIZATION.

When Genesee county was formed, Flint was one of the townships. Strange as it may seem, there never was an incorporated village of Flint. So, Flint never had a village president nor a board of trustees. It was always a part of the township and was satisfied to have a supervisor and other township officers until it became a full fledged city in 1855. Consequently, there are no village records to consult in regard to the early days here. There are very few of the old-time citizens left. John Sutton, who still resides in the house built by him in 1844, and Edward A. Todd, a gentleman of nearly eighty years, a resident of Owosso, seem to be about the oldest settlers. James Van Vlett's arrival in the county was in 1844, Mr. Sutton's in 1838 and Mr. Todd came with his father and mother, John and Polly Todd, in 1829. All of these gentlemen have a general remembrance of conditions existing in the early days, but nothing at all definite as to the so-called village affairs. All of those who were actively engaged in the formation of the rural settlement have passed away, and in many cases even their names have passed into oblivion.

"So fleet the works of men,
Ancient and holy things
Fade like a dream."

VILLAGE PLATS AND NAMES.

There were several village plats filed in the office of the register of deeds. The first one was filed by A. E. Wathares in 1830. He called it a plat of the village of Sidney. The territory embraced in this plat covered four blocks—from Saginaw street to Clifford, east and west, and from the river to First street, north and south. This was followed by a resurvey in 1833 and the name of Flint river was substituted for Sidney. The new plat covered the territory embraced in the Sidney plat and extended to the present Fourth street and on the east to Harrison street. In 1836 this village plat was extended to East street and included thirty-two blocks.

The village of Grand Traverse was platted on the north side of the river in 1837 and the plat was filed on January 16 of that year. It extended from the river to Seventh avenue, north, and from Smith's

Island—St. Johns street—to West street, now known as Stone street. This was platted by Chauncy S. Payne.

The village of Flint was platted by Wait Beach July 13, 1836. It extended from the river to Eleventh street, south, and from Saginaw street to Church—all being west of the Saginaw turnpike—now Saginaw street.

Elisha Beach filed a plat extending the limits of Flint village on September 22, 1836 to Pine street, adding twenty blocks, and on February 28, 1837, General C. C. Hascal platted an addition to the village, east of Saginaw street to Clifford and from Court street south to Eleventh—sixteen blocks. But while all of these plats showed villages there really never was an incorporated village of Sidney, Flint River, Grand Traverse or Flint. There was always a township organization and then a city.

There have been over sixty additions to the territory originally embraced in the limits of the city of Flint. These additions vary in size from a few lots to nearly fifty blocks. Among the most important may be mentioned McFarlan & Co.'s western addition, forty-nine blocks; Thayer & Eddy's, sixteen; Stockton's, eleven; Fenton & Bishop's, fourteen; West Flint, twelve, and Oak Park addition embracing thirty-four blocks. When the present site of the waterworks was selected that location still remained in the township of Burton, but it was subsequently added to the city.

Judge Albert Miller says in pioneer reports, Vol. 13, page 361, in writing of the routes proposed for the Northern railroad: "The proprietors of the land about where the court-house was located at Flint called it 'Flint Center,' and desired to make it what the name purported, the center of the village of Flint but the change in the route prevented." This was in 1836-7.

One reason for the difficulty experienced in obtaining reliable data is that when the city was chartered in 1855, the former township of Flint was divided into the present towns of Burton and Flint and the records of the old township which embraced the city were transferred to the officials of the new township of Flint, but they cannot be found and it is supposed that they were lost years ago. A rather interesting fact appears in this connection: In 1855, when the territory embracing the present city and the towns of Burton and Flint were divided, the township now forming Flint township was mentioned in the proceedings of the board of supervisors as the township of Garland, but at a subsequent meeting of the board it appears to have been renamed Flint.

In the proceedings of the board, March 9, 1843, there appears the name of Kearsley township, but I conclude that its name was changed to Richfield as the proceedings of the board, October 25, 1843, fail to mention Kearsley and do mention Richfield. I found no mention, however, of the action taken to change the names. In all subsequent records the name of Richfield appears but the name of Kearsley does not.

The gradual growth and development of a community is always interesting in the retrospect and this is particularly true of this locality.

INDIAN OCCUPATION.

The Sauks and Onotawas held in peace the streams and lakes and forests of the Flint, the Tittabawassee, the Cass and the Saginaw.

The Chippewas and Ottawas of Mackinac formed an alliance with the Ottawas about Detroit and, by preconcerted agreement, met near the mouth of the Saginaw and proceeded to destroy the Indian villages along its banks. Succeeding there they at once turned their attention to the remainder of the Sauks. One of these battles, and it is stated "the biggest," was fought on the high bluff overlooking the Flint, one-half mile below the present city, and almost directly across the river from the school for the deaf. Another battle was fought down the river one mile above Flushing, and still another sixteen miles below Flushing on the Flint. The allied forces became masters of this territory and eventually joined the British troops with a view to the extermination of the Americans who had settled on the St. Clair, the Huron and the Detroit rivers. This alliance continued until the close of the war of 1812. But with the success of the Americans the spirit of the Indians seems to have been broken, and when the first white settlers came to the banks of the Flint, the Chippewas were not only inclined to be very friendly but at times annoyingly so. Years ago the writer heard from the lips of the Patricks and other early settlers stories of the begging proclivities of these Indians. There are none left in this immediate locality but in Bay and Arenac counties there are small settlements still remaining. They are civilized and reasonably industrious, but are gradually disappearing.

THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS.

The first white men to visit here were two Catholic priests who were soon followed by a Frenchman named Bolieu; they did not remain here but went farther north. The next white man to come was Jacob Smith,

whose name runs through all of the litigation over title to the lands now occupied by the city, and dragged its slow length along through many years, retarding the development of the north side of the river and causing family and neighborhood heartburnings for a quarter of a century. Smith was a native of Quebec, by birth a German, the husband of a squaw and the father of half a dozen half-breed children. Prior to the war of 1812, Smith had made a number of trips from Detroit to the Saginaw river and had become friendly with the Indians. He was, during the war, selected to visit this part of the country to ascertain the intentions of the Indians as to joining forces with the British, but one of his men excited by too free indulgence in fire-water, disclosed the object of the journey and the party found it necessary to at once make an attempt to escape, leaving their barter behind them, and after many days of great suffering and narrow escapes from the pursuing Indians, they finally succeeded in reaching Detroit. Later Smith became a captain in the American army and is credited with having done excellent service. In 1819 he located and continued to reside here until his death in 1825. His Indian name was Wah-be-sins and the translation is said to be Young Swan, just why is not stated. So, Jacob Smith, a German, born in the French city of Quebec, the husband of a Chippewa squaw, was the father of the city of Flint.

General Cass went to Saginaw in 1819 to negotiate a treaty with the Indians, of whom there were about three thousand present. He had a conference but the Indians were slow to see the particular advantage to be derived from the proposed treaty, and the talk was adjourned for a day or two. In the meeting Jacob Smith, to whom the Indians were somewhat obligated, was asked to use his influence with them. This he successfully did and secured for himself, although indirectly, a little more than seven thousand acres of land. This land was located at the Grand Traverse of the Flint river. This name of Grand Traverse was applied to that portion of the river where the best fording place existed at that time and later was applied to all of the land embraced in Smith's reservation which lay on the north side of the river, which still later was known as the village of Grand Traverse. The Indian name for Grand Traverse was Squo-ta-wi-ing. This reservation embraced eleven sections of land, or 7,040 acres. It was surveyed by the United States surveyor in 1820, six sections being on the north and five on the south side of the river. The subsequent litigation, after Smith's death, affected only one section on the south side of the river, but all on the north side and was in dispute until 1860, the final decision

being in favor of the owners who derived title from the heirs of Smith. C. S. Paine, Colonel T. B. W. Stockton, Judge C. P. Avery, Colonel Garland, William Hamilton, etc., were actively interested in the contest.

THE TODD FAMILY.

After the death of Jacob Smith in 1825 there were no permanent white settlers on the banks of the Flint until the latter part of 1829 or early in 1830 when John Todd came. Evart and Abbott's History of Genesee county, 1879, says that Mr. Todd came in 1830, but in a very recent conversation with his son, Edward A., of Owosso, he said that the family came here in 1829. I found Mr. Todd a vigorous man of eighty years, engaged in a game of chess. His memory is unimpaired and it was a pleasure to converse with him concerning the early days. The Todd family consisted of the father, John Todd, Polly, his wife, and Edward A. and Mary, (Mrs. David Gould, of Owosso), both of whom are living. In 1830 Archibald Green accompanied by his wife, his brother-in-law, Benjamin Tupper and a cousin named Preston came and occupied the deserted cabin of Jacob Smith. Mrs. Green died soon after their arrival and Mr. Green very soon left for his former home in New York state. Tupper and Preston had engaged in trading with the Indians and their principal stock consisted of whisky and tobacco. Quite naturally, this merchandise brought about a quarrel with the Indians and both white men took their departure. There is no record of their having ever returned. Mr. and Mrs. Todd came here from Pontiac and they were three days en route, having to cut through the brush in order to get their teams through. Mr. Todd had purchased from Edward Campau, of Detroit, 785 acres for $800, and his outfit consisted of two horse teams, an ox team, several cows, pigs, chickens, etc., besides necessary farming implements. A shack had at an earlier day been erected by Campau and had been partially dismantled but was soon made habitable by the combined efforts of Mr. Todd and "Aunt Polly," as she came to be affectionately called. Mr. Rufus Stevens constructed a dam on the Thread and built a sawmill there in which was sawed a portion of the material which went into the construction of the justly celebrated hostelry known far and wide among the early settlers as "Todd's Tavern." This building, constructed principally of logs, stood exactly where the "Wolverine Citizen" office now is. The Todds were not troubled by the exactions of the beef trust, for a pint of whisky would purchase a saddle of venison and a quart would secure a brace of wild turkeys. Mr. Todd sold a part of this

tract of land to John Clifford, and later about 300 acres to Wait Beach and removed to the present site of the First National Bank. He resided there when he was postmaster in 1837-9. Mrs. Todd was of the stuff of which the wives of pioneers are made. Edward A. Todd alluded to the Chippewa chief Ton-a-da-ga-na (this spelling is Mr. Todd's and he says it is correct, other authorities notwithstanding), and the sub-chief Pero, not Ma-bin, as given by Evart and Abbott's history, both of whom were inclined to be very ugly when intoxicated, and in speaking of his mother, gave this version of the fight between Mrs. Todd and the chief which differs somewhat from that contained in Abbott's history. He says that the chief called through the door for whisky and Mrs. Todd, who was alone, refused him. The chief then forced his way into the room, drew a long knife, and was about to attack Mrs. Todd when she struck him across the face with a heavy splint broom, knocking him down, she then jumped on him, placed her knees on his chest and held his wrists until help came in response to her screams. He says that the next day the chief came and baring his breast invited death at her hands, saying "Old chief no good, whipped by white squaw." Mr. Todd says that he saw Pero, who was of a very jealous disposition, shoot his wife, killing her; the shooting occurred near where now is the Genesee mill, and she was buried on the north side of the river in an orchard of plum trees about half way between Garland street M. E. church and Saginaw street bridge; that a kettle, tobacco, beads, etc., were buried with her and that "nothing was ever done about it." He says the Indians were friendly enough to the whites where the whites were not afraid of them but if the slightest fear was manifested they at once took advantage of it, and as an instance he mentioned Nathaniel Ladd, one of the earliest settlers, who could not overcome his fear of them and that the Indians made "life a burden to him," so that finally he left for more civilized regions in 1832. Later William S. Patrick, mayor of Flint in 1869-70, was watching a run-way for deer near the "paper mill" early one morning. An Indian was also watching the same run-way unknown to Mr. Patrick, who perceiving a movement in the bush, fired, and unfortunately killed the Chippewa. At first the dead Indian's friends demanded vengeance, but Patrick kept in hiding for a few days until they became convinced that the shooting was accidental. Many years after this the writer was associated with Mr. Patrick in the lumber business at Au Gres river on Saginaw bay—from 1869 to 1871—and our nearest neighbors were the remnants of a tribe of Chippewas whose chief at that time was

Oc-e-gan-a-be and they were very fond of him. Indians always give some name, generally an Indian name, to white men with whom they are associated, in his case it was always "Good Bill," and they had many reasons for it. Mr. Patrick spoke the Chippewa language fluently and he was always a true friend to them.

Edward A. Todd has an excellent memory and he says that Colonel E. H. Thomson was in error in saying that Daniel Sullivan was the first school teacher on the Flint. He insists that the first school was kept by a man by the name of Billings, "a tall, raw-boned, red-headed fellow," whose school was across the road from Todd's Tavern. That Sullivan was the second teacher and his school was located near Hamilton's dam. He says he went to both schools and his mind is very clear on this point.

The river was wider then than now and John Todd had a ferry immediately in the rear of the tavern, but that soon after the government built a bridge across the stream. He is not sure, but thinks his father and the late Judge Albert Miller, who had a contract for building a United States road north of the settlement, built this, the first bridge across the river. The date of its construction is unknown, but it was replaced by a new bridge in 1848. At a special meeting of the board of supervisors, May 5, 1848, John L. Gage, E. R. Ewing and C. N. Beecher were appointed a committee to superintend the construction of a "free bridge" across the Flint river at the village of Flint, pursuant to an act of the legislature approved February 24, 1848. This committee was authorized to advertise for bids in the "Detroit Free Press," "Detroit Advertiser," "Genesee Republican" and "Genesee Herald." (As the "Genesee Herald" was removed to Pontiac in 1844, this advertisement was probably printed in the Pontiac paper. There was no "Genesee Herald" at Flint in 1848.) At the same session a resolution was adopted thanking Hon. E. H. Thomson and his excellency William M. Fenton, then lieutenant governor of the State, for their efficient services in procuring an appropriation of land for this bridge. The first bridge was built as already stated by the United States as a part of the thoroughfare from Detroit to Saginaw, but when twelve miles of the road north of Flint had been constructed, Michigan was admitted as a State and the general government relinquished its claim to the road already built and discontinued operations. On October 14, 1848, the special committee appointed to superintend the building of the new bridge reported that they had contracted with Messrs. Hazelton and Annis of Flint for its construction, that it had been completed for the

payment of which all of the State's appropriation of five thousand acres of land had been applied.

When it is remembered that the price of all government and State lands was but one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, it does not appear that the entire appropriation of five thousand acres was so very extravagant as the cash value was but $6,250. The present broad and substantial bridge—the full width of the street—constructed in 1901-2, cost $18,994.

THE FIRST ELECTION.

An account of the early history of the city of Flint can hardly be understood without referring to the act of the legislature erecting the county of Genesee. This act of the legislative council was approved and became a law March 28, 1835. The new county was formed by detaching certain territory from the counties of Shiawassee, Lapeer and Saginaw and for judicial purposes attaching the new county to Oakland. Under this act forming the county of Genesee, Grand Blanc was the first township erected and that embraced the present townships of Fenton, Mundy, Flint, Mt. Morris, Genesee, Burton, Atlas and Davison. On March 2, 1836 the township of Flint was erected. It embraced the present townships of Burton, Clayton, Flushing, Mt. Morris, Genesee, Thetford, Vienna, Montrose and the city of Flint.

The first county election was held August 22, 1836 and the board of canvassers were Lyman Stowe, Alonzo Ferris and Clark Dibble. The following officers were declared elected:

Associate Judges, J. R. Smith and Asa Bishop.

Judge of Probate, Samuel Rice.

Sheriff, Lewis Buckingham. (The first of three Buckinghams to be sheriff.)

Clerk, Robert B. F. Stage.

Treasurer, Charles D. W. Gibson.

Register of Deeds, Oliver Wesson.

Coroners, Chauncy Chapin and Rufus Stevens.

Surveyor, Ogden Clark.

The first meeting of the board of supervisors was held in a tailor shop kept by Daniel L. Seely, October 4, 1836, and Lyman Stowe was the supervisor from Flint township, Samuel Rice of Grand Blanc and Samuel W. Patterson of Argentine. The assessment as spread upon the rolls was:

Flint township:	
State tax	$2,039 73
County tax	1,267 43
Town tax	231 52
Grand Blanc and Argentine townships:	
State tax	$1,178 96
County tax	732 57
Town tax	146 30

The collectors were John Todd of Flint and Caleb S. Thompson of Grand Blanc, and every penny of this tax was collected.

The county site was fixed by the act of the territorial legislature, approved August 25, 1835. This act provided: "that the seat of justice for the county of Genesee shall be located on the west side of the Saginaw turnpike, (now South Saginaw street), on lands recently deeded by John Todd to one Wait Beach, known as the Todd farm at Flint river, provided the proprietor or proprietors of said lands shall within six months of the passage of this act execute to the supervisors a good and sufficient title to two acres of land for a court-house and public square, one acre for a burial ground and two church and two schoolhouse lots of common size." The latter clause covers the present location of the Court Street M. E. church. The first court-house was built of logs in 1838-9, costing $5,000. A brick addition for county offices was erected subsequently. The old court-house and jail, erected in 1839, was destroyed by fire in 1866 and a new court-house and jail was completed in 1867 at a total cost of $50,000 and served their purpose until they were replaced by the buildings which were dedicated in June, 1905.

THE CIRCUIT COURT JUDGES.

The first session of the circuit court in Genesee county was held at Flint in February, 1836, and was presided over by Judge Morrell whose term as a justice of the supreme court began in 1832. He was chief justice in 1843. The next supreme court judge to hold court here was Charles W. Whipple whose term as a justice of the supreme court began in 1838 and expired in 1852. In April, 1851, under the constitution of 1850, John S. Goodrich of Goodrichville, Genesee county, was elected a circuit judge but died before he had qualified. Sanford M. Green was elected the next judge of this circuit and resigned in 1857. He was succeeded by Josiah Turner who served twenty-four years. Judge William

Newton was his successor and served twelve years and his successor was Charles H. Wisner who is now finishing his twelfth year and will begin his third term as judge of the Genesee circuit on January 1, 1906. Many now living will recall Judge Green, the author of "Green's Practice" and other text books. He was in later years judge of the Bay circuit court and died full of years and honors. Judge Turner in his long service of twenty-four years came to be considered almost as a resident here. He subsequently became United States consul at Amherstburg, Ontario, and after his retirement from that position he resumed his residence at Owosso and is still living. Judge William Newton had achieved a state reputation as a sound lawyer and had acquired a fortune before he became judge. He has been dead several years. The incumbent, Charles H. Wisner, came from a family distinguished in the history of Michigan, his father was Moses Wisner, governor of the State, 1859-1861, and his third consecutive election as circuit judge is indicative of his very able and satisfactory incumbency of this important office.

THE UNITED STATES' LAND OFFICE.

Of course the title to the lands here originally came from the United States. The government land office was the center of interest and the officers were a register who sold the land and the receiver who received the cash. All sales were recorded and reports were made to the commissioner of the general land office at Washington. In due time a patent for the land purchased was sent to the local land office and delivered to the purchaser. These patents were signed by the president. As the tide of immigration turned towards Michigan the necessity for a local land office at this point became apparent and by act of congress, approved June 15, 1836, the land district of Genesee was created. The commissioner of the general land office under date of November 3, 1905, writes me that the records do not show the location of a land office at Flint, but at Genesee. But the location of the Genesee land office was nevertheless, at Flint from August 23, 1836 until January 14, 1857, when it was removed to East Saginaw.

The officials of the Genesee land office were commissioned as follows:

Michael Hoffman, register, July 5, 1836.

Charles C. Hascal, receiver, July 5, 1836.

John Bartow, register, August 10, 1838.

Elijah B. Witherbee, receiver, February 23, 1843.

Cornelius Roosevelt, register, May 21, 1849.

Robert J. S. Page, receiver, October 12, 1844.
William M. Fenton, register, March 25, 1853.
Charles C. Hascal, receiver, March 21, 1845.
George M. Dewey, receiver, March 18, 1849.
Russell Bishop, receiver, March 18, 1853.

When it was decided to remove the land office to Saginaw, Moses B. Hess was appointed register and Colonel W. L. P. Little was appointed receiver, their commissions being dated March 21, 1857. From that time these offices were held by no residents of Flint, I think, until 1871 when two "Flint boys," as Hon. F. H. Rankin, Sr., used to call us, were appointed, although both were temporary residents of Bay county at the time the appointments were made. They were Hon. Robert L. Warren, now of Ann Arbor and president of the board of trustees of the Michigan School for the Deaf at Flint, and William R. Bates. The latter was register and Mr. Warren was receiver. Mr. Warren resigned in 1873 and the writer in 1877 and returned to Flint to reside. The land office was subsequently consolidated with others and removed from East Saginaw to Grayling and while located there the valuable records, maps, field notes, etc., were destroyed by fire and the office was then consolidated with the Marquette office where it now is.

THE POSTOFFICE.

The postoffice came a couple of years prior to the land office and the first postmaster was Lyman Stowe who was appointed August 5, 1834, the name of the office being Flint River. A number of stories concerning this official have been circulated and recently one of the Detroit papers printed an article concerning Mr. Stowe's silk hat, which, according to this story constituted the only postoffice. The facts are that even at that early day Mr. Stowe had an abiding place as well as a name for his little office. It was located on the northwest corner of the present Saginaw and Kearsley streets, where the First National Bank now is, and later when John Todd was postmaster he occupied the same building. This information was secured from Edward A. Todd, who as a boy, was an assistant in the postoffice when his father was postmaster. He says that this story originated from the fact that when the mail arrived on the Pontiac stage and had been regularly assorted and delivered to all callers, Mr. Stowe would take the remaining letters, place them in his hat, and strolling about would personally deliver them to the citizens, all of whom he knew. He was the first "letter carrier" in this town. The hat thus worn and utilized by Mr. Stowe was for

a long time the property of the late Leonard Wesson and is now owned by Frank J. Rutherford of Flint. As stated the name of the first post-office was "Flint River" but when Mr. Stowe was appointed in September 1, 1836, the office was renamed Flint. It was advanced to the presidential grade February 4, 1837. The following is the official list of all postmasters from the beginning and the dates of their several commissions as furnished me by the Hon. Edwin C. Madden, third assistant postmaster general, who is a resident of Detroit:

Lyman Stowe, appointed August 5, 1834.
Lyman Stowe, appointed September 1, 1836.
John Todd, appointed October 2, 1837.
William P. Crandall, appointed December 28, 1839.
William Moon, appointed June 16, 1841.
William P. Crandall, appointed October 12, 1844.
Alvin T. Crosman, appointed April 28, 1849.
Ephriam S. Williams, appointed May 7, 1853.
Washington O'Donoughue, appointed March 27, 1861.
William Tracy, appointed April 21, 1869.
John Algoe, appointed July 31, 1874.
Washington O'Donoughue, appointed March 26, 1875.
Francis H. Rankin, appointed March 3, 1879.
William W. Joyner, appointed March 3, 1887.
George H. Newall, appointed February 15, 1891.
John H. Hicok, appointed February 25, 1895.
Blendina Hicok, appointed September 3, 1896.
James A. Button, appointed September 14, 1897.

FLINT CITY CHARTER.

After much discussion among the very wide-awake, progressive residents of the unorganized and non-incorporated village of Flint concerning a possible city charter, public opinion seems to have crystalized and on January 18, 1855 a citizens' meeting was held at the court-house to publicly discuss the proposition. The debate continued for some time and resulted in the appointment of a committee of citizens, consisting of General C. C. Hascal, Levi Walker, Charles N. Beecher, Francis H. Rankin, James Birdsell, George M. Dewey and Chauncy S. Payne for the purpose of formulating a city charter. Levi Walker wrote the charter and it was submitted to the citizens at an adjourned meeting and after having been read and discussed it was adopted and was sent to the legislature. Exactly fifteen days after the first citizens'

meeting, the legislature having passed the law, the charter of the new city of Flint was approved by Governor Bingham, February 3, 1855. The first city election under the new charter was held on April 2, 1855, resulting in the election of Grant Decker, mayor; Levi Walker, recorder; Elihu H. Frary, treasurer; Charles N. Beecher, supervisor; Cornelius Roosevelt, marshal; Benjamin Pierson and Henry I. Higgins, directors of the poor; Dr. Daniel Clark, school inspector; and Charles Seymour, Levi Walker, Lewis G. Bickford and Willard Eddy, justices of the peace.

The city was divided into three wards and at the first city election the following ward officers were elected:

First ward: G. M. Dewey and J. W. Armstrong, aldermen; Ashael Fuller, assessor; William Moon, street commissioner, and Cyrus A. Goff, constable.

Second ward: Benjamin Pierson and David Mather, aldermen; William Hamilton, assessor; William Eddy, street commissioner, and Erastus K. Carrier, constable.

Third ward: Wm. M. Fenton and Alvin T. Crosman, aldermen; David Foote, assessor; John C. Griswold, street commissioners, and Daniel L. Nash, constable.

The voting places were: First ward, "The Scotch Store," second ward, Lyon's Hotel, and third ward, the county clerk's office.

The records show that the first assessment disclosed a valuation of $450,601, and the amount of taxes collected was $3,320.92, which was apportioned as follows:

State and county tax	$1,136 50
School district No. 1	287 16
School district No. 2	215 96
Military tax	495 79
Highway tax returned	22 21
For city purposes	1,162 30

The population of the new city was about 2,000. The population, by the government census of 1900, was 13,103. No effort has ever been made to "boom" the town in the modern acceptation of that term, but it is a safe thing to say that every man, woman and child has made it a business to say good things about Flint. While its growth has been comparatively slow, yet between 1890 and 1900 there was an increase of nearly 5,000 people and at this time it is estimated that the population is at least 16,000, and if the growth continues for the next five

years as it has for the last five years, the census of 1910 will show a population of over 20,000.

THE OFFICIALS OF FLINT.

Grant Decker, the first mayor of Flint, was forty-one years of age when elected mayor, having been born February 4, 1814 in Deckertown, New Jersey, where his family located before the war of the revolution. He came to Flint in 1839 and engaged in the lumbering business. Subsequently he was interested in a flour mill erected by himself and Hon. Artemas Thayer. Later still he was interested in a flour and feed mill and Captain Ira H. Wilder was associated with him. Notwithstanding the fact that his various business places were burned eight times in forty years he continued nearly up to the time of his death as one of the active and highly respected business men of Flint. He was one of the founders of St. Paul's Episcopal church and was one of its officers at the time of his death. Mr. Decker's large frame mansion was one of the fine old homes of the city, but after his death it made place for the residence of former mayor, William A. Paterson.

Since Mr. Decker's incumbency of the office of mayor that position has been filled by forty-four different persons. Of these Colonel William M. Fenton, William Hamilton, Colonel William B. McCreery, David S. Fox, Judge George H. Durand and A. D. Alvord were re-elected, the others having held the office but one term each.

In appending the names of the mayors, recorders and treasurers of the city from 1855 to and including the year 1905, it is hoped to aid in perpetuating the names of men who aided in building the city and who were intimately and influentially connected with its growth and prosperity.

Among the names of the mayors of Flint occur those of men who had State wide reputations, and they may be mentioned here without detracting from the excellent records made by the others. William M. Fenton, mayor for two terms, 1858 and 1859, was a great lawyer, a successful business man, was colonel of the eighth Michigan Infantry during the war of the rebellion and was lieutenant governor of Michigan. Henry H. Crapo, mayor in 1860, served the State for two terms as its governor. William B. McCreery was a colonel during the civil war, State treasurer and United States consul at Santiago de Chili. George H. Durand, mayor two terms, 1873 and 1874, was a member of congress one term, a justice of the State supreme court, appointed to fill vacancy temporarily, and at the time when he was stricken with

the illness which resulted in his death, was the democratic candidate for governor of the State. Jerome Eddy, mayor in 1878, chairman of the democratic State central committee and United States consul at Chatham, Ontario. Mr. Eddy died November 24, 1905. George R. Gold, mayor in 1898, was judge of probate and trustee of the State institution for the Feeble Minded at Lapeer. Judge Gold was a model citizen, a delightful companion and his death was a distinct loss to this city and State. George E. Taylor, mayor in 1892, was a State senator and judge of probate. Colonel Edward H. Thomson, mayor in 1877, was a man of culture, the owner of one of the best private Shakesperean libraries in the country, which is now the property of the University of Michigan, and a man known far and wide as a lecturer on Shakespere, as a *reconteur* and a genial gentleman. His hospitable home containing also his library, was located where is now the residence of Arthur G. Bishop on Kearsley street. William A. Atwood, mayor 1882, has long been known as a conservative and successful business man, and has served as State senator. The present mayor, Hon. D. D. Aitken, has served two terms as a member of congress, is a lawyer, manufacturer, banker, and a friend to the man who needs a friend. There are few names, if any, among the long list of past and present city officials about whom the writer could not truthfully say complimentary things did space allow.

The office of city recorder was abolished in 1876, since which time the common council has elected a city clerk. A complete list of the city officials follows:

MAYOR.	RECORDER.	TREASURER.
1855–Grant Decker	Levi Walker	Elihu H. Frary
1856–R. J. S. Page	Chas. B. Higgins	John G. Griswold
1857–Henry M. Henderson	M. L. Higgins	George F. Hood
1858–William M. Fenton	Charles Hascal	George F. Hood
1859–William M. Fenton	Charles Hascal	George F. Hood
1860–Henry H. Crapo	Lewis G. Bickford	John A. Kline
1861–Ephriam S. Williams	L. R. Buckingham	John A. Kline
1862–William Patterson	J. R. Brousseau	John A. Kline
1863–William Hamilton	Henry R. Lovell	Anson S. Withee
1864–William Hamilton	Alvin T. Crosman	Anson S. Withee
1865–William B. McCreery	Alvin T. Crosman	Anson S. Withee
1866–William B. McCreery	Alvin T. Crosman	William W. Barnes
1867–Austin B. Witherbee	George R. Gold	William W. Barnes
1868–Samuel M. Axford	George R. Gold	William W. Barnes
1869–William S. Patrick	Anson S. Withee	William W. Barnes
1870–James B. Walker	Anson S. Withee	William W. Barnes

MAYOR.	RECORDER.	TREASURER.
1871–David S. Fox	Charles E. McAlester	William W. Barnes
1872–David S. Fox	F. H. Rankin, Sr.	William W. Barnes
1873–George H. Durand	Soloman V. Hakes	William W. Barnes
1874–George H. Durand	F. H. Rankin, Sr.	William W. Barnes
1875–Alexander McFarland	F. H. Rankin, Sr.	William W. Barnes
	CLERK.	
1876–William Hamilton	F. H. Rankin Sr.	William W. Barnes
1877–Edward H. Thomson	F. H. Rankin, Sr.	Charles C. Beahan
1878–Jerome Eddy	F. H. Rankin, Sr.	Charles C. Beahan
1879–James C. Willson	J. B. F. Curtis	Jared VanVleet
1880–Zacheus Chase	J. B. F. Curtis	Jared VanVleet
1881–Charles A. Mason	J. B. F. Curtis	Francis Rankin, Jr.
	Albert C. Lyon (to fill vacancy)	
1882–Wm. A. Atwood	Albert C. Lyon	Jonathan Palmer
1883–George E. Newall	D. D. Aitken	Ezra K. Jenkins
1884–William W. Joyner	D. D. Aitken	John W. Thomas
1885–Mathew Davison	D. D. Aitken	Watson C. Pierce
1886–George T. Warren	John H. Hicok	John McKercher
1887–John C. Dayton	John H. Hicok	John McKercher
1888–Oren Stone	John H. Hicok	Frederick A. Platt
1889–F. D. Baker	M. W. Stevens	Frederick A. Platt
1890–W. A. Paterson	John Russell	Frank E. Willett
1891–F. H. Rankin	Ralph L. Aldrich	Frank E. Willett
	Fred W. Brennan (to fill vacancy)	
1892–George E. Taylor	Fred W. Brennan	J. Frank Algoe
1893–Andrew J. Ward	Fred W. Brennan	J. Frank Algoe
1894–Arthur C. McCall	Fred P. Baker	Edwin C. Litchfield
1895–John Zimmerman	Fred P. Baker	Edwin C. Litchfield
1896–Samuel C. Randall	Fred P. Baker	Daniel E. McKercher
1897–Milton C. Pettibone	Fred P. Baker	Daniel E. McKercher
1898–Geo. R. Gold	Fred P. Baker	Delaskie D. Freeman
1899–H. Alexander Crawford	Fred P. Baker	Delaskie D. Freeman
		Fred Freeman (to fill vacancy)
1900–Charles A. Cummings	Fred P. Baker	John Ballantyne
1901–Clark B. Dibble	Fred P. Baker	John Ballantyne
	A. W. Hall (to fill vacancy)	
1902–A. D. Alvord	D. E. Newcombe	Milton C. Pettibone
1903–A. D. Alvord	D. E. Newcombe	Milton C. Pettibone
1904–Bruce J. Macdonald	D. E. Newcombe	Isaac Finley
1905–D. D. Aitken	D. E. Newcombe	Isaac Finley

Of the forty-five mayors of the city there are nineteen living, all of whom still reside in Flint, except George T. Warren and Andrew J. Ward. The surviving mayors, November 1905, are:

James C. Willson, William A. Atwood, George E. Newall, Mathew Davison, George T. Warren, F. D. Baker, William A. Paterson, F. H. Rankin, Jr., Andrew J. Ward, Arthur McCall, John Zimmerman, S. C. Randall, M. C. Pettibone, M. A. Crawford, C. A. Cummings, C. B. Dibble, A. D. Alvord, B. J. McDonald and D. D. Aitken.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES.

The first road leading to Flint was cut through the forest from the Saginaw river to the Flint by two detachments of the 3rd U. S. Infantry, under Lieutenants Brooks and Bainbridge in 1822-23. It was little more than a bridle path. From the Flint river to Royal Oak the Indian trail was used and from there to Detroit a corduroy road was built across the swamps and low lands. In 1824 the territorial council authorized the territorial governor to appoint three commissioners to lay out and establish a government road from Detroit to Saginaw *via* Flint river crossing. This was surveyed in 1826 but did not reach Flint until 1833, where its terminus was at the corner of Kearsley and Saginaw streets. From Kearsley street to the river there was a swamp and in order to cross the river it was necessary to go below the present bridge. In 1834 this swamp was filled and in 1835 the road was completed a few miles north of Flint. Abbott and Evart's history says the government built only five miles, but Edward A. Todd says his father and the late Judge Albert Miller built twelve miles of it north from the Flint. Subsequently the State authorized several roads including the so-called Northern wagon road, from Flint to Lapeer, but its building was slow and very unsatisfactory. Then the era of plank roads arrived. In 1851 a plank road was constructed from Flint to Fentonville and in 1852 one was completed from Flint to Saginaw. In 1866 another was constructed from Flint to Algerville, (now Holly) to connect with the recently constructed railway from Detroit west, now a part of the Grand Trunk system.

The coming of the stage coaches from Pontiac to Flint was a daily event for years and many good stories of Mr. Boss, the jolly proprietor of the line are still extant. The Pontiac and Detroit railroad was opened for traffic, July 4, 1843. A Detroit directory of 1845 says: "The company now have a new and elegant car on the road, well warmed and sheeted with iron to guard against danger from loose

bars." This referred to the fact that the strap iron which was spiked to wooden rails had a bad habit of getting loose and punching holes through the cars. The fare from Detroit to Pontiac was one dollar. Stages were advertised to connect with the road at Pontiac for Grand Blanc and Flint River. After the completion of the road to Fentonville—now Fenton—the stages run from Flint to that village until 1864, when the road was completed from Flint to Holly.

The first railroad project directly affecting Flint was started in 1837 and it was to have connected Flint and Port Huron on the east and its western terminal was to have been at Grand Haven on Lake Michigan. General Charles C. Hascal contracted to build the line from Lapeer to the west line of Genesee county. Failure to secure expected State aid and other causes prevented the completion of this line, but even now may be seen near here grass grown evidences of what was intended to be a railroad. It was not until thirty-five years afterwards that this project was again undertaken and then it resulted in the building of a road from Port Huron to Lansing and is now a part of the through line to Chicago on the Grand Trunk system.

But the first road over which an engine was propelled into the city of Flint was the Flint & Pere Marquette from Saginaw to Flint, but happening in 1863, when the minds of all were intensely interested in the civil war, no public demonstration was had in honor of the event. The "F. & P. M." name is now only a memory as the word "Flint" was dropped recently when the road was consolidated with the Detroit, Lansing & Northern, the Chicago & West Michigan and other lines forming the Pere Marquette. This consolidation embraced nearly 2,000 miles of road and it was in turn consolidated with the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton under the name of the Great Central. These roads are now, December, 1905, in the hands of a receiver.

Following the completion of the road into Flint from Saginaw, Governor Crapo, aided by eastern capitalists, built a line from Flint to Holly and it was completed in less than two years. The first trip from Holly to Flint was made in November, 1864, and a few years later it was consolidated with the F. & P. M. and a little later a branch road was constructed to Otisville and Ottar lake from Flint.

That the question of transportation was important and received attention at an early day may be illustrated by the fact that the issue of the "Genesee Whig" of March 23, 1830, had an item relative to the "opening" of navigation from Flint to Flushing and noted the departure of the scow "Empire" with the stars and stripes flying at her mast head

and "a considerable cargo and a number of passengers." The boat referred to was a flat-bottomed affair and it was hoped that transportation might be established between Flint and Saginaw by water, but the building of plank roads evidently convinced the early settlers that the plan was not feasible.

THE PRESS OF FLINT.

The influence of the press in municipal affairs is so evident that it needs no discussion, and yet it is but just to say that the several papers published here between the years 1839 and 1905, one and all, worked for what was at the time believed by the publishers to be for the best interests of all concerned.

The first paper printed here was "The Flint River Gazette," by J. K. Averill, established in 1839, its first issue bearing the date of January 26, 1839, but it was discontinued in the summer of 1841.

The second newspaper venture was entitled "The Northern Advocate," by William A. Morrison and it survived but two years, its publication beginning in April, 1840, and ending in 1842.

The third paper was the "Genesee Herald," by J. Dowd Coleman and edited by Perry Joslin. It was established January 7, 1843, but one year later the plant was removed to Pontiac.

"The Genesee County Democrat" was removed from Corunna, Shiawassee county, to Flint River in June, 1843, and its editor was William B. Sherwood. Neither the date nor the cause of its final taking off is obtainable.

The next newspaper was "The Genesee Republican," established by General C. C. Hascal. Its initial number was dated April 17, 1845. No record of its obsequies appears.

"The Flint Republican" was issued by Daniel S. Merritt in December, 1845. In 1848 Royal W. Jenny became its editor and its publication continued under that name until September, 1853. Its successor appeared the same month under the name of "The Genesee Democrat." Soon after the date line of its founding was changed to correspond with the birth of the "Flint Republican" in December, 1845, so, nominally at least, this is the oldest paper published here. Mr. Jenny continued its publication until his death in 1876, when Mrs. Jenny, a woman of exceptional ability, continued its publication and occupied the editorial chair for a few months when it was sold to H. N. Mather, who in turn disposed of it to Jerome Eddy in 1878, whose son, Arthur J. Eddy, became its editor. The Eddys established in connection with the "Weekly Genesee Democrat" the "Daily News," August 18, 1884, and

continued the publications until April 14, 1887, when they were sold to W. H. Werkhiser and his sons, Frank F. and George. These gentlemen continued both papers until November 16, 1905, when they were sold to M. V. Smith of Olean, N. Y., and J. Frank Woods of Forest Grove, Oregon, who are now in possession.

In 1850, O. S. Carter began the publication of the "Western Citizen," and after a brief existence it was succeeded by the "Genesee Whig," its first number bearing date February 23, 1850 and F. H. Rankin appearing as its publisher with F. H. Rankin and N. W. Butts as editors. The name of Mr. Butts does not appear after August 24, 1850. In January, 1856, the name was changed by adding "Wolverine Citizen" to its title and the following December the words "Genesee Whig" were eliminated and from that time to this it has remained the "Wolverine Citizen." Mr. Rankin continued its publication until his death, August 11, 1900, since which time his son, F. H. Rankin, Jr., has continued its publication.

In the summer of 1866 the "Flint Globe"—a weekly paper—was started by Charles F. Smith & Co., (Charles F. Smith, Henry S. Hilton and Robert Smith). At that time the Flint newspaper field was occupied by the "Wolverine Citizen" and the "Genesee Democrat" and the establishment of the new paper by comparatively young men seemed to inject new life into the existing publications as well. In August, 1869, the "Globe" was purchased by Almon L. Aldrich who continued its publication until September, 1899, when it was purchased by James Slocum of the "Holly Advertiser," which he had published for twelve years. In September, 1900, Mr. Slocum established the "Daily Globe" and continued its publication until March, 1902, at which time he disposed of both daily and weekly papers to E. J. Ottaway of Port Huron, who in turn disposed of it on July 12, 1902 to H. H. Fitzgerald of St. Johns, Clinton county, who also purchased the "Daily Journal" September 12, 1902, consolidating the two papers as the "Weekly Globe and Daily Journal."

"The Flint Journal," a democratic weekly paper, was established by Charles Fellows in 1875. Later it became the property of Dr. Carman, who sold it to George McConnolly in December, 1882. On March 3, 1883, Mr. McConnolly began the publication of the "Daily Journal." There had been six different attempts to make a daily paper a success at Flint, but the town became known among the editorial fraternity as the graveyard of daily papers. It remained for George McConnolly with his practical knowledge of printing and his remarkable energy to

make an abiding success. In October, 1888, Mr. McConnolly sold the "Journal" to John W. Stout of Indiana, and a few months later it became the property of John J. Coon of Illinois. Later Mrs. Coon became its managing owner and subsequently she sold an interest to a practical man, George H. Gardner of Saginaw. On September 12, 1902 it was purchased by H. H. Fitzgerald and consolidated with the "Globe." When Mr. McConnolly purchased the weekly "Journal" it was democratic but when he started the daily both papers were made independent. After Cleveland's nomination for the presidency, both papers became aggressively republican.

The following papers are mailed regularly now from the Flint postoffice:

The Flint Journal, daily.

The Evening News, daily.

The Wolverine Citizen, weekly.

The Flint Globe, weekly.

The Genesee Democrat, weekly.

The Michigan Mirror, weekly, (published at School for the Deaf).

The Bee Keepers' Review, monthly.

The Loyal Guard Magazine, monthly.

The Messenger, bi-monthly, (published by Presiding Elder, Flint District, M. E. Church).

When the population of the embryo city of Flint was well down in the hundreds, the community was somewhat startled by the appearance of a boy on the streets of the hamlet offering for sale a paper. The boy's name was Ed. Todd and the name of the paper was the "Whip Lash." Mr. Todd informs me that nearly every one bought a copy because as he naively added "nearly everybody was mentioned in its columns." He says that for many years no one knew who was responsible for it but that William P. Crandall and Cornelius Roosevelt secured his services to sell it on the streets and that they were its editors. This gossiping sheet was printed on the hand press of the first paper published at Flint—"The Flint River Gazette"—and nearly every item had its sting. So it seems that the modern "Town Topics" of New York City had its prototype in the forests on the banks of the Flint "way back in the thirties."

SOME OF FLINT'S EDITORS.

No one has exercised a greater influence in municipal affairs than have the editors of the several papers published here. The name of

Perry Joslin, who was one of the first editors, will long be remembered, not so much on account of his work here as for his connection with the press at Saginaw, as postmaster there, and for his rugged stalwartism as a politician.

Royal W. Jenny is still remembered for his genial, kindly way, his upright character and for his devotion to his town. Soon after his death Mr. H. N. Mather purchased the "Democrat." He is recalled as a brainy, suave gentleman of unquestioned ability. He is still living and is a resident of Detroit.

James Slocum who for twelve years had published the "Holly Advertiser," bought the "Globe" in 1899 and a year later started a daily edition. Mr. Slocum's remarkable energy and brilliant qualities as a writer soon secured acknowledgment as he was recognized as one of the progressives in newer Flint. One of his achievements may be mentioned, being the plan to light Saginaw street with electric lights surmounting arches at the intersection of the streets. He is now the business manager of the "Gleaners," a publication of wide circulation and influence among agriculturalists.

Hon. Francis H. Rankin's name is closely identified with State, county, town and city interests. His was one of those strong personalities which dominated affairs here for many years. He was a newspaper man of ability and was connected more or less intimately with all that occurred here for nearly half a century. From 1850 until his death, which occurred in 1900, whether as churchman, Mason, Odd Fellow, recorder of the city, secretary of the Genesee County Agricultural Society, a position which he held for twenty-six consecutive years, or as a State legislator for two terms, Mr. Rankin was helpful, able and influential.

Arthur J. Eddy, a man of enthusiasms, was a Flint boy before he became identified with editorial work on the "Democrat" and the "News." Since as a Chicago lawyer, he has been successful, and with his wealth, and of late years his leisure, he has been author, lecturer and art *connoisseur*.

Almon L. Aldrich of the "Globe" soon impressed himself on Flint in an unmistakable way. His paper, like himself, was always on the side of liberal education, high standards and broad culture. Graduated by the university in 1860, he has never lost sight of pure ideals and is now spending his declining years—he is seventy-two years of age—with his family in Detroit in comfort and the enjoyment of a well-earned leisure. Colonel E. H. Thomson in his "Post and Tribune" article in 1878 said

of him "he is a man who believes in writing editorials with a pencil rather than with a pair of scissors."

To George McConnolly is due the credit of having started a daily at Flint which lived. There had been many attempts but their lives had been very brief. Mr. McConnolly was a soldier of the war of the rebellion and he was as brave as he was energetic. He worked literally "night and day" to build up his paper and made a success of it. His hardships during the war and his unremitting toil on his paper finally undermined his health and he was obliged to dispose of the property in 1888. Mr. McConnolly died January 18, 1893 regretted by a large number of personal friends to whom he had always been as loyal as he had been in 1861-5 to the "old flag."

Among the "young men" who in one way and another have been connected with the press of Flint may be mentioned the following:

William H. H. Brainard the first local editor of the "Globe," an industrious, versatile, brilliant, sarcastic and, at times, brutal writer, he set a pace that required the employment of men of brains to follow him. So, when Brainard left the "Globe" his successor was Sumner Howard, later speaker of the house of representatives, United States district attorney of Utah and chief justice of Arizona.

W. R. Bates was the first, 1866-7, and Robert L. Warren the next local editor of the "Citizen." Mr. Warren is now the owner and editor of the "Ann Arbor Daily Times" and is president of the board of trustees of the School for the Deaf.

LeRoy Parker was another local editor of the "Citizen." He is now a successful attorney at Buffalo, N. Y., has been a law lecturer of the Buffalo law college and its manager for many years and has filled a law lectureship at Yale college.

Edward D. Cowles was also connected with the "Citizen." He is now the owner and editor of the "Bay City Tribune," but for many years was the editor of the "Saginaw Courier-Journal."

P. C. Baker another graduate of the "Citizen" office has been for many years the right-hand man of James E. Scripps and is now the general manager of the "News," morning and evening papers, and of the "Sunday News-Tribune" of Detroit.

John Fitzgibbon, the world-trotting "Detroit News" man learned the newspaper business of Mr. Rankin. Both he and Baker were Genesee county boys long before they were connected with the press.

Robert Smith the well-known Lansing publisher was connected with the "Globe" as a member of the firm of Charles F. Smith & Company.

Morgan Bates and Charles Fellows afterwards well known newspaper men were graduates of the "Citizen" office. There are others whom I fail to recall but the names mentioned will serve to illustrate the fact that the press of Flint has produced some excellent men.

Those who remain should also be mentioned: Ex-Mayor F. H. Rankin, Jr., is the successor of his father as editor of the "Citizen." Mr. Rankin has proved to be an excellent business man and in addition to his editorial duties he is the supreme recorder general of the Loyal Guard and in every capacity has secured and held the esteem, regard and confidence of all who know him—and his acquaintance is very large.

Alfred Galbraith has for years been connected with the press of Flint and is now the associate editor of the "Daily Journal." He is a painstaking, reliable investigator of news sources and is well up to the mark of more pretentious metropolitan writers.

Harry Gregg of the "Daily News" is a graduate of the "Detroit Journal" and of the "Saginaw Courier-Herald." He is a good writer and a whole-souled gentleman whom it is a pleasure to know.

One of the most recent acquisitions to the press of Flint is H. H. Fitzgerald the owner of the "Globe-Journal" properties and the publisher and editor of the "Daily Journal" and "Weekly Globe." He has very largely increased the circulation of these papers, is reputed to be making money rapidly and is the writer of snappy, readable editorials.

SOME FLINT INDUSTRIES.

In his very interesting letter to the "Detroit Post and Tribune" to which reference had been made, Colonel Thomson claimed that the first sawmill was built on the Thread by George Oliver and that it was destroyed, but whether by fire or otherwise was not remembered. He also claimed that Rufus Steven's mill on the Thread was built in 1833. But Edward A. Todd says that Steven's mill was the first to be built and that it was able to furnish some of the lumber used in the construction of Todd's Tavern. But whichever is correct the fact remains that Flint came to be one of the great lumbering towns of the west. The greatest activity was about 1870 when there were nine mills in operation. The panic of 1873—following the famous failure of Jay Cooke—brought about ruin to some of these and the gradual exhaustion of the pine on the Flint and adjacent streams closed others, so that in 1878 there remained but four mills—but they were mammoth establishments. They were the Crapo mills, the mill of A. McFarlan,

that of Begole, Fox & Company, and that of J. B. Atwood & Co. In 1870 a half a million dollars was invested in these nine mills and five hundred men were employed. As the lumbering business declined other industries began in a small way to get a foothold. In 1869 came William A. Paterson to Flint to make wagons and he employed one man. In 1878 he employed between twenty and twenty-five men. The report of the State commissioner for 1905 shows that Mr. Paterson regularly employs sixteen women and 245 men, a total of 261 people. Other institutions in 1878 were the Genesee Iron Works, employing twenty-seven men, with an annual product of $25,000 and an investment of $40,000. The Flint Woolen Mills capitalized at $100,000 with sales of $150,000 a year. This concern had in 1878 a pay roll of $500 weekly, and began doing business in 1867. Other factories were Jerome Eddy's sash and blind works, Schillinger, Meek & Co.'s furniture factory, Beardsley, Gillis & Co.'s sash and blinds, employing twenty men, Charles Bassett's tannery with six men, D. A. Bagg's box factory, eight men, Newall & Co., sash and blinds, twelve men, Hawks & Castrees agricultural implements with seven men, the Genesee Paper Company with fifteen men, four flouring mills with an output of about 50,000 barrels daily. In all there were in 1878 about fifteen concerns —large and small—which employed labor. It was the beginning of the business building of a saw-dust town. Still many wise ones thought that with the passing of the lumber interests Flint must depend upon its agricultural surroundings and that as a manufacturing place its prestige had gone forever. The following statistics furnished the writer from the advance sheets of the report of the State Commissioner of Labor, Hon. Malcolm McLeod, show that there are sixty-three factories, operated and inspected by the State in Flint in 1905.

The following is the list of factories, etc., inspected:

Abraham, G. C.
Auto Brass & Aluminum Co.
Armstrong, J. B., Mfg. Co.
Baker Sanitary Milk Co.
Barney Granite & Marble Works.
Baker Hamel Foundry.
Buick Motor Co.
Burroughs & Son.
Clasen, Streat & Co.
Consolidated Bottling Works.
Central Mills.
Dryes, F. X.
Davis, Abe.
Durant-Dort Factory No. 1.
Durant-Dort Factory No. 2.
Durant-Dort Factory No. 3.
Durant-Dort Factory No. 4.
Durant-Dort Factory No. 5.
Eagle Feed Mill.
Ephriam, M.
Flint Cigar Co.
Flint Axle Works.

Flint City Water Works.
Flint Vehicle Works.
Flint Gas Works.
Flint Woolen Mills.
Flint Lumber Co.
Flint Wood Works.
Flint Wagon Works.
Flint Brewing Co.
Flint Vehicle Co.
Flint Steam Dye Works.
Flint Specialty Co.
Flint Light & Power Co.
Flint Machine Works.
Globe Printing Co.
Genesee Mills.
Genesee Iron Works.
Home Laundry.
Hallack & Hartshorn.
Hourans, M. E.
Imperial Wheel Co.
Jellis & Stone.
Lee Sings Laundry.
Lee Ginn Laundry.
Lewis, F. R., Mfg. Co.
McKinley & Ryan.
Michigan Paint Co.
Mathewson Baking Co.
Novelty Mfg. Co.
O. K. Laundry.
Paterson, W. A.
Pierson, Fred J.
Rippe, Christian.
Randall Lumber Co.
Stewart, W. F. Body Works.
Stewart, W. F. Co.
Sweet, George.
The Princess Mfg. Co.
The Iroquois Co.
Veits & Perry.
Werkhiser, W. & Sons.
Weller & Austin.
Wolverine Citizen.

In 1904 Flint had $4,216,171 invested in manufacturing plants. They paid annually for miscellaneous expenses, such as taxes, insurance, etc., $404,864. The annual cost of material was $3,768,986. The value of manufactured products, including custom work and repairing was $6,177,170. The average daily wages paid all employes was one dollar and seventy-nine cents. This means for men, women and children. The number of employes is 2,899, of whom 386 were women and 2,563 men.

THE OUTLOOK.

From the beginning of its municipal existence the authorities seem to have been reasonably conservative. The necessity for pavements, bridges, street lighting, etc., has been met gradually, and in the main, satisfactorily. Extravagance has not been the rule. The increase in population and the marked expansion of the business as transacted in the city has necessitated larger expenditures from year to year, and in the immediate future still larger appropriations for the improvement of our streets will, undoubtedly, be necessary. It is a safe proposition to assert that in the future, as in the past, Flint will "make haste

slowly" and that conservative, careful action will be had in all matters requiring the expenditure of the money of the people.

It may reasonably be predicted that within another decade Flint will possess streets that will be equal if not superior to those of any of the smaller municipalities in the State, and that this will be accomplished without taxation that will be too burdensome. This is a city of homes. The owners of these homes have a natural pride in the development of the town and undoubtedly they will uphold the authorities in the improvements that are and will become necessities, but they will not supinely consent to extravagant expenditures. The principle involved when the city provided for the gradual substitution of cement for the old time plank sidewalks, extending the time for payment over a period of five years seems to be eminently satisfactory. In a larger way and covering a much longer time for its final payment some plan will probably be devised so that the burden of taxation for the extensive pavement, or building of modern improved roadways will not fall at once upon property owners nor the city at large. In other words, the city may be bonded for these improvements and with no appreciable hardship the interest and gradual payment of the principal may be provided for. The theory of municipal ownership is being tried already and it is not an impossibility that this theory may be practically applied to other utilities. Surely we have reason to be proud of the management of city affairs in the past, and with its healthy growth, its vastly increased business and its unquestioned, natural and acquired advantages the city of Flint will continue to be a live, wideawake, progressive, but not extravagant town.

REV. FRANCIS ASBURY BLADES.

BY WILLIAM C. MAYBURY.

Born August 11, 1820 at the town of Newton, on what was familiarly called the "eastern shore" of the State of Maryland; died April 24, 1906, at Detroit, Michigan, in his eighty-fifth year. Mr. Blades came of a long-lived ancestry. Both his father and mother lived to be upwards of four score years.

The recital of the complete life of "Elder Blades," as he was familiarly called, cannot be included in any short sketch, nor is it necessary to

be reviewed in detail, because the facts of his life are common fame and the incidents are inscribed in church, masonic and private records —each a complete history in itself. Together they present a many-sided view of a remarkable character. The writer must be content with a brief reference to such characteristics of the man as came within his knowledge, to facts called to his attention, in most delightful interviews held with his venerable friend and elder brother, in which the real life and character of the man is best portrayed. That he was a blessing to his day and generation, will be cordially admitted by all who were privileged to know him and by those to whom he was known only by reputation.

Mr. Blades came with his father and family to Michigan in 1828. He was then eight years of age. His health through childhood and early boyhood was very precarious, and he developed symptoms of early decline. It was partly in search of health for his son that the elder Blades came with his wife and the younger children of the family to their new home in the wilds of Michigan. It was thought that outdoor exercise and employment might build up the boy's constitution and possibly insure him health for the future. The family landed in Detroit from Buffalo with the usual pioneer outfit: a team of horses, canvas covered wagon, household and farm utensils, the latter being very meager. The land in and around Flint and Genesee county, largely school lands, had been recently placed in the market and was attracting many settlers from the east. Thither the family journeyed from Detroit. The time consumed in making the trip to Grand Blanc where they halted, was three days. The family was sustained on the road by a few provisions procured at Detroit, supplemented by a deer or bird brought down by the skillful hand of the father. The stooping shoulders, so marked a characteristic of Mr. Blades' physical appearance, was chiefly chargable to the fact that his first work was in helping his father to roll up logs in clearing the forest and in making the first shelter for the family. Plowing, sowing and reaping followed in their turn, and this more and more accentuated the stooping shoulders so well remembered by all who knew Mr. Blades in later life.

In all the writer's conversation with him, running over an acquaintance of thirty years, he never mentioned school or school days. Indeed, he had none as a boy, unless it be a few months in winter, spent in the district school, though he obtained his lessons from his father and his religious training at his mother's knee. He read, as did Lincoln, by the light of the pine knot, the occasional paper, magazine or book that

came his way. Under all these adverse circumstances, he fitted himself for the profession of school-teaching when he was but nineteen years of age. At that time it was his intention to take up the vocation of a teacher for his life work. We may be permitted to relate here one incident amongst many occurring in the early pioneer life of the family. Indians were plentiful in those days. It is a trite but true saying, that "the woods were full of them." They lived the real wild, nomadic life of their kind. They were hostile or friendly, according to their ever-changing mood; ready to resent a wrong—real or fancied. The white men with whom they came most in contact and with whom they were most familiar, were the trappers and hunters; the real characters of Cooper's fiction. The feuds between the white men and his copper-colored brother were many and wicked. Whole tribes at times vacated their wigwams to go on the warpath against their enemies or on their annual hunting or berry-picking expeditions, returning to their camping ground only when their purpose was accomplished. The Chippewa tribe passed the home of Mr. Blades on one of these predatory occasions. They carried with them on a rude litter an Indian girl, desperately sick with fever. The elder's mother interceded with the Indian women and the chief to permit the sick girl to remain with her until the return of the tribe. The consequences of her most gracious and kindly act never occurred to Mrs. Blades. Had the tribe returned and found the girl dead, nothing would have convinced them that she had died of disease, but rather that she had been allowed to die from want of care or food or as a matter of hatred on the part of the white squaw for her Indian origin. Happily, the girl not only lived, but when the tribe returned, she was the first to meet them, with loud professions of love for the white squaw who had nursed her back to health and had been to her as a loving mother. Through this incident, and the repeating of it everywhere in the Indian world, the family were immuned from all danger of Indian aggression, received Indian names, and were the recipients of special trophies of Indian art.

In 1844 a call came to Mr. Blades to enter the Christian ministry—the larger field of mental and spiritual labor. In this year he joined the Methodist church. The harvest of his sowing is largely garnered with time, and yet throughout this State many remain to bless the hour when out of the abundance of his unswerving faith, the elder filled them with abiding confidence in the future life and of the world to come. He very soon attained a prominent place in the Methodist ministry by his self-denying labors, the privations he suffered and by the

force of his preaching. In the forty succeeding years, the history of this remarkable man in his relations to the Christian ministry, is the history of his church in this State, and largely the history of the State itself. During the years of his active ministry, he served in almost every important conference in Michigan. He was presiding elder at five conferences, namely those at Flint, Grand Rapids, Ann Arbor, Adrian and Detroit. Some of those he helped to organize, and they all bear today, more or less, the influence of his splendid discipline and power of organization.

His first experience was as a circuit rider, as the itinerant missionary was then called. His farm life and as a pioneer peculiarly fitted him for the work of his missionary field. He could reach people with a perfect knowledge of their ways and a tender sympathy with them in their hardships and cares. He had a ready wit that served him on all occasions. Indeed, it was the common remark of his friends that the elder was never bested in a battle of wits. He had a story always ready to meet every occasion, and in this particular was more like Abraham Lincoln than any other man mentioned in our history or in our times. In later life he was very fond of telling of his many adventures while he traveled his back-woods circuit. One is characteristic of many. Thanksgiving Day he was to hold Thanksgiving service in a schoolhouse near where the village of Flint now stands. Arriving at the school, he found a turkey shooting match in full play. He was somewhat disconcerted as the noise of the shooting would disturb the service, and the motley crowd that gathered for the shooting match did not offer much suggestion of religious service. The elder looked on at the shooting for a time, when one of the sportsmen asked him if he would "take a shot." The elder promptly said "yes," on one condition, that when I shoot and this shooting match is concluded you will all come with me to the schoolhouse for the Thanksgiving service. This was promptly agreed to. The elder borrowed a rifle from one of the sportsmen, and kneeling upon his left knee, fired, taking the head clear off the turkey. This shot was received with expressions of admiration and applause. When the shooting match was concluded, the whole party accompanied the elder to the schoolhouse, and many of that motley crowd dated their religious experience from that service and from that hour.

There was no characteristic of Elder Blades more patent that his love of country. He was indeed, a sterling patriot. Fearless in his denunciation of wrong or injustice in church or state; purely orthodox in his

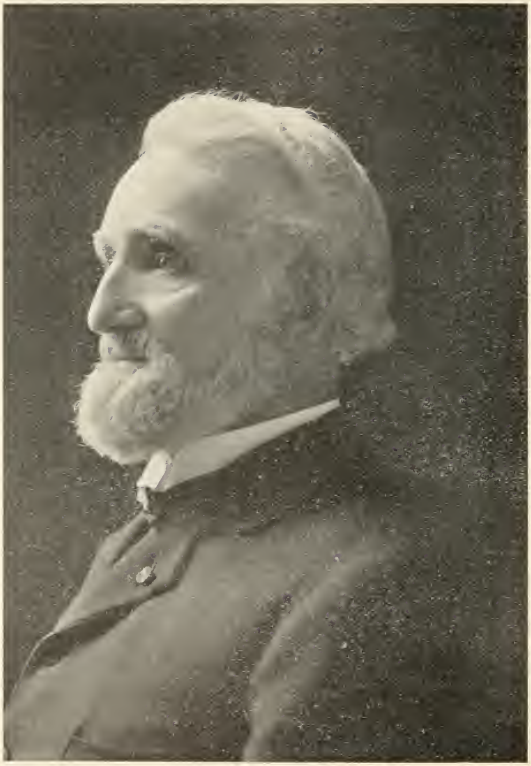
religion, a born leader of men, and with a memory that never failed him. He was of the heroic type of men. Had he lived in days of chivalry, he would have been a knight errant in every good cause. In all that modern chivalry represents, he presented its best features; true and knightly courtesy and an abundant charity towards all mankind. His highest ideal was an endeavor to attain as far as possible, the full stature of Christian manhood, typified in the Master whom he so long and lovingly served. Elder Blades was at Ann Arbor during the civil war, and Governor Blair in every emergency sought the counsel and services of the elder. He tendered him a commission as colonel of volunteers, but this high honor was declined. He was entrusted by Governor Blair with many important missions in those trying days of the republic. On two occasions he visited the encampment of the army of the Potomac under commission from the governor. Returning from one of these occasions, he reported to the governor the treatment accorded to the Michigan men in camp. Returning from his second mission, he reported the loyalty of the troops to the cause of the union. He concluded his report by saying that the only traitors to be dealt with were those in front and rear of the army. On one occasion he was fired on by rebel pickets, the firing party mistaking him for Abraham Lincoln, the president. When informed of the attempt made upon his life, and cautioned to be careful of exposing himself in the future to rebel bullets, the elder replied that he was perfectly willing to be shot if he could have the honor of being in any way mistaken for Abraham Lincoln.

Looking back from our standpoint to the years of the rebellion, we are deeply impressed with the men who seemed to be raised up and gifted with peculiar powers to meet the perils of those times. They were gifted with a courage and patriotism that nothing could daunt. Elder Blades is a splendid sample of the kind of men the emergency produced. He was a devoted friend of Zachariah Chandler, and had Mr. Chandler's confidence to a degree. Next to his loyalty to the Christian ministry, was his devotion to Masonry and his lifelong interest in this ancient craft. He affiliated with the order early in life, and at a time when the great majority of his clerical associates were opposed to secret societies. His first impression of the order of Masons came from seeing the open Bible carried in a procession at the funeral of a deceased brother. It was suggestive to him and put him on his inquiry. He soon learned that an open Bible was absolutely essential to the life and conduct of the lodge. He was at one time the chaplain

of each of the grand bodies of Free and Accepted Masons of Michigan, and prelate of the grand commandery of the State, also chaplain of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. It was an honor never before conferred upon any Mason, and Mr. Blades referred to it as an honor which he very greatly prized. It was eminently fitting that those whom he honored as brothers and who delighted to honor him, should be selected to conduct his burial when this venerable man's body was laid to rest among his kindred in the cemetery at Flint.

In 1882, owing largely to his laborious service in the church, his health failed and he was compelled to give over to others his ministerial duties. It was his delight, however, to give occasional services in the church and elsewhere, and he was in constant demand for the various functions of his ministerial office up to the later days of his life. Shortly after his retirement from active service in the church, he was appointed appraiser of merchandise at the port of Detroit, which office he held for upwards of twelve years. On retiring from this office, he was shortly thereafter elected first as deputy controllor of Detroit and then as controllor, for a term of ten years, which latter office he held at the time of his death. It was my gracious privilege, as mayor of Detroit, as well as my great pleasure, to twice nominate him for the office of city controllor. His whole career in that office showed the power of honesty when applied to the public service and the public servant. Of more than forty millions of dollars of public moneys that passed his review, and paid out on his approval, not one dollar went astray nor was diverted from its intended destination. No man not well grounded in the highest ideals of public service, will hereafter presume to fill the office his presence has so dignified and to which his devotion was so complete. In every relation of life it may be truthfully said, he built up a character marked by integrity, great industry, and otherwise replete in all that is admirable. He took an absorbing interest in politics. He believed it the duty of every man to be a politician in the best sense of that word. He joined the republican party at its birth and remained in loyal devotion to that party and its principles to the day of his death. He very early in life espoused the cause of the slave, and believed with Lincoln, that no man was good enough to enslave another.

Particularly fortunate in life, Mr. Blades was especially favored in the approach of death. Although he bore the burden of fourscore years and five, his strength of mind and of body were with him almost to the last. With all the lofty confidence of Seneca, coupled with the child-like faith of St. Paul, he approached that gate so near to some of us and not far distant from us all.



THEODORE E. POTTER.

At the age of 75.

A BOY'S STORY OF PIONEER LIFE IN MICHIGAN.

BY THEODORE E. POTTER.

I was born in Saline, Washtenaw county, Michigan, March 10, 1832. My early life was spent like that of other boys born in the territory about that time. My father and mother, with two small children, came to Michigan in the spring of 1830 from Cayuga county, New York, by way of the Erie canal to Buffalo, and from there by steamboat to Detroit within seven day's time. They then walked to Plymouth, thirty miles, in two days, carrying their two children in their arms, stopping a few days with relatives there, then walked to Saline, a distance of twenty miles further, where they first settled, and my father built one of the first frame houses in that part of the country, one story high, and located on the present village plat. In this house he not only lived, but worked at tailoring, a trade he had learned when a boy at Huntington, Pa., where he was born in 1798. His father died when he was quite young and at eighteen years of age my father went with a party of surveyors from Cleveland, Ohio, to St. Louis, and a year following with another party from Toledo, Ohio, surveying a road through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to the Mississippi river at Quincy, Ill., thus learning something of surveying and of the vast wilderness of the great west. My earliest recollection of life was when I was three and one-half years old, living in a log-house, on a new farm and my parents going two miles from home to attend a funeral, leaving me with my sister and oldest brother.

I tried to go up stairs on a ladder, fell and caught one leg between the rounds of the ladder and broke it above the knee, from which I suffered so much pain that to stop my crying my brother, who did not know my leg was broken, carried me from one bed to another, my broken leg dangling, and it was four hours before my father returned. He started on foot for Saline, five miles away, to get a doctor, and by the time he came my broken leg was very badly swollen. After it was set, my father took a two-inch auger and bored holes in one of the logs of the house, drove in long pegs, laid boards on them, and mother fixed up a nice bed for me, and for six weeks I laid on that firm bed that could not jar nor spring before I was allowed to try to walk again.

When I was four years old my father took his ox-team and went to

Detroit to meet some relatives of ours who were coming to locate near us, and brought home a bright, new wagon. While my father and mother's nephew, Louis Phelps, were gone to look at the last government 160-acre piece of land left in our township, I took an ax and chopped off the tongue of the new wagon. This was a serious offense, and in those days the vigorous application of a green birch was the ready and common mode of punishment for a four-year-old offender, and but for the intervention of one of the new comers, and wife of the owner of the wagon, I might not have survived the ordeal to tell the story.

Not long after we moved back to Saline where my father took up ... business of surveying, which took him from home much of the time for two years. At that time Saline was the largest village on the old stage route between Detroit and Chicago, and when the four or six-ho stagecoaches came in with a grand flourish of whip and tin ho blowing and prancing horses, nearly every person in town would be the tavern—all business at a stand still—to see, as a great event, w almost as much of a curiosity as a menagerie, who had come or were going and the horses changed.

The Michigan Central railroad was finished as far as Ypsilanti, th fartherest west of any railroad at that time, and to celebrate the ev all the people within reach of Ypsilanti were invited there to a barba...

My father went and took me with him; when we got there, early the day, we found the one street finely decorated with flags, and a br band filling the air with music. We next visited the place where ox was being roasted over a huge log fire, to make sure by our own that we and the multitude to be present, were not to be disappointed our great dinner we had come so far to share.

Then we went to the depot to witness the arrival of the first passe... train from Detroit, on which were the officers of the road, with General Cass and other prominent men who were to speak. About two inc... of light snow had fallen that morning, and when the train came in si... on the slight up-grade near town it presented the novel spectacl... two men sitting on opposite ends of a cross-beam in front of the en... holding large splint brooms to sweep the light snow off the track. was the first and original snowplow of sixty-five years ago. The ... consisted of several flat cars loaded with passengers, and two pas... ger cars, made like the old-fashioned Concord coaches, with door... on each side, for the officers of the road and speakers.

For a new country the crowd of people was very great, and to a ... oy

eight years old, it was a wonderful sight. After the dinner of roast ox, baked potatoes, pumpkin pie and ginger-bread, the people formed in line behind the band and marched to the speaking stand, where General Cass and the railroad officials orated eloquently over the great growth and prospects of Michigan, much more than fulfilled since that time. As my father had just returned from a surveying trip, he was called upon for a short speech descriptive of the new country.

On reaching home late that night, my mother asked me what I had seen and heard that day; I told her I had seen the roasted ox, the brass band, the railroad train, the two men with brooms to sweep the track, and heard General Cass and my father make a speech to the people.

Not long after this we moved on another new farm, which my father soon sold and moved to another still newer, on the Saline and Monroe road.

My father was a strong Whig politically, and in 1840, we learned that General Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe," was to speak at Fort Meigs, in Ohio, seventy-five miles from Saline, and he and Mr. Parsons, who owned a sawmill, got up a party of sixty to go that distance to hear him. They fitted up a huge wagon with the large wheels used to cart logs to the sawmill, by arranging long seats on each side, a flagstaff near the driver's seat with the "Stars and Stripes" waving from it, and part way up a platform with two live coons on it. In the rear end was a log-cabin in which were two barrels of cider with faucets and cups to accommodate the oft thirsty passengers. These with a brass band of eight pieces, and sixteen horses, made the jolly outfit. As the grand cavalcade was passing our log-house on the road, my mother, who was in charge as marshal stopped it long enough for the band to play one of its favorite airs, the men to take a drink of cider, and give three cheers for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and so the big train moved on, to return in seven days from its great campaign with no other loss than the two barrels of cider and the time they had spent.

After this event, my father traded farms and moved three times within two years; the last time on a well-improved farm of eighty acres near Plymouth, Wayne county, purchased of a relative who had joined Mormon, and gone to Nauvoo, Ill. This farm had good buildings on it, and was near a district school. So that when we moved on it in the spring of 1842 I was ten years old, and had enjoyed very little opportunity for education, as this was the twelfth time we had moved since I was born. I now for the first time had the advantage of a very good school near home, which I improved until January, 1845.

Two exciting events occurred during our stay here. One was a cyclone coming in the night when we were all in bed, carrying away the roof of our house, compelling us in the midst of a heavy rain to seek shelter in the barn, and in a small kitchen attached to the house. But within two days, with the help of neighbors, we had a new roof on, though we had to go to Ypsilanti for the materials. The other event, nearly a fatal one, occurred on Christmas day, 1844. A boy about my age by the name of Clayton, came to our house to have me go with him to the woods to hunt partridges. My father and oldest brother were away, and unknown to my mother I took the old musket that my father had carried in the battle of Oswego, N. Y., in the war of 1812, with its flintlock and steel ramrod, and after shooting several times at squirrels and partridges but killing none, we went to shooting at a mark. Tiring of this, we varied our sport by loading with blank cartridges and firing at each other at three or four rods apart. In our excitement I forgot to take the steel ramrod out of the barrel after loading my gun, and when I fired the rod passed through the Clayton boy's coat sleeve, drawing blood, but doing no serious injury. That ended the mimic warfare. We agreed to go home and keep perfectly quiet about our Christmas celebration. In 1856, I met Clayton at the State fair in Detroit, and he said he had not found the rod yet.

Ten days after that Christmas hunt our family were on the move again with ox-teams, going to the unbroken forests of Eaton county, where we occupied the new double log-house built in advance by father and my oldest brother. To young persons who may never have seen these pioneer shanties, much less have seen one built, a description may be of interest. Usually the only tools were an ax, a saw, an auger, and sometimes an adz.

After clearing ground sufficient for this double shanty, sixteen by twenty feet, the straightest beech and elm trees, ten to twelve inches in diameter, were cut into logs sixteen by twenty feet long, and hauled to the place. The largest logs were selected for the front, so that when ready for the roof, which would have a slope of about three feet, the shanty would have an inside height of ten feet in front, and seven feet in the rear walls. Basswood trees were then cut for the roof, split in two, the centers dug out like a trough, and the halves laid trough side up near each other first, then others trough side down to lap over the upper edges of the first tier, making a waterproof roof, without rafters or shingles; for floors white ash trees were cut, split, lined and hewed to make straight edges, and laid. Each shanty was twenty feet long

and stood eight feet apart, all under this one roof, giving a covered alley way between them. The doorways were cut in the walls to open out into this alley. The doors, also made out of hewn split ash, hung on wooden hinges, and closed by a wooden latch, with a piece of raw-hide string to pull the latch up to open the door.

Not a nail was used to build these two shanties. All the money spent on them was to buy two seven by nine six-lighted windows. Fireplaces were cut through the logs, and stick-chimneys built upon the outside laid and plastered with clay. When ready, my father started with the ox-team after the family, leaving my oldest brother in charge.

It took five days to make the trip, and required two neighbors with their ox-teams to move the family, furniture, provisions and corn. Though not quite thirteen years old, my father sent me ahead one day in advance with a drove of stock—three cows, two yearlings, five sheep and four hogs. Only a neighbor's boy about my age accompanied me, guided by a rough map my father made of the route, and name of the tavern where I was to stay over night. I was allowed six days to take the stock through, and was not overtaken by the teams until we reached Eaton Rapids, the fifth day. We had twelve miles to go the next day, four of them over a new road just cut through, that no team had ever gone over.

We reached our shanty home before night, and received a warm and glad welcome by my brother, with cheerful fires blazing in both shanties to greet the family of seven children, the oldest sixteen, and the youngest two years old, besides father and mother.

As we had no fodder for the stock, and only the corn in the ear hauled seventy-five miles, browsing was the only hope of life for them, and our principal business for the next three months was cutting down trees for them to feed on. Within two days after entering our new home my oldest sister and myself came down with the measles followed within one month by all the rest of the children.

My oldest brother had a relapse and came near dying; his hair nearly all came out, and left him as bald as a bare rock the rest of his life. Still we managed to clear seven acres and get in the spring crops, such as corn, potatoes, pumpkins and squash. After selling his Wayne county farm, paying up the mortgage and other debts, my father had $300 left to begin life anew and make another home. But necessary expenses until a crop could be raised had reduced that to $100, enough to buy eighty acres of government land. So he decided to go on foot to Ionia, fifty miles away, and make the purchase. The evening before

going he laid the 100 silver dollars out on the cherry table, the nicest piece of furniture we had, and let us all see and handle and count over the largest amount of money we children had ever seen. After he had gone we were greatly worried for fear he would be robbed, carrying so much money alone and on foot, and talked among ourselves a great deal about it and until he returned on the fourth day safe, sound and successful, to our great joy and relief.

The crops on the seven acres of new ground proved very successful and when harvested three acres were sown to wheat. The next winter my father hauled tamarack logs to the sawmill at Eaton Rapids to be sawed into lumber for a frame barn, giving half for the sawing, and in the spring built the first frame barn in that part of Benton township.

It was in 1846, and the barn was thirty by forty feet, and in the stable of that barn my sister taught the first school in that vicinity, having seven scholars, three of them of our family.

In the following July my father cut our three acres of wheat with a sickle, and I bound and set it up. The next day he cut one acre for a neighbor, binding and setting it in shock, and taking three bushels of wheat for his pay. I went with him to do the binding. It was very hot that day, and the field surrounded by heavy timber, shut out all cool breezes.

It being so hot he drank frequently and freely of cold water from a spring near by until we finished the work. But it proved to be his last day's work. He was taken very sick, became unconscious, and on the twenty-sixth day of July, 1846, was buried in the little wheat-field on his new frontier farm at the early age of forty-eight years, leaving a widow with seven children and a farm of seven acres cleared, for their only dependence in life.

As soon as my mother's two brothers, owning fine farms near Auburn, New York, heard of my father's death, they came out to see us, with the purpose of taking us all back with them to New York and taking care of us. But my mother would consent to no offer or proposition they could make. They plead that the family, they were sure, could not support themselves in such a wilderness as Michigan then was, and they could not leave them there to starve.

But my mother replied that all she had to live for was her seven children, the oldest one nearly seventeen and the youngest three years old, and as she had moved fifteen times since she was married she would not move again as long as she could keep the family together. The winter before my father's death, my oldest brother and sister had

been sent to Vermontville to school for one term and I was told that I should go the next winter, but my father's death put a stop to our schooling for the next four years, when a district schoolhouse was built on the corner of our farm, and a school opened, greatly relieving the anxiety of my mother over her children growing up without educational advantages, owing to the fact that wherever we had lived and a school started we moved off to some new part of the country, where there were none.

Before my father died, he was planning to sell his farm and move to the prairies of Wisconsin, where he thought we could get a living easier, and no doubt would have done so the next spring if he had lived. But his death put an end to the roving habits of eighteen years, and firmly decided my mother to stay where she was as long as her children would stay with her.

As my father had been elected justice of the peace for the township in 1845, and also supervisor in 1846, and was filling both offices, his death was deeply felt as a great loss by the entire community. The day after his burial we drew the wheat into the barn, and the day following, threshed ten bushels of it with flails and at night shelled five bushels of corn, and the third day I was sent with our ox-team and the ten bushels of wheat from the three acres and the five bushels of corn to be ground into flour and meal at the Delta mills. On the way I met a Mr. Samuel Nickerson with a horse and buckboard at a place in the road too narrow for the teams to pass each other. Having an ax with me, I went to cutting the road wider, and in doing so stepped near a large rattlesnake, that warned me by his vicious rattling, to keep out of his way. After killing the snake and getting the teams past each other, Mr. Nickerson learned who I was, and told me he was a lawyer, was present at my father's funeral, and only four weeks before had tried a case before him as justice of the peace at Dimondale.

I reached the mill before dark, but had to stay over night to get my grist, sleeping in the mill, and got home next day with flour and meal enough to last us three months. Early in the spring we had chopped three acres of timber near the new barn, and we wanted to log and burn it and put it into wheat that fall. In September, we arranged to exchange work with two men to help do the logging; one was township treasurer by the name of Tagget, living four miles west of us, and one of the first settlers in the county.

I was but fourteen years old. We were living in a log shanty shingled with hollow logs, and the floor made of logs and then hewed.

My father had died only a month before, leaving my mother with seven children and seven acres of cleared land, three cows and one yoke of oxen.

My oldest brother was eighteen and youngest three years of age, with no schools near us and but few settlers in the township. Our cows, with bells on, ran at large in the woods. In stormy weather they often laid out over night and it was my duty to look them up early in the morning. One day I started out with my younger brother and a small dog. We could hear the bells about a mile away. As we came in sight of the cows the dog began to bark at a large buck deer with great antlers. I went forward to help the dog and the deer left fighting the dog and pitched at me. I ran behind a big black oak tree, and when the deer made an attack on me the dog would snap at his heels; my youngest brother stood looking on about ten rods off, badly frightened and screaming at the top of his voice. I finally succeeded in getting a dry oak limb for a club, and whenever he made an attack on me I would strike him on the head, and finally succeeded in knocking him down and pounded him on the head. My brother came up and we thought we could draw the deer home. We drew him about two rods and could draw him no further. In our excitement we forgot all about the cows, and started for home on the run to carry the news to the family.

We found our oldest brother at home, with two men who were helping him do some work. We told them what we had done, but it was hard to get them to believe it. They finally concluded to go with us and see for themselves, and found the deer, which proved to be a very large one.

They dressed it and then we all returned home and had plenty of venison for the family for a whole week. The daring act of a boy was published in our only county paper and copied by Detroit papers, and commented on as a great achievement for a boy only fourteen years old. My mother told me that from that time on I should have a gun to carry whenever I went after the cows.

For the first time in my life I was permitted to hunt with a gun. There was handed down in our family a revolutionary gun which had a history that could be traced back to 1775, and was used by my father in 1812 at the battle of Oswego, N. Y.

It was an old smooth bore, flintlock with steel ramrods, cartridge box and belt. This was my first gun, and I felt real proud of it; and whenever I had an occasion to go into the woods, this historic musket was with me, loaded, primed, and ready for any large game that dared to

appear. The same month I killed the deer with a club, I had a shot at no less than five deer and had missed everyone of them.

My mother said to me, "Ed., if you expect to supply the family with venison, you had better trade your gun off for a dry oak limb." That fall, in September, one evening just before dark, word came to our house that a bear was killing the hogs of a neighbor two miles from us, and wanted us boys to come at once and bring our guns and lanterns. The man who brought word said that he would go after Tile Cogswell and his four bear dogs, who lived two miles farther away.

My oldest brother and myself started at once, he taking his rifle and I my old historic musket. When we got there we found the bear had injured one of the hogs badly, breaking his back, but Mr. Jones' wife, with two dogs, had kept the bear from killing it and carrying it off. The night was very dark, but it was evident from the way the dogs were barking and howling that Bruin was not far off.

We killed the hog, and told Mrs. Jones to take the dogs to the house and shut them up, and we would draw the hog to a log bridge, which was about ten feet high, secrete ourselves behind a large elm tree and await developments. My brother conceived this plan, claiming the bear was hungry and would follow the hog where we had dragged it. We took our position several feet lower than the bridge, so that we could look up towards the sky and see the bear if he came on the bridge.

We had not been waiting more than thirty minutes before Mr. Bruin made his appearance on the bridge. He evidently had scented us, and was suspicious of danger, as he squared himself broadside to us, and looked down at us, my brother whispered—"Now is our time, take aim,—fire." Bruin made a jump, struck the bank within six feet of us, ran into a large beech top within ten rods of us, making terrific groans as if in great pain and anguish, breaking and chewing up the limbs near him.

Not knowing what he would do next, we lighted our lanterns and took possession of the bridge, determined if necessary to fight it out on the bridge. In all new countries the early settlers have certain signals for such occasions. In the timber, where settlers are few and far between, they usually blow horns, ring cow-bells or fire guns.

As soon as we had fired at the bear, we heard three shots fired which indicated that Tile Cogswell and his bear dogs were on the way and not far off. In a short time we heard horns blowing and cow-bells ringing and within an hour from the time we had fired our first shots

at least twenty men were on the bridge listening to our story, and to the groans of Bruin.

Tile Cogswell and his guns were selected to interview Mr. Bruin at once. The dogs were let loose, and with lanterns and guns, we all followed. We found the bear so badly wounded he could not run, but he made a desperate fight with the dogs. He killed one of the dogs and another was killed by one of the men in shooting at the bear. Cogswell, who saved the rest of his dogs, rushed forward to within ten feet of the bear and shot him through the head. We then held a council and decided that two of the men should go with me and get my mother's ox-team and stone-boat and draw the bear to our place that night and dress it, and the next day have a holiday, when all the neighbors within five miles were to come and receive a share of the largest black bear that had ever been killed in that part of the State.

It was a great relief to all the settlers for miles around, to know that this particular bear was dead. He had been a regular visitor for the past two years to nearly every farmer who kept hogs in the entire township. The bear weighed before being dressed, a little over four hundred pounds. It was found that both my brother and myself hit the bear, and that either of the shots would have proved fatal as they passed clear through him, and not six inches apart. My brother then advised me to do my hunting after dark, as it was evident I could see to shoot better in the dark than in the light. At least one hundred settlers visited our home the next day and received a portion of the carcass that had cost them so dearly in pork.

In the summer of 1847, we cleared up the ten acres, chopped the previous winter, sowed the same to wheat in the fall, from which we harvested nearly 400 bushels. That year the State capitol was located at Lansing, within twelve miles of us, settlers were coming in rapidly, new roads were being surveyed and opened to the capitol from all the surrounding towns and villages, and general improvement and prosperity were manifest. A company of ten persons surveying an air-line road from Battle Creek through Bellevue and Charlotte, to Lansing, stopped over night at our house, sleeping on the cabin floors, my mother getting supper and breakfast for them. In the morning the head surveyor wanted another hand, and offered twenty-five cents a day and board until they returned, and I was selected to take the position, to carry water, make fires and do such other miscellaneous work as should be required. He inquired if I was the boy who killed the buck with a club, and being told that I was, said they had two guns with them,

but had killed no game except a few partridges and a woodchuck, and told me they would expect me to furnish the party with venison, even if I had to do it with a club, but that I could use the guns if I wished, and take time to hunt while they were at work on the way. We started early but made only three miles that day, as the route from our place was almost wholly through an unbroken forest of hardwood timber, the only cleared land being my mother's farm.

My first day's hunt netted seven partridges for supper. The next day we made less than a mile, crossing "the old maid's swamp" covered with a thick growth of tamarack and willow brush, with mud and water underneath. Nearly all day I cut brush and small trees for a path, but as soon as near hard land, I was ordered ahead to locate a good camping spot, and soon found one near a stream of water. While preparing the ground I saw two deer on the trot coming towards me. I seized my gun, dropped behind a log, and when they were within five rods of me I bleated, they stopped, I fired and broke the back of one, and cut his throat and went back and reported to the party that I had located the camp, and a man was sent with me to get it all ready for the night. When they came up they were all surprised to find a deer, dressed and hung up ready for cooking, and all had plenty of venison that night, and during the rest of the way. This was my first deer killed with a gun. My former failures were from excitement and aiming too high. After this I never had another attack of "buck fever."

The fourth night we camped near where Waverly Park now is, west of Lansing. Next morning we heard cow-bells and some one chopping. Some of us followed the sound, and on reaching Grand river saw a log-house on the other side, where Mr. Cooley lived. He came across in his boat, and told us we were within three miles of Lansing, and took one of our party in his boat to town, returning about noon, accompanied by Charles Bush, a prominent citizen of the new city, bringing us a good dinner and by 4 o'clock p. m. we were all at the corner of Washington avenue and Main street, where they were then building the Benton house, to accommodate the first legislature, to meet in January, 1848. I had seen brick buildings before, but had no idea how they were put together until I saw them using mortar with the brick on the Benton house. The influx of people was so great, and the houses so few, that we could find no roof to sleep under. We followed Washington avenue, which had just been under-brushed, north to Briggs' store, where we bought supplies for our supper, there pitched our tent under a large elm tree just south of the store, and camped for the night. Next morn-

ing, after breakfast, most of the party walked father north, past the frame of the first capitol building, ready to be raised that day, on to North Lansing, where there were two or three small stores, and a sawmill.

All the settlers around Lansing had been invited to the "raising" that day, jugs of whisky provided free for all, and also dinner and supper, and the whole proceeding was after the fashion of an old style raising of the heavy hewed frame of an old-fashioned barn or house. The most of our party assisted at the raising, and also at the dinner and supper, and helped empty the jugs, but rallied at our tent under the elm tree at night, every man sober.

Next morning we started on our return, following our previous trail four miles, then started a new survey half a mile south of the previous one, which was ultimately adopted as far as Charlotte, evading half a mile of swamp crossed by the first survey. In after years the Peninsular railroad followed our first survey east of Charlotte most of the way to Lansing.

On the tenth day from my leaving, I reached home much elated over my experience and my first visit to Lansing, the infant capital, and hub of the State of Michigan.

In the following month of September, I made my second visit to Lansing, under the following circumstances: A man by the name of Corydon P. Sprague, a relative of my father, with his young wife, both school-teachers, on their way to Wisconsin, visited us and other near relatives. He went to see Lansing and concluded to settle there and open a select school. Having no means to build a school-house, five families of his relatives volunteered to go and build one for him, and make him a present of it. So about the 10th of September, 1847, Samuel Preston, John Strange, George P. Carman, William H. Taylor and Theodore E. Potter, to represent his father, all from Eaton county, with axes and teams, met in Lansing near the junction of Grand and Cedar rivers, where Bush & Thomas had given a lot for the purpose, and near where the Potter Manufacturing Company's factory was afterwards built, commenced cutting timber on the lands of speculators, who were not there either to consent or object, hauled the logs to the lot with their ox-teams, and in ten days had completed a two-story log school-house and residence,—the first school-house ever built in Lansing, hauling the pine lumber for the floors and desks from Flushing, a distance of forty miles.

In this two-story log-house Mr. Sprague and wife lived and opened

the first select school in Lansing, having a full attendance the first winter, Mrs. Sprague teaching the primary classes and he the more advanced. But during the summer of 1848, new schools were opened in other parts of the city, as most of the people were settling along Washington avenue, on the north side of the river, leaving the Sprague school too much out of reach and inconvenient of access.

In the fall of that year he opened but one department, and his wife taught a district school at Delta Mills, until she was taken sick and died, and he became disheartened and returned to his former home near Auburn, New York. Afterwards he went to California, located at Sonora, and in 1850, was elected a member of the California legislature, serving two terms, went to Oregon, practiced law, married his second wife, returned to California, became a leading lawyer of the State, and is now living, at eighty-five years of age, on a fruit farm.

While building the log school-house, old Chief Okemos, then eighty years old, and a few of his tribe were camped near us. They had been hunting near our home not long before, and he knew me, and also about my killing the buck with a club, and had said it was a brave and dangerous deed. He delighted to prove his own bravery and many dangers by showing the numerous scars he carried from many conflicts with both Indians and white men, made by the tomahawk, knife and rifle. History tells us of the British commissioning him as colonel of an Indian regiment to fight the Americans at the battle of the Thames, and afterwards he went to Detroit and agreed with General Cass to lay down the tomahawk and scalping knife, and became a good Indian, and never broke his agreement. He took great interest in me, calling me his "Pick-a-nin-ne," "She-mo-ke-man" (white young man), and watched me intently while making a crotch dray, and hauling and skidding logs with the oxen and a log chain. As it was very warm, and I was working with bare feet, he pointed to his own feet, and said: "Squaw make moccasins—you wear moccasin,"—and at night he took me to his wigwam. The squaws looked at my bare feet and then at each other and began to shake with laughter. One of the men said they were making fun of my bare feet. Soon one of the squaws handed Okemos a pair of new, nicely beaded moccasins, and he asked me to put them on. I offered to pay for them, but he refused it. I then proudly walked around showing them in all their wigwams, greatly to their delight.

Since then I have been conversant with numerous tribes of Indians, but Okemos is the only Indian I ever knew to give a present to a white

man. I did not go barefoot again in Lansing. Then Okemos asked me to have a night hunt with him up the Cedar river. Three of us went in a large canoe, Okemos in the bow, I in the center, and another Indian in the stern to steer the boat. We rowed up about two miles and stopped until it was dark. The weather was warm and sultry, and mosquitoes very thick and tormenting. Torches were lighted and then the boat was permitted to slowly drift down the stream in complete silence. Okemos in the bow of the boat sat armed with a hatchet on a long handle. In a short time we saw the antlers of a large deer's head protruding out of the water, his body immersed to keep off the mosquitoes, and his eyes shining like two small brilliant stars. Before we reached him we discovered two more heads of submerged deers, all intently gazing at the bewildering lights, unconscious of danger until Okemos with his hatchet struck the antlered one in the head, then struck one of the others, which made such a splashing in the water as to frighten the third one away. Before midnight we were back to camp with two fine deer. This was the first time I took a hand in this kind of still hunt, though I had heard about it and practiced it on the lakes and rivers of the west years afterwards.

Okemos lived to be over 100 years of age, and died at one of his camps on the Looking Glass river east of DeWitt, his body lashed to his favorite pony and taken to Shim-le-con, an Indian mission village on Grand river, south of Portland, where it was buried.

After going home from Lansing and finishing up the fall work we bought eighty acres more of government land adjoining us on the east, and during the winter chopped twenty acres of that, burning a large part of the timber while green, gathering the ashes to make into "black-salts" by a neighbor who had an ashery and worked them up on shares. The black-salts were sold to merchants in Charlotte, who had them made into potash, then drawn to Marshall and shipped to Buffalo, where they were made into saleratus, ready to be shipped back to the merchants and sold to the same families who had cut the timber and burned the logs that made the ashes they had raked up to make the black-salts that made the saleratus that raised our pancakes.

In those days this was the only paying business the now very valuable hard timber could be put to by those early settlers, to get their land cleared. As an example of this, my oldest brother, George, filed on forty acres adjoining us on the north, and before the time for payment expired he had cut timber enough off from it and burned into ashes to make black-salts to sell to pay for the land. Fever and ague

was very prevalent in Michigan and hardly any family escaped it. Ague shakes were the fashion, quinine the remedy, some carrying it loose in the vest pocket handy to take a pinch at any moment while at work. My mother said she finally wore out the ague after a ten year's fight, by the bitter help of that drug, and every fall all the children of our family but me were sure to have it, and seeing the example of it around me so much I became an expert in imitating the shakes, but never had a genuine experience of the bone-rattling, teeth-chattering, flesh-burning, which no amount of resolution, and perspiration, quinine and cold water could fully prevent. Still young people of today must not think we young people of those days had no fun. Amusements of various kinds were common, such as young people and children play in all ages and countries. Besides in that new country then we had our house and barn raisings, huskings, apple-parings, spelling matches, coon hunts and other sports not known now, having become obsolete with the passing of pioneer days—amusements in which old and young participated.

Eaton county had sixteen townships, which were divided into four election precincts of four townships each. In our precinct, comprising the townships of Windsor, Benton, Oneida and Delta, the first election was held at the house of Walker Nichols, five miles south of Grand Ledge and twelve miles southwest of Lansing, ten years before the capitol was located there.

At this first spring election, township officers were to be elected for one year. Of course, it brought together all the men and queer characters from all those four townships. Prominent among them was a man by the name of Bailey, living about two miles north of Charlotte, one of the first settlers in the county, noted as a violin player, and a very social and agreeable fellow among the settlers.

Some had come on horseback, and for amusement Bailey offered to run a race of ten rods on foot, with a heavy fence rail on his shoulder, against a man from near Delta on horseback, the bet to be a gallon of whisky. The Delta man being a temperance man and Christian, to his honor and consistency refused to bet with whisky, or make any bet at all, but consented to the race, the conditions of which were to be that Bailey, bearing on his shoulder the rail, selected by a committee, from among the largest ones on Mr. Nichols' fence, was to start one rod in rear of the horse to get under way, and on getting even with the horse the word "go" was to be given and both start together. Bailey won the race and ever after went by the name of "Rail Bailey." Shortly

after this he went to the store in Charlotte to get a pair of rubber boots. Finding a pair that fitted him, he put them on and walked out into the mud and came back with them covered with it, and told the merchant that they suited him, and he would like to keep them but had no money to pay for them. The merchant replied that as he had soiled them so badly that no one else would buy them, he would have to keep them and pay when he could. Early settlers say that he never paid for the boots.

That same spring a new doctor with his family came to Charlotte and Bailey employed him in his family. When his corn was ripe the doctor wanted Bailey to take a hog he had received for doctor's fees, that had been fatted in part on beechnuts and fat it on corn, then kill and dress it for half. Bailey consented, told him to bring the hog out next day, and he would have a place ready. When the hog came he put it in the pen, fed it corn that night and next morning, then killed and dressed it, and took the doctor his half, saying it was fat enough for his own use, and he thought for the doctor's too. The doctor was angry but could do nothing but make the best of it, and said afterwards that the story, circulated all over the country, gave him such a reputation that he had no lack of patronage, and helped him more than anything else. I cannot vouch for the truth of all these stories, but such persons and incidents originated much of the gossip, story-telling, laughter and amusement of people in those days of scattered neighborhoods, sparce populations, few books and newspapers, over a wide territory where people met, or visited, or exchanged work with each other.

In the spring and summer of 1848, the jobs to open the State road from Battle Creek to Lansing, I had helped to survey, were let to different parties. Among them were four men by the name of Gilkey, living near Lansing, who took two miles of it near our home, making their headquarters at our house. I took a contract of them to build eighty rods of the road one mile east of our farm for which I was to have $250 in State land scrip, good for 200 acres of State land anywhere in Michigan. I was in my seventeenth year, and strong and rugged for one of my age. I first cut the timber four rods wide, then cleared the center of the road one rod wide of stumps taken out by the roots. Twenty rods of the road had to be causewayed with logs twelve feet long. I always took my dinner and gun with me and once during my nooning killed a deer near where I was at work. After finishing my road job I sold $100 worth of my scrip in Lansing for $20 cash,

and with the remainder located eighty acres of land in Kent county, and forty acres in Shiawassee county near Corunna.

During the winter of 1848 and 1849 we cut twenty acres of timber, burned most of it to ashes to make black-salts and saleratus.

The California gold excitement at that time was taking many men out of the country, and would have taken nearly all the young men if they had the means to go with. I was only seventeen years old, but tried every possible way to get some money to go with. I had 120 acres of land, but could not raise any money on it, as nobody had any to loan or buy with.

In the spring we made 300 new sap troughs out of split ash logs hewed out with an ax and charred inside to keep them from leaking, tapped 400 maple trees, made 800 pounds of sugar to exchange for goods and family supplies, and in the summer harvested ten acres of wheat with grain cradles, threshed it with a horse-power machine, and then had the fine crop of over 300 bushels for use and market.

Four miles east of us in Windsor township, was a log school-house, in the woods, where in October a boy six years old by the name of Wright was attending school and in returning home got lost in the woods. Settlers living nearest by looked for him that night in vain. The next day people for miles around were notified, and about 200 men joined in the search. They found where he had lain over night, and during the day found his cap two miles southwest of the school-house. Next day fifty more men from Eaton Rapids joined in the search. Towards night on the third day, I was on the extreme right flank of the searching party and about three miles from the school-house south of Taylor's lake, near the head of Thornapple river where the willow brush were very thick, when some one at my left fired at a deer. Instantly not more than ten feet from me, something sprang up in a thick clump of willows that for a moment I supposed to be a wild animal, but quickly saw it was the boy, and at once shouted that he was found. He was so frightened and exhausted that he could not speak, and his feet were badly frost-bitten. We carried him to the nearest house, where he was treated by a doctor who was in the searching party, and then taken to his home. But the boy never fully recovered from the shock and exposure. Four years after this the boy was a scholar, in the same school-house, of Miss Diantha O. DeGraff, the girl I would not leave behind me, and married her in 1858, and still live with her, in 1906.

Hunting bee trees for honey was another business the settlers engaged

in to some profit in the fall and winter. There were three methods of doing it quite successfully. One was to make a box with a glass top to slide, put some honeycomb with honey in it and leave the slide open, and set it in the sun in the woods where the bees would find it, fill up with the honey and fly straight for their homes. The hunter would take his ax and mark the trees in line with the flight of the bees, then close the box with some bees in it, move some distance to the right, or left, in the sunshine, open the box and line the bees from that point, and where the second line crossed the first the bee tree was sure to be found near.

Another way was to follow their line of flight in a warm day and when near the tree detect them by their buzzing. Or, when there was snow on the ground, take a warm sunny day when the bees would come out, and some of them get chilled and fall down on the snow and ground.

In the spring of 1850, I was still hoping some way would open to enable me to go to the gold fields of California. In the meantime one of love's occasional romances occurred. My oldest brother, George, in attending one of the log-house dancing parties met a young lady by the name of Gladden. It was a case of love at first sight, and they were married the same month, and he at once built a log-house for himself on his forty acres adjoining us, and was living in it the month after their marriage, though still working and managing our mother's farm.

In the following spring while making sugar, some differences occurred between us on that subject, I wanting to work the farm and he claiming I was too young. That left me nothing to do but obey the orders of my brother, with which I was not satisfied, thinking that my mother and brother were not giving me the privileges at home to which I was entitled. There was helping me that spring in our sugar-making a young man twenty years old by the name of John Verplank. He was the oldest of eight children, in a very poor family living on a new farm one mile from us.

To him I confided my troubles, and as he and his father did not agree very well together, he said he was planning to leave home and look out for himself, but his father would not give his consent, and he said he should leave even if he had to run away. We finally agreed to go off together the following night, go to Jackson, forty miles, on foot, and see if we could not get work on a farm, or in Jackson on the railroad. The next night we filled the large potash kettle full of sap, left it boiling, took our best suit of clothes tied up in a bandanna hand-

kerchief, besides a fresh loaf of bread and a dozen fried-cakes to eat on the way, and a cake of sugar, each having about the same outfit. We each also had about three dollars in silver. On reaching Jackson the next day at noon, we went to a hotel, and told the landlord we were looking for work. He said he had a farm near Jackson and wanted to hire some men to split rails for fifty cents a hundred and board. We told him we were from the Eaton county woods and accustomed to that work. After an agreement with him, he gave us our dinner, wrote an order to the tenant on his farm, gave us the directions, and we reached the place about 3 o'clock and found an Irish family in possession. The man gave us tools, took us to the woods, marked the trees we were to cut and split, and we worked until night, cutting logs eleven feet long, had a good supper, slept well, and early next morning after breakfast went to split up the logs we had cut, but found the white oak so very tough that after working very hard all day we had split less than 200 rails. The next day we worked until noon, and told the Irishman that we could make no wages on such timber, and would have to quit unless our wages were raised. He took his horse and went to Jackson, to consult the landlord, but came back saying there would be no increase in our pay. We told him he was welcome to the 300 rails we had split, but on leaving he gave us fifty cents each, and we took the railroad track and walked to Grass Lake, where we took a freight train to Ann Arbor, working our passage by helping to unload freight along the way. At Dexter we heard of a farmer two miles out, who wanted to hire two men, we went there, helped him do his chores that evening, took supper with him, and then he told us he could pay us but five dollars a month besides board and washing. We told him we could do better. We staid all night, and helped him do his chores for lodging and breakfast, when he offered us six dollars a month, which we declined, and walked on to Ann Arbor, where we tried to get work on the railroad, but were told we were too young.

We now concluded we had made a mistake in leaving home, and decided to return, unless on our way back we could find a good job. We walked to Whitmore lake and staid over night with a good farmer, then went on west through a good farming country, paying our way with work, and on the seventh day from leaving home reached Eaton Rapids and found one of our neighbors who had come to get a grist ground and had to stay over night to get it done, and that he had two bushels of corn to get ground for my mother, that I had shelled just before I left. I asked him what she said about my leaving home. She

told him that I thought too much of my mother to stay away long, and then said to me: "Your mother will be glad, but not surprised to see you return." We slept on the mill floor that night and next day we rode home with this neighbor, where I was warmly welcomed by all our family, fully convinced that my troubles were mostly imaginary, and that there was "no place like home." Verplank was not so well received, his father telling him he had hoped he would not return. In August of that year the "bloody flux" or dysentery raged, and among the many settlers who died, were my young friend John Verplank and three younger sisters. All the people were greatly alarmed nobody could be had to help take care of the sick and those who died had to be buried at night by the county coroner, without any funeral ceremonies. After my return home from my futile journey away I diligently made up all lost time and learned to value home as never before, gave up all wild boyish habits and notions and concluded it was time to make more of a man of myself and do the best I could at home. So much so that when I was twenty years old my mother and brother obtained means for me to fulfil my long desire of going to California by the overland route with ox-teams, taking a hundred and sixty-five days, with many adventures. In closing this pioneer story I will copy an extract of a letter from my mother written when eighty years old to a grandson, Pitt R. Potter, a business man of New York City who had spent much time in tracing the ancestry of the Potter family and published a pamphlet on it (with promise of more to come) of much value to the relatives. After a sketch of her Michigan life, she closes by saying: "I kept my family with me until they became men and women and neither of my five boys, to my knowledge, have ever used liquor or tobacco, and all have good homes and families." Thus she fulfilled her purpose formed when my father died and kept the family together until she saw them all married and gone and a village of five hundred population built up on the old farm and named after our family, and then went to live with her oldest daughter in plain sight of her old home, where she died at the remarkable age of eighty-three, considering all the labors, trials and hardships she had gone through in a new country. Neither my father or my mother ever united with any church organization, but I believe they were Christian people, believing and doing to others as they would have others do to them, and died as they had lived, in the full belief that all mankind would be ultimately saved.

FRANCIS MIRIAM BERRY WHITCHER, (Widow Bedott).

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF FRANCES MIRIAM BERRY WHITCHER, AUTHOR OF "WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS."

BY HER DAUGHTER, ALICE MIRIAM WOOD.

In giving this short sketch of the life and writings of my mother, I must first speak of her ancestry, which sheds light on other phases of her character than the humorous side. The Wells family, originally from England, later settled at Saybrook, Conn., and still later the original founders of Cambridge, Mass., were among her direct ancestors. Her grandfather, Edward Wells, and six sons were in the revolutionary war. My mother's mother, Elizabeth Wells, married Lewis Berry, whose family early settled in New Jersey.

In this manner my mother's ancestry may be said to have been strictly colonial on both sides. My mother's father, having endorsed notes for a friend in Cambridge, lost thereby most of his property, and was compelled to move away from Cambridge and seek some spot where he could make a living for his young and growing family. He selected Whitesboro, then the county seat of Oneida county, New York. I well remember my aunt's telling me of the journey from Cambridge to Whitesboro. It was made in a sleigh, in the depth of winter. This was before my mother's birth. Most of the way was through the woods, bordered each side by a rail-fence.

"Father, see the black man leaning on the fence," said my aunt, then a small child. My grandfather looked, and whipped up his horses, for the supposed black man was an immense bear.

Arrived at Whitesboro my grandfather opened a hotel, known afterwards far and wide as Berry's Tavern. Here boarded Judge White and Judge Storrs, and other leading lights of the New York bar. At first my grandfather was, legally speaking, "on the limits," as was customary in those days with people not able to pay their debts. That is, according to law then, a person in debt was forbidden to go more than a certain number of miles in any direction from home until his debts were paid. But Berry's Tavern prospered well and my hard-working grandfather was soon off the limits and allowed to wander at his own sweet will.

My mother was born November 1, 1811, and was the youngest of thirteen children, most of whom lived to reach years of maturity.

My grandfather, whose stern, Puritan face looks down at me from an old oil portrait in my home, was a Presbyterian of the strictest sort, more feared than loved by his children. This was before the abolition of slavery in New York state, and my grandfather owned several slaves. In this connection I have heard my aunts tell a most laughable story. My grandfather was much more considerate of the feelings of his slaves than of those of his children, and the members of the family were strictly forbidden to use the word "nigger" when speaking to or of a slave. The expression "colored gentleman" was sometimes substituted for the obnoxious term. My Aunt Katherine, then a little maid in her high chair at the table, concluded she wanted some vinegar. But she didn't want to say "vin-nigger," lest she injure the feelings of the waiter. So, turning to the ebony hued attendant behind her she said very politely—"Please hand me the vin-colored-gentleman."

Of her childhood, my mother not long before her death, wrote to a friend, "I received at my birth the undesirable gift of a remarkably strong sense of the ridiculous. I can scarcely remember the time when the neighbors were not afraid I would 'make fun of them.' For indulging in this propensity I was scolded at home, and wept over and prayed with by certain well-meaning old maids in the neighborhood, but all to no purpose. The only reward of their labors was frequently their likenesses drawn in charcoal and pinned to the corners of their shawls, with, perhaps, a descriptive verse below. Of course, I had not many friends, even among my own playmates. And yet, at the bottom of all this deviltry there was a warm, affectionate heart. If any were really kind to me, how I loved them!"

"I think now," she says, "I was not properly trained. My errors should have been checked in a different way from that which was adopted. I ought to have received more tender treatment. I became a lonely child almost without companionship, wandering alone for hours in the woods and fields, creating for myself an ideal world, and in that ideal world I lived for many years. At times I was melancholy, almost to despair. My reserve and sadness were called haughtiness and pride."

It is strange that in almost all humorous writers there should exist this strong vein of melancholy. Of my mother I have personally no recollection; she died when I was a baby, but I know that no one could have been more tenderly loved than she was by her sisters who talked to me by the hour of my mother. They certainly must have been a merry family, eleven girls and boys growing up together; I have numer-

ous scrapbooks compiled by my aunts, full of humorous verse and caricature portraits of the various admirers of the seven girls, who certainly must have had many happy times together. Of my mother's school days my Aunt Katherine thus speaks:

"Her first teacher was a sour-faced woman who knocked the alphabet with her thimble into the heads of a little group of unruly children at so much per quarter, with small love and no just appreciation of the dawning minds under her care."

In addition to other branches, sewing was taught, and the little Miriam was told by her teacher to bring some kind of work to busy herself with in school. "So, being furnished with a long, narrow strip of old muslin, she went prepared to take her first lesson in the art of 'scalloping.' How steadily the small hands stitched away until the child was summoned by her serious faced teacher to the table to have her work inspected. What was the teacher's amazement at discovering that Miriam had adhered but a very little way to her pattern, when, leaving it entirely, she had worked a long row of heads on her muslin, after a stitch of her own choosing. 'What a pity,' said the careful woman, who spoke with a strong nasal accent, 'to waste all that ere nice muslin! Jest take it home and fetch some old stuff tomorrer, and work it good, tew; don't make any more o' them heads.'"

Later on, in what was known as the academy, a very different sort of instructor was in charge, a kindly man whose rule was much more lenient. But even the young Miriam's slate "did not always present the sums in addition duly set, which it ought. The stiff, tallowed locks and long nosed visages of the serious, matter-of-fact young men, intently poring over their Virgils and Latin grammars on the opposite side of the room, were oftener transferred by her pencil to its surface. She could no more keep from drawing a striking or peculiar set of features than she could stop her heart's beating, but she had no thought of giving pain, and was unwilling to have her pictures seen. Sometimes a mischievous companion, possessing herself of one, would display it. If the unfortunate subject had the happy faculty of taking a joke, he passed it off with a laugh. But a matter-of-fact, shy, sensitive youth regarded Miriam with insuperable dread. There was one bashful youth who, finding himself graphically set forth with the quiet, imaginary addition of a parasol over his head, and bows with floating ends on his coat-tails, left school in dismay, and did not again attend."

Her copy book bore occasional scraps of original verse, while the margins were adorned with heads and various devices.

In the art of drawing my mother never had a master, and this fact was deeply regretted by her in her later years, as she believed that, with proper instruction, she might have excelled in this line. All the illustrations in "The Widow Bedott Papers" are her unaided work. I often think that, had she lived in the present time, she would have found her work as a cartoonist, for the combination of witty conceptions and the power of putting those conceptions into adequate pictures is found in very few persons. The men who excel in this line are making fortunes in the field of journalism, and as for the women, while there are many illustrators, I do not recall a single successful cartoonist.

From what I have heard my aunts tell of the former inhabitants of my mother's native place, I think there must have been many decidedly original characters among them, such as would lend themselves readily as subjects to my mother's trenchant pen. Now-a-days people seem so much of a sameness; in our public schools all are educated to be about alike in feelings and in conduct. It takes a great and unusual experience of some description to change one man materially from his fellow men. But in those old days it was different, the commonplace man or woman was the exception, not the rule. Among the many "queer" people in Whitesboro at that time were Dr. and Mrs. Moseley, the grandparents of Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield. My favorite amusement when I was a child was to climb on my Aunt Cornelia's knees and beg, with shuddering horror, for the story of "wicked Mrs. Moseley." Then my aunt would tell of Mrs. Moseley's treatment of her slaves, the terrible and unusual punishments she contrived for them, and how finally an indignant populace lifted a ladder to the window of old Dinah and her baby and spirited them away to Holland Patent where Mrs. Moseley never could get at them again. These and many other stories of old days in Whitesboro I was never tired of hearing. It is easily seen that, in a town full of original characters, my mother could find much material for her clever delineations.

My mother began the writing of "The Widow Bedott Papers" before she was married, while still in her girlhood home. She was so sensitively modest, indeed so unaware of her remarkable talent as a humorist, that Mr. Neal, proprietor of Neal's "Saturday Gazette," in which these sketches first appeared, found it difficult to encourage her sufficiently to make her continue the work. He writes to her thus:

"My Dear Correspondent Bedott:

"Your last contributions have been received and are truly welcome.

The 'Gazette' is again deeply your debtor. I regret to find that Duberly Doubtington has cast a glamour over you about continuing in the comic vein, just at the moment, too, when all the world is full of Bedott. Our readers talk of nothing else, and almost despise 'Neal' if the widow be not there. An excellent critic in these matters said to me the other day that he regarded them as the best Yankee papers yet written, and such is indeed the general sentiment. I know, for instance of a lady who, for several days after reading one of them, was continually and often at the most inopportune times, bursting forth into fits of the most violent laughter, and believe me, that you, gifted with such powers, ought not to speak disparagingly of the gift which thus brings wholesome satire home to every reader. It is a theory of mine that *those gifted with truly humorous genius, like yourself, are more useful as moralists, philosophers and teachers than whole legions of the gravest preachers. They speak more effectually to the general ear and heart, even though they who hear are not aware of the fact that they are imbibing wisdom.*

"To be sure, if you have more imperative duties I should be the last to wish that you should neglect them, but if your hesitations arise from other scruples, it appears to me that if you were to weigh them well, they may be found mere intangibilities. But of all this you, of course, must be the judge, and any interference on my part would be intrusive and impertinent.

"I would add that Mr. Godey called on me to inquire as to the authorship of the 'Bedott Papers,' wishing evidently to obtain you as a correspondent to the 'Lady's Book.' I declined giving him the name until I had consulted you, checking the selfish impulse that would have denied him, that I might monopolize a correspondent so valued. Would you like to hear from him on the subject?

"Think on it, then, before yielding up the pen of comedy, but in any event, whether you conclude to be either serious or comic.

"Believe me ever yours,

"JOSEPH C. NEAL."

That Mr. Godey afterwards succeeded in securing my mother for the "Lady's Book" is seen from a number of her sketches which appeared in those pages under the title of "Aunt Maguire's Experience." These later writings were practically a continuation of the "Bedott Papers," bringing in the same scenes and characters.

January 4, 1847 my mother was married to my father, Benjamin

Williams Whitcher, an Episcopal clergyman, and accompanied him to his charge, Trinity church, in Elmira, New York. While there she wrote "Aunt Maguire's Experience" for "Godey's Lady's Book," then in the height of its popularity. Elmira was then but a village containing a number of rising, money-making families, with comparatively little refinement. The church had never kept any minister long, and its spiritual condition was more conducive to long-suffering than to kindness. The sewing societies were favorable to gossip, and all the petty faults of narrow communities were in a flourishing condition. So it happened that the inconsistencies of the congregation began to make merriment for the readers of the "Lady's Book."

While those who were ludicrously portrayed were ignorant of the portrayal, all went well, but in an ill-advised moment my father made known to some one the identity of "Widow Bedott." Then there was a great social row, my father was asked to vacate his pulpit, and great wrath was kindled against my unfortunate mother. And yet she was a most kindly woman, who never willingly gave pain to any. Quick insight enabled her to discern the motive of the hypocrite, and the pen of the ready writer did the rest. Probably no portraitures meant more to her than the representation of certain types, and in some cases the personification of certain faults common to mankind were not intended as likenesses, though the guilty accepted them as such.

Her life in Elmira, where she left so many smarting from wounded vanity, was that of a quiet, Christian woman. "She was faithful to every duty" says an Elmira woman of her, "and humbly did her best in her position."

My mother was very quiet in her dress, and it is an Elmira tradition that she wore the same bonnet during the entire time of her stay, about two years. Whether or not this is true, she makes one of her characters "set off" the minister's wife thus: "She's stuck to that old straw bunnit an' ever lastin' stripid dress all winter." I have a daguerreotype of my mother taken in the same old "stripid dress."

My elder sister, Mary, was born while my parents lived in Elmira. She lived only a short time.

An Elmira lady, trying to get some information about my mother among the old families of Elmira wrote me some years ago of a call she had made on a member of a decayed family who had known her. To my correspondent's inquiry she responded energetically: "Know her? Yes; she was an awful woman. She slandered everybody. It was awful. She put me and my sister in her book. We were the Peabodys."

"But," said the lady, "she didn't say much about the Peabodys."

"Of course she didn't," the irate old body replied. "You'd a thought our family didn't amount to anything. We were just as prominent as any of them, and I guess we were thought as much of!" Which proves that she who chooses her characters among live people and is caught at it will equally displease the over sensitive whether she writes about them or severely lets them alone.

Although my mother could but know that every one was merry over her clever delineations, she seems never to have taken delight in her talent. She wrote from Elmira:

"I am heartily sick of Bedotting and Maguiring, and only wish I might be permitted to write more sensible things." Like so many other of the world's best humorists she had by nature a strain of deep sadness. Being a very devout churchwoman, her favorite writing was religious verse. Professor Frederick M. Bird of Lehigh university, in making a selection from my mother's hymns for the "New York Independent," says: "To judge from her hymns, her life was a perpetual passion week." Among several of these hymns published in the "Independent" and written, as she said, "during a period of suffering," I select the following:

"Afflict me, Father, let the heavy rod
Fall on my sinful head;
I would not shun the sufferings of my God
Whose blood for me was shed.

Afflict me, Father, I will take the cross
Unmurmuringly and still
By Thy good help, and bear all earthly loss
If I may do Thy will.

Aye, slay me, Father, and I will not fear
The coming of Death's dart,
If I may see the Lord's kind angel near
To strengthen my weak heart."

It is indeed strange that one so gifted in many ways should be so diffident about her own ability, so shy and retiring as she always was, so deprecatory as to her own talents.

I recall once when I was at the house of an aunt, being then quite young, my aunt said to me: "Here is an old friend of your mother's, Alice, who wants to see you." The old lady examined me for some time

in silence, then said in a disappointed tone: "Ye hain't so smart as yer mother, be ye?" and I was forced to admit the justice of the criticism.

And yet, there never was a child who mourned an unknown mother more than I did. I was a baby when she died, and before I was four years old my father brought home a step-mother. I well remember slipping away from the house night after night, climbing the long hill that led to the old "burying ground," threading my way without a thought of fear among the deserted graves till I reached the sidehill where rested a little stone bearing the simple legend, "Mary and her Mother." There I would seat myself on mother's grave and reason thus:

"If I have faith even as a grain of mustard seed I might say to these hills: 'Be thou cast into the sea,' and they would drop right into the Mohawk river. So if I have faith and shut my eyes for a long time, when I open them I shall see my dear mother." So I would close my eyes tightly, only to open them with the same barren result. I always laid my lack of success in this my dearest wish to my not having the requisite amount of faith. And even now, when I go into the home of a friend, I envy her not her imported rugs and costly pictures, but when I see my friend's mother sitting by the fireplace, holding, it may be the youngest grandchild on her knee, then indeed do I feel that I have been defrauded by fate of that greatest blessing life can know, a mother's tender love.

Five years from the day she was married my mother was buried in the family lot at Whitesboro. She had lived less than forty-one years. Her death was caused by the white scourge, consumption, she having been ill many years.

I have in my possession a crayon portrait, done by an excellent artist. She was tall, slender, with dark eyes and a wealth of dark hair. Of a photograph taken from this picture a writer of literary biographies says:

"Before me is a photograph taken from an old time portrait. It is of a woman, young and intellectual. The hair is combed smoothly down at the sides of a high forehead and covers the ears in an ugly fashion. But an ugly fashion cannot spoil the charm of the face, which is a perfect oval, made beautiful by a merry mouth and large, luminous eyes. Whenever I stop to study this photograph I have a feeling that the pictured woman could tell me something funny if she would, or that she would break into a radiant smile could I but perpetrate a bit of wit."

When Mr. Neal wrote my mother, begging a description of his favorite contributor, she returned a rhyming reply, part of which runs in this fashion:

"Hands and feet of respectable size,
Mud colored hair and dubious eyes."

To me she has always lived in heart if not in memory as the incarnation of beauty as well as of wit, genius, devotion and affection. It was with a decided sense of pleasure that I accepted the invitation to come before you and give this short sketch of my mother's life. Someway it seems to push back the dark shadow of oblivion which at last engulfs all mortals save those few commanding geniuses whose footsteps echo "down the corridors of time." If my mother failed to make her name immortal among the laughter loving, it is because time grows forgetful with years, like the rest of us. The writing of this paper, poor and inefficient as it is, has been a joy to me because it has seemed to bring her spirit back into communion with that of the child she loved so well and dreaded so to leave.

In one of Hezekiah Bedott's spells of moralizing "after he begun to enjoy poor health," we quote: "He says to me, says he, 'Silly,' his name for Priscilla because it was handier. He says to me, says he, 'Silly,' says I, 'What.' If I didn't say 'what' when he said 'Silly,' he'd a kept on saying 'Silly' from time to eternity." To get thus far in the conversation four pages have been taken up by interjected sentences; now follows another page before she remarks: "But I was gwine to tell you that observation o'hisen. Says he to me, says he 'Silly' (I could see by the light of the fire there didn't happen to be no candles burnin' if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgitful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles exceptin' when we had company), I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was uncommon solemnized. Says he to me, says he, 'Silly,' I says to him, says I, 'What,' he says to me, says he, '*We're all poor critters!*'"

Carline Gallup a "manty maker" marries Jo Bennet and moves to Ganderfield, where he was killed by falling off from a hay-stack and "comin' kersmash onto a jug that was a settin' on the ground aside o' the stack. The spine of his back went right onto the jug and broke it—broke his back, I mean—not the jug,—*that* wa'nt even cracked, curus! wa'nt it? 'Twas quite a comfort to Miss Bennet in her affliction, 'twas a jug she vallyed—one 'twas her mother's."

Mrs. Bedott consoled the widow with the following poem:

O Ganderfield!
Where is thy shield
To guard against grim Death?
He aims his gun
At old and young,
And fires away their breath!

One summer's day
For to 'tend tew his hay
Mr. Bennet went to the medder—
Fell down from the stack—
Broke the spine of his back,
And left a mournin' widder!

'Twas occasioned by his landin'
On a jug that was standin'
Alongside o' the stack o' hay—
Some folks say 'twas *what was in it*
Caused the fall of Mr. Bennet,
But ther ain't a word of truth in what they say.

Leaving Wiggletown the Widow Bedott goes to visit a sister, Mrs. Maguire, who lives in Scrabble Hill. While there she learns that the Baptist minister has recently been bereaved of his beloved consort, so laying aside her violent prejudice against the Baptists, she cultivates the acquaintance of the elder, calling at his home occasionally in the evening in order to converse uninterruptedly on religious subjects.

"Dear me," she says, "it's awful tryin' to be without a companion, as I remarked in some stanzys I was a writin' t'other day.

What sittiwation can be wuss
Than not to have nobody to care for *us!*
Riches and honors that most folks prize
Ain't of no vally in my eyes
In comparison with a congenial heart,
In all our consarns to take a part;
To recipperate all our buzzum's emotions,
And to take the lead in our daily devotions.

Ain't them your sentiments, elder?"

Hugelina, another valued correspondent of the "Scrabble Hill Luminary," also a devoted admirer of Elder Sniffles, writes as follows concerning the elder's bereavement:

As droops the frail effulgent flower,
By wintry breezes tried—
So, in an onexpected hour,
Dear Misses Sniffles died.

No more her sorrowing pardner hears
The voice he loved below,
While tears, unmitigated tears
Reveal his bosom's woe.

In that respect such grief as hisen
Is different from my own,
Which, in my heart's dark, mournful prison,
Lies ranklin' unbeknown.

Widow Bedott concludes to offer some of her "poims" to the Poet's Corner of the weekly "Luminary," and the following appears:

K. K.—CAN'T CALCULATE.

What poor short-sighted worms we be—
For we can't calculate
With any sort of sartintee,
What is to be our fate.

These words Priscilla's heart did reach
And caused her tears to flow,
When she heard the elder preach
About six months ago.

How true it is what he did state,
And thus affected her,
That nobody can't calculate
What is a gwine to occur.

When we retire, can't calculate
But what afore the morn
Our housen will conflaggerate
And we be left forlorn.

Can't calculate when we come in
From ary neighborin' place,
Whether we'll ever go out agin
To look on natur's face.

Can't calculate upon the weather,
It always changes so;
Hain't got no means of telling whether,
It's gwine to rain or snow.

Can't calculate with no precision
On naught beneath the sky;
And so I've come to the decision,
That 'tain't worth while to try.

PRISCILLA.

The ultimate success of the widow over her maiden rival is graphically portrayed in the following triumphant epithalamium:

TO SHADRACK.

Priscilla the fair and Shadrack the wise
Have united their fortunes in the tenderest of ties;
And being mutually joined in the matrimonial connection,
Have bid adoo to their previous affliction.

No more will they mourn their widdered sittiwation,
And continner to sythe without mitigation;
But pardners for life, to be parted no more,
Their sorrers is ended, their troubles is o'er.

"O Shadrack, my Shadrack!" Priscilla did speak,
While the rosy red blushes surmantled her cheek,
And the tears of affection bedoozled her eye,
"O Shadrack, my Shadrack, I'm yourn till I die!

The heart that was scornful and cold as a stun,
Has surrendered at last to the fortinit one;
Farewell to the miseries and griefs I have had,
I'll never desert thee, O Shadrack, my Shad!"

The widow hearing of the illness of Elder Sniffles sends him this poetical consolation:

O reverend sir, I do declare,
It drives me most to frenzy,
To think o' you a lyin' there
Down sick with influenzy.

A body'd thought it was enough
To mourn your wife's departer,
Without such trouble as this 'ere
To come a follerin' arter.

But sickness and affliction is trials sent
By the will o' a wise creation,
And always ought to be underwent
With fortitude and resignation.

Then mourn not for your pardner's death
But to submit endevver;
For s'posen she hadent a died so soon,
She couldent a lived forever.

O, I could to your bedside fly,
And wipe your weepin' eyes,
And try my best to cure you up,
If 't wouldent create surprise.

It's a world o' trial we tarry in—
But elder don't despair;
That you may soon be movin' agin,
Is constantly my prayer.

Both sick and well, you may depend
Youle never be forgot,
By your faithful and affectionate friend,
PRISCILLA POOL BEDOTT.

Captain Canoot is one of the Wiggletown worthies for whom the widow "sets her cap," but who successfully eludes her pursuit.

Of "the tune o' Haddam" the widow says:

"Didn't know I ever writ poitry? How you talk! Used to make lots on't; hain't so much late years. I remember once when Parson Potter had a bee, I sent him an amazin' gret cheese, and writ a piece o' poitry and pasted on top on't. It says:

Teach him for to proclaim
Salvation to the folks,
No occasion give for any blame
Nor wicked people's jokes.

And so it goes on, but I guess I won't stop to say the rest on't now, seein' there's seven and forty verses. Parson Potter and his wife was wonderfully pleased with it, used to sing it to the tune o' Haddam."

She resorts to the elder for religious instruction

The widow resorts to the elder for religious instruction.

Widow Bedott retires to a grove and sitting on a log sings plaintively this song, which is overheard by the elder and an engagement follows:

Ere love had teeched my tears to flow,
I was oncommon cherful,
But now such misery I dew know
I'm always sad and ferful.

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
All on a summer's day!
But O, my comforts was destroyed,
When Shadrack crossed my way!

I heerd him preach—I heerd him pray—
I heerd him sweetly sing,
Dear suz! how I did feel that day!
It was a dretful thing!

Full forty dollars would I give,
If we'd continnerd apart—
For though he's made my sperrit live,
He's surely bust my heart!

THE BENCH AND BAR OF MACOMB COUNTY.

BY DWIGHT N. LOWELL.

Having been appointed at a meeting of the bar association, December 11, 1905, with instructions to prepare and report a complete list of the attorneys of Macomb county I submit this report in compliance therewith. The motion under which such appointment was made only contemplated a list of those attorneys who should be found to have received authority to practice law as disclosed by the journals of the courts. At the outset it became apparent that the scope of the motion was too narrow and that the list should include the names of those attorneys who have been residents of the county and as well of the earlier attorneys who were not admitted to practice in this county, but who had served in the capacity of district attorneys or prosecuting attorneys in the county. I have therefore prepared a list of all attorneys whose names appear upon the journals of the court as having been admitted to practice and supplemented such list with a list of all known attorneys resident in the county and as well, those who by the order of the court have been appointed as prosecuting officers though not residents of the county.

I have thought it best and desirable to number the attorneys admitted to practice in this court consecutively in the order of admission, giving the date of admission and also the journal and page where the order may be found.

The list of attorneys not admitted to practice as appears from the examination of the court journals has been prepared with care and all pains taken to make it complete and accurate, giving so far as known date and place of admission to practice. The dockets issued for the several terms of the circuit court since 1870 have been consulted and also the history of Macomb county issued in 1882, which, though inaccurate and unreliable in some particulars, nevertheless has been of service, particularly as to the early practitioners at this court.

The journals of the court have been examined page by page from the first journal entry July 10, 1818 down to the year 1861 and all of the indexes of the journals since that date, and while it is possible that some order of admission to practice may have been overlooked, still we believe the list to be accurate and complete of the attorneys admitted to practice by this court.

A circular letter was prepared and sent to all who had been attorneys resident of Macomb county whose present address is known, asking for the date when and court where they were admitted to practice, and the replies so far as made are the basis and authority for those whose names appear in the supplemental list of attorneys of this court.

The authority for the dates of admission of others has been obtained partly from personal knowledge or from correspondence, and partly in biographical sketches when found, and the best information obtainable when not found, and the endeavor has been to make the list accurate and complete.

While I have been engaged in the work of preparation of the lists of the attorneys of the county it has occurred to me that such lists should be supplemented with an abstract of the legislation from time to time had under which the courts have been organized and held.

This would naturally lead to and include a list of those judges who have been judges of the territorial and county courts and the circuit courts of Macomb county since the organization of the county.

The legislation relative to the courts held in Macomb county will necessarily and naturally divide into the territorial and ante-territorial legislation and the legislation under the State constitutions of 1835 and 1850.

ABSTRACT OF LEGISLATION.

The territory of Michigan was created and its boundaries defined by the act of congress[1] approved January 11, 1805.

Section 2 of this act provided: "That there shall be established within the said territory, a government in all respects similar to that provided by the ordinance of congress, passed on the thirteenth day of July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, for the government of the territory of the United States northwest of the River Ohio;" and by an act passed on the seventh day of August, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, entitled "An act to provide for the government of the territory northwest of the River Ohio; and the inhabitants thereof shall be entitled to and enjoy all and singular, the rights, privileges and advantages granted and secured to the people of the

[1]Mich. rev. laws, 1833, p. 32.

territory of the United States northwest of the River Ohio, by the said ordinance."

By referring to the ordinance of 1787 for the government of the territory northwest of the River Ohio we find the basis of all the acts relative to the courts in Michigan during the territorial period.

It is there enacted:[1] "There shall be appointed a court to consist of three judges, any two of whom to form a court, who shall have a common law jurisdiction, and reside in the district, and have each therein a freehold estate in five hundred acres of land, while in the exercise of their offices; and their commissions shall continue in force during good behavior.

"The governor and judges, or a majority of them, shall adopt and publish in the district such laws of the original states, criminal and civil, as may be necessary and best suited to the circumstances of the district and report them to congress from time to time; which laws shall be in force in the district until the organization of the general assembly therein, unless disapproved of by congress; but afterwards the legislature shall have authority to alter them as they shall think fit."

The power and authority vested in the governor and judges was as is seen, to continue until the formation of the legislative council as provided for contingently when the territory should possess the requisite population.[2]

In 1825 congress passed an act[3] approved March 3, providing for a legislative council and conferring upon such council all of the powers granted to the governor and judges.

By section 4 of this act, provision was made for a general assembly and that the powers of the legislative council should thereafter cease and determine.

The first legislative council was convened by proclamation of Governor Lewis Cass at Detroit, the first Monday of June, 1824, and was held pursuant to act of congress[4] March 3, 1823.

At the second session of the council an act[5] was passed providing for the election of members of a legislative council.

The county of Macomb was created and its boundaries defined by a proclamation of the governor, January 15, 1818,[6] and the county seat designated by commissioners appointed for that purpose, was in like manner located and confirmed by proclamation,[7] March 11, 1818.

At the date of the creation of Macomb county there still remained

[1] Mich. rev. sts., 1833, p. 24.
[2] Mich. rev. sts. 1833, p. 25.
[3] Ter. laws of Mich. vol. 1, p. 315.
[4] Rev. stats. of Mich. 1833 p. 37 and ter. laws, vol. 2, p. 804.
[5] Ter. laws, vol. 3, p. 259.
[6] Ter. laws, vol. 2, p. 796.
[7] Ter. laws, vol. 1, p. 324.

in force the provision of the act of Oct. 24, 1815 which provided for the holding of courts of justice.

Under the provisions of that act:[1] "A county court shall be established and to be held by one chief and two associate justices, either of whom shall form a quorum: and this court shall have the original and exclusive jurisdiction in all civil cases both in law and equity where the matter in dispute exceeds the jurisdiction of a justice of the peace, and does not exceed the value of one thousand dollars. But the county court shall have no jurisdiction in actions of ejectment.

"Sec. 2. The county court shall have exclusive cognizance of all offences, the punishment whereof is not capital and the same power to issue remedial and other process, writs of error and mandamus excepted, as the supreme court have."

This court was also given appellate jurisdiction from judgments of justices of the peace.

Upon this organization of the county and under the authority of the act of 1815, Christian Clemens was appointed chief justice and Daniel LeRoy and William Thompson associate justices of the county court, the first session[2] of which was held at the house of Christian Clemens in the village of Mt. Clemens, July 10, 1818, and following the opening and holding of this court on July 13, 1818, the first attorney of Macomb county, Ezra Prescott, was by the order of the court licensed and admitted to practice as an attorney-at-law and solicitor in chancery.

The county court thus provided for and organized continued with charges in its jurisdiction until the adoption of the constitution of 1835 when it was abolished December 14,[3] but the circuit courts were by section 2[4] to have two associate judges.

In 1831 the jurisdiction over criminal matters was entirely cut out of the county courts and such jurisdiction conferred upon the circuit courts of the several counties by act[5] approved March 4, 1831, and an additional term of the circuit court was provided for.

In the act[6] approved April 21, 1825 it was provided: "That the supreme court of the territory should consist of three judges to be appointed and commissioned by the president of the United States."

Section 5 of the act provides: "That there shall be circuit courts to be held in each of the respective counties hereinafter named, the duties of which court shall be performed by one of the judges of said supreme court * * *."

[1] Ter laws, vol. I, p. 184.
[2] Journal No. 1, p. 1.
[3] Laws 1836, p. 34.
[4] Laws 1836, p. 30.
[5] Laws of 2nd session of Fourth Leg. Coun., p. 49.
[6] Vol. 2, Ter. laws of Mich., p. 264.

By section 6, it was given exclusive jurisdiction of all demands in excess of $1,000.00, and concurrent jurisdiction with the county court for demands under $1,000.00, and of ejectment and capital offenses and concurrent jurisdiction with the county court of all other crimes. It was given appellate jurisdiction from the county courts in civil cases.

By section 10, all laws then in force which were applicable to the provisions of the act were made to apply to the circuit courts.

The county of Macomb by section 11 was to be one circuit, with courts to be held at Mt. Clemens, the first Tuesday after the third Tuesday of October.

By section 21, it is provided that the act should not be construed to abolish or abrogate the several county courts.

It would be well for all if the oath provided for in section 22[1] were to be now taken and conscientiously and scrupulously adhered to in the administration of justice:

*"To administer justice without respect to persons and to do equal right to the poor and to the rich and faithfully and impartially to discharge and perform all the duties incumbent on him as a justice according to the best of his abilities and understandings * * * and he shall have the same endorsed on his commission."*

By section 27, provision was made for the holding of the county courts. The act contained many provisions relative to pleadings and matters of practice.

By section 63 the time of holding county courts in Macomb county was fixed for the 1st Monday in February and 2nd Monday in July.

In 1833 an act[2] establishing circuit courts was passed, and approved April 15, 1833.

Under this act a circuit court was to be held in each organized county east of Lake Michigan and was to be called "The Circuit Court of the Territory of Michigan"; and each county so organized was to constitute a judicial circuit; a judge was to be appointed, who should be a person learned in the law and resident of the territory and who should reside in the circuit after his appointment. The act[3] further provided for the appointment of two associate judges.

General common law and chancery jurisdiction was conferred upon this court.[4]

By section 21 of this act,[5] the time of holding the circuit court for

[1] Vol. 2, Ter. laws p. 264-9.
[2] Rev. sts. 1833, p. 180.
[3] Rev. stat. sec. 1.
[4] Id. secs. 5-6.
[5] Id. p. 186.

Macomb county was fixed for the 3rd Monday of July and January of each year.

It must not be forgotten that by an act of the legislative council approved April 23, 1833 it was provided that when no person appeared in behalf of the United States or territory of Michigan the court should appoint an attorney to prosecute.[1]

This provision is important, because some of the names of attorneys, in the lists hereto attached have their standing as attorneys of this court, by reason of appointment under the authority so conferred upon the court.

The provision for the admission of attorneys to practice may be found in Vol. 1, Ter. Laws, pp. 12-181-248 and 681; also Vol. 2, Ter. Laws pp. 79-414 and Rev. Sts. 1883 p. 226.

In addition to the county courts and circuit courts mentioned under the provisions of an act approved April 23, 1833, provision was made for the supreme court of the territory, to consist of three judges to be appointed and commissioned by the president of the United States and by section 5, the terms "of the superior circuit court" of Macomb county was fixed for the second Tuesday of August in each year.

This in brief covers the period of the territorial courts and acts relating to said courts.

On the second Monday of May, 1835, in pursuance of the act of the legislative council, approved January 26, 1835, section 5,[2] the delegates who had been chosen, met for the purposes of forming a constitution and preparing for admission of Michigan into the Union as a State,[3] and the constitution formed was accepted by an act of congress, June 15, 1836, conditionally; the conditions were assented to by the State of Michigan in convention, assembled at Ann Arbor, December 15, 1836, and the State formally admitted by act of congress approved January 26, 1837.[4]

Notwithstanding the date of formal admission was January 26, 1837, the people of the State of Michigan, under the constitution of 1835, by their representatives duly elected and assembled were assuming the rights, powers and jurisdiction of statehood and enacting laws which purported to be enacted "by the senate and house of representatives of the State of Michigan."[5]

[1] See also Act approved April 22, 1833, vol. 3, ter. laws p. 1095.
[2] Vol. 3, ter. laws p. 356.
[3] Rev. sts. 1838 p. 34.
[4] Rev. sts. 1838, pp. 29-32.
[5] See session laws 1835-6.

The following[1] is the provision of that constitution, article 6, section 4, relative to county courts and circuit courts:

"Judges of all county courts, associate judges of circuit courts and judges of probate shall be elected by the qualified electors of the county in which they reside, and shall hold their offices for four years."

The legislature in 1836 passed an act[2] creating a supreme court and circuit courts.

By section 2 of the act it was provided: "There shall be established and holden a circuit court in each of the organized counties of this State twice in each year, except as hereinafter provided; and this State shall be divided into three circuits, and one of the judges of the supreme court shall perform the duties of circuit judge in each of said circuits. There shall be two associate judges elected in each county by the qualified electors thereof, for the term of four years, and who shall be residents of the counties for which they shall be so elected."

The jurisdiction was the same as conferred by the act of 1833 heretofore referred to.

By section 5,[3] the counties of Wayne, Macomb, St. Clair, Lapeer, Michilimackinac and Chippewa constituted the first circuit, and the terms of court of Macomb county were the fourth Monday of April and October.

By section 14,[4] the supreme court of the territory, superior circuit courts and the circuit courts, and all courts of record were abolished.

July 26, 1836, an amendatory act[5] was passed but it in no wise changed the jurisdiction or organization of the circuits but did change the dates of holding the courts in Macomb county to the fourth Tuesday of April and October.

The chancery jurisdiction was conferred by the act[6] approved March 26, 1836.

We find in the revised statutes of 1838, p. 411, provision made for the admission of attorneys by the supreme and circuit courts:

1st. When licensed by a court of record in the United States; 2nd. When the applicant had regularly and attentively studied under some attorney in the State for three years; 3rd. Upon examination in open court or by a report of a committee appointed by the court to make such examination.

By section 15 (p. 411) the applicant was required to take the constitutional oath in open court "and such license shall be entered on

[1] Rev. sts. 1838, p. 40.
[2] Laws of 1836, p. 30, approved March 26, 1836.
[3] Sec. 10, laws 1836, p. 38.
[4] Id. p. 34.
[5] Laws 1836, p. 36, sec. 2.
[6] Laws 1836, p. 38-41.

the journal of the proceedings of the court, and the name of the person licensed shall be entered on a roll to be kept by the clerk for that purpose."

By section 17 every attorney so admitted was entitled to practice in every court of law in the State, "on causing his name to be entered by the clerk of the court in which he shall appear and practice."

The revision of 1846 provided for both circuit courts, (p. 353) and county courts, (p. 377).

The first circuit[1] was composed of the counties of Monroe, Wayne, Macomb, Lapeer, St. Clair, Mackinaw and Chippewa.

By section 2 the supreme judges were required to hold a circuit court in each county twice in each year and by section 5 they were required to fix and appoint the times of holding such circuits, to remain unchanged for two years. By chapter 90, (p. 356) the several circuit courts were created chancery courts within their respective counties.

By chapter 92, p. 377, the county courts were established and a county judge provided for, to hold office for four years; also an additional judge in each county, to be called the second judge, to serve when the judge was interested, absent or otherwise unable to serve. The court[2] was given jurisdiction in civil actions where the damages did not exceed $500.00, excepting ejectment; also appellate jurisdiction from justices courts.

The supreme court and circuit courts[3] were given the power to license attorneys to practice.

Section 30 provided that: "Every person admitted to practice as an attorney and counselor at law shall take the constitutional oath of office in open court, and subscribe the same in a roll or book to be kept by the clerk for that purpose."

Under the constitution of 1850[4] the judicial power was vested in one supreme court, in circuit courts, justices of the peace and municipal courts.

By the provisions of section 10, C. L., 1857, p. 79, the circuit courts become vested with jurisdiction over all proceedings in law or equity, pending in the county courts and circuit courts of the several counties.

By an act[5] approved April 8, 1851 the circuit courts were rearranged and the sixth judicial circuit created, composed of the counties of St. Clair, Macomb, Oakland and Sanilac.

[1] Rev. sts. 1846 p. 353.
[2] Sec. 3, p. 378.
[3] Chap. 95, secs. 27-32 p. 423-424.
[4] Art. 6, sec. 1, C. L. 1857 p. 58.
[5] C. L. 1857, p. 992.

By an act[1] approved March 18, 1869, the 6th judicial circuit was rearranged and made to consist of the counties of Oakland and Lapeer and the 16th judicial circuit created composed of the counties of Macomb, St. Clair, Sanilac and Huron.

In 1881 by an act[2] approved May 3, 1881, the 16th judicial circuit was formed out of the counties of Macomb and St. Clair.

In 1891[3] St. Clair county was made the 31st judicial circuit and Macomb county the 16th judicial circuit.

The law[4] providing for the admission of attorneys to practice since the adoption of the constitution of 1850 remained substantially the same until the act creating a State board of examiners.

Section 30[5] provides: "Every person admitted to practice as an attorney and counselor at law shall take the constitutional oath of office in open court and subscribe the same in a roll or book to be kept by the clerk for that purpose."

Substantially the same provisions are found in Howell's Compilation, Vol. 2, p. 1826, and continued in force until the act passed in 1895.

By act No. 205, S. L., 1895, p. 375, the regulations and practice previously existing were abrogated.

Under this act[6] provision is made: "1st. For admission of graduates of the University of Michigan and Detroit College of Law to practice at the bar of all courts of the State. Such graduates may be admitted on motion to supreme court or to any circuit court and upon taking the oath the clerk is required to issue under the seal of the court a certificate of admission to the bar.

2nd. For admission of practicing attorneys of other states.

3rd. Every person of full age resident of and a citizen of the United States may be admitted upon motion in open court upon producing the certificate of the board of examiners as provided in section 4."

We have thus hurriedly and briefly gone over the legislation relative to the courts and laws for the admission of attorneys to practice for the purpose in part at least that a better understanding might be had of the results obtained and reported in the lists of judges, attorneys admitted to practice by this court and attorneys appointed by this court under existing provisions of law at the dates of appointment.

[1] S. L. 1869, p. 68.
[2] S. L. 1881, p. 100.
[3] S. L. 1891, p. 28.
[4] C. L. 1857, pp. 1116 and 1119. C. L. 1871, pp. 1643 and 1647.
[5] C. L. 1857 p. 1116. C. L. 1871, p. 1643.
[6] Miller's Comp. § 1122.

The following are the judges of the territory of Michigan from its organization in 1805[1] down to the creation of Macomb county, 1818:

Augustus B. Woodward.... Chief Justice
Frederick Bates..... Sen. Asst. Justice
John Griffin..... Justice
James Witherell..... Justice

The following are the judges of the county and circuit courts of Macomb county from 1818 to 1906:

Christian Clemmens. Chief Justice 1818-29
Daniel Le Roy... Asst. Justice 1829-1833
Calvin Davis..... Asst. Justice 1826
Daniel Thurston..... Asst. Justice
William Thompson..... Assistant Justice
Zepheniah W. Bunce..... Asst. Justice
Ellis Doty..... Asst. Justice
James Connor..... Asst. Justice
Elisha Harrington..... Asst. Justice
Henry Chipman..... Cir. Judge
William Woodbridge..... Cir. Judge
Solomon Sibley..... Cir. Judge
William A. Fletcher..... Cir. Judge
Ross Wilkins..... Cir. Judge
George Morell..... Cir. Judge
William A. Burt..... Asst. Justice 1833
Willard Guild..... Asst. Justice 1833
Samuel Axford..... Asst. Justice 1836
Horace Stevens..... Asst. Justice 1836
Azariah Prentiss..... Asst. Justice 1840
Hiron Hathaway..... Asst. Justice 1840
Jacob Summers..... Asst. Justice 1844
Alexander Tackels..... Asst. Justice 1844
John J. Leonard..... Asst. Justice 1846
Charles Marble..... Asst. Justice 1846
Alfred Ashley..... Asst. Justice 1848
Hiram Andrews..... Asst. Justice 1848
Abner C. Smith..... Asst. Justice 1850
Samuel P. Canfield..... Asst. Justice 1850
Benjamin P. H. Witherell..... Cir. Judge
Daniel Goodwin..... Cir. Judge
Warner Wing..... Cir. Judge
Joseph T. Copeland..... Cir. Judge 1852
Samuel T. Douglass..... Circuit Judge
Sanford M. Green..... Cir. Judge 1858
James S. Dewey..... Cir. Judge 1867
William T. Mitchell.... Cir. Judge 1869-1872
Edward W. Harris..... Cir. Judge 1873-1881
Herman W. Stevens.... Cir. Judge 1882-1887
Arthur L. Canfield.... Cir. Judge 1888-1893
James B. Eldredge..... Cir. Judge 1894-1899
James G. Tucker..... Cir. Judge 1900-1905
Byron R. Erskine..... Cir. Judge 1906

Under the law[2] relative to the 16th and 31st judicial circuits the following judges of the 31st judicial circuit are properly included in any statement of the circuit judges of the 16th judicial circuit:

Samuel W. Vance..... elected Cir. Judge Apr. 13, 1899.
O'Brien J. Atkinson..... appointed Cir. Judge May 19, 1899.
Frank Whipple.. appointed Cir. Judge Apr. 13, 1900.
Nahum E. Thomas..... elected Cir. Judge Nov. 16, 1900.
Harvey Tappan..... appointed Cir. Judge Apr. 19, 1902.
Eugene F. Law..... appointed Cir. Judge Aug. 6, 1901.

The following are the district and prosecuting attorneys of Macomb county since its organization:

Ezra B. Prescott..... 1818-1820
George A. O'Keeffe..... 1820-1828
Alexander D. Fraser..... 1828-1832
Robert P. Eldredge..... 1832-1834
Cornelius O'Flynn..... 1834-1838
Dewitt C. Walker..... 1838-1840
John J. Leonard..... 1840-1842
Harleigh Carter..... 1842-1844
William T. Mitchell..... 1844-1846
Andrew S. Robertson..... 1846-1850

[1] Vol. 1. and 2 ter. laws of Mich.
[2] Miller § 290-292.

Giles Hubbard.....1850-1856
Giles Hubbard.....1858-1860
Giles Hubbard.....1864-1866
Richard Butler.....1856-1858
Elisha F. Mead.....1861-1862
Thomas M. Crocker.....1862-1864
James B. Eldredge 1864-1866 and 1871-1875
Edgar Weeks.....1867-1870
George M. Crocker.....1877-1880
Irving D. Hanscom.....1881-1882
Dwight N. Lowell appointed May 26, 1882 to Jan. 21, 1883
Franklin P. Monfort.....1883-1888
James G. Tucker.....1889-1892
Oscar C. Lungerhausen.....1893-1894
John A. Weeks.....1895-1898
Franc C. Kuhn.....1899-1904
Allen W. Kent.....1905-1906

The following are the clerks of this court since the organization of the county:

John Stockton.....1818-1825
Thomas Brandon.....1825-1826
R. S. Rice.....1826-1828
Robert P. Eldredge.....1829-1830
Richard Butler.....1830-1836
Amos Dalby.....1836-1846
Robert Thompson.....1847-1848
Ira Stout.....1849-1850
Theron Cudworth.....1851-1852
John S. Fletcher.....1853-1854
Perrin Crawford.....1855-1856
John B. Ellsworth.....1857-1858
Henry O. Smith.....1859-1864
James Whiting.....1865-1866
William M. Connor.....1867-1870
Charles S. Groesbeck.....1871-1878
William L. Dickens.....1879-1882
Watson W. Lyon..... 1883-1886 and 1891-2
Frederick C. Kettler.....1887-1890
Edward D. Weiman, Jr.....1893-1894
Milo W. Davis.....1895-1898
Harvey P. Edwards.....1899-1902
Charles C. Bradley.....1903-1906

The following is a list of all attorneys whose names appear upon the journals of this court as having been admitted to practice by its order with date of admission and reference to journal:

			Journal	Page
1.	Ezra Prescott	July 13, 1818	1.	1
2.	Spencer Coleman	July 10, 1820	1.	17
3.	Thomas Ashley	July 11, 1820	1.	18
4.	George O'Keeffe	Feb. 5, 1821	1.	30
5.	Samuel B. Beach	Feb. 5, 1822	1.	40
6.	Charles Nobles	Feb. 5, 1822	1.	40
7.	Willian A. Fletcher	July 8, 1822	1.	44
8.	George McDougall	Feb. 3, 1823	1.	48
9.	Henry Chipman	Feb. 7, 1825	1.	100
10.	Origen D. Richardson	Sept. 3, 1827	1.	113
11.	Elias B. Sherman	July 7, 1829	1.	133
12.	Jacob M. Howard	July 16, 1833	2.	13
13.	Franklin Sawyer, Jr.	July 16, 1833	2.	13
14.	James F. Joy	Apr. 12, 1837	2.	158
15.	Dewitt Clinton Walker	Apr. 12, 1837	2.	158
16.	Royal P. Crouse	Apr. 12, 1837	2.	158
17.	Solomon Lathrop	Apr. 14, 1837	2.	181
18.	Prescott B. Thurston	Apr. 14, 1837	2.	181
19.	Edward P. Harris	Oct. 12, 1837	B.	53
20.	Henry D. Terry	Apr. 11, 1838	B.	65
21.	Peter S. Palmer	Oct. 17, 1839	A.	39
22.	John J. Leonard	Oct. 16, 1839	A.	30

			Journal	Page.
23.	Abner C. Smith	Oct. 16, 1839	A.	30
24.	John A. Hillis	Oct. 19, 1839	A.	54
25.	James L. Conger	Apr. 15, 1840	A.	72
26.	Charles B. H. Fessenden	Apr. 17, 1840	A.	81
27.	Giles Hubbard	Apr. 5, 1843	A.	231
28.	Sylvester Larned	Apr. 4, 1845	A.	316
29.	Andrew S. Robertson	Oct. 14, 1846	A.	[illegible]
30.	Lafayette L. Jones	Oct. 7, 1851	B2.	3[illegible]
31.	Perrin Crawford	June 20, 1851	B2.	
32.	James B. Eldredge	June 15, 1858	B2.	
33.	Thomas M. Crocker	Jan. 17, 1859	B2.	[illegible]
34.	Dayton Andrews	Oct. 24, 1859	B2.	459
35.	Edgar Weeks	Jan. 12, 1861	B2.	[illegible]
36.	William A. Lewis	Jan. 12, 1861	B2.	
37.	Irving D. Hanscom	Apr. 4, 1866	C.	
38.	William Jenney, Jr	June 28, 1867	C.	
39.	Michael Stapleton	Oct. 19, 1867	C.	
40.	Spencer B. Russell	Aug. 28, 1868	C.	
41.	James Reardon	June 15, 1869	C.	
42.	Dwight N. Lowell	June 15, 1869	C.	
43.	William M. Connor	Oct. 28, 1869	C.	
44.	George M. Crocker	April 12, 1870	C.	
45.	Lewis M. Miller	Nov. 14, 1871	D.	
46.	Franklin S. Abbott	Nov. 14, 1871	D.	
47.	Chauncey R. Canfield	Feb. 8, 1873	D.	
48.	Dewitt C. Merriam	Feb. 2, 1875	D.	
49.	Oscar S. Burgess	Feb. 17, 1875	D.	
50.	Samuel S. Babcock	May 10, 1876	D.	
51.	Frank C. Lamb	Aug. 3, 1876	D.	
52.	Charles G. Conger	May 2, 1877	D.	
53.	Silas B. Spier	May 16, 1877	D.	
54.	Frank F. Williams	Feb. 11, 1879	E.	
55.	Giles H. Hubbard	May 4, 1880	E.	
56.	Addison G. Stone	May 4, 1880	E.	
57.	William Selfridge	May 4, 1880	E.	
58.	Charles H. Hutchins	Aug. 24, 1880	E.	
59.	Martin Crocker	Aug. 24, 1880	E.	
60.	James G. Tucker	Aug. 24, 1880	E.	
61.	Arthur Sleeper	May 10, 1881	E.	
62.	Seward L. Merriam	Jan. 19, 1886	F.	
63.	Milton D. Brice	Jan. 17, 1887	F.	
64.	Robert F. Eldredge	Oct. 15, 1888	F	
65.	Thomas E. Cade	Nov. 5, 1889	[illegible]	
66.	John A. Weeks	Aug. 7, 1893	C	[illegible]
67.	William S. Jenney	Aug. 9, 1895	H	[illegible]
68.	William T. Cross	June 21, 1904	J	[illegible]
69.	Howard J. Hall	1893		

The following is a list of the attorneys resident in Macomb [illegible]ty and including those who, as appears from the journals of the [illegible]ourt have been appointed district or prosecuting attorneys since the organ-

ization of the court and whose names do not appear in the lists of attorneys admitted by order of this court:

1. Alexander D. Fraser.....Journal 1, page 100.
2. Charles W. Whipple.....Oct. 12, 1830.
3. William T. Mitchell.....Admitted Genesee Co., N. Y. Oct. 12, 1839.
   Richard Butler.
   Harleigh Carter.
   C. O'Flynn.
   B. F. H. Witherell.
   Henry T. Backus.
9. Robert P. Eldredge.....Admitted Ter. S. C. 1828.
   Aaron B. Maynard.....Admitted Burlington, Vt., 1842, Mich., 1855.
   Elisha F. Mead.....Admitted, Burlington, Vt., 1847, Mich., 1855.
   Seth K. Shetterly.....Admitted, Washtenaw, 1843.
   Samuel S. Gale.....Admitted, Oakland, Dec. 15, 1846.
   Daniel B. Briggs.....Admitted, Mass., 1850, Mich. 1853.
   William H. Clark, Jr.....Admitted, Lapeer, Sept. 4, 1858.
   Lorenzo G. Sperry.....Admitted, New York, Oakland.
   Andrew J. Abbey.....U. of M., 1861.
   Joseph Chubb.....U. of M., 1862.
   Edward R. Campbell.....U. of M., 1863.
   Alex. Campbell.....U. of M., 1863.
   Arthur L. Canfield.....S. C., 1866.
   Marshall D. Ewell.....U. of M., 1868.
   George A. Waterbury.....U. of M., 1869.
   John L. Starkweather.....U. of M., 1870. Washtenaw, March 23, 1869.
   Horace G. Snover.....U. of M., 1871. S. C., 1871.
   Harry B. Hutchins.....U. of M., 1876. Washtenaw, July 6, 1876.
   Bert C. Preston.....U. of M., 1881. Wayne, March 24, 1881.
   Laura A. Woodin.....U. of M., 1882.
   Franklin P. Monfort.....U. of M., 1880. Washtenaw, March 22, 1880.
   William L. Crisman.....U. of M., 1882. Washtenaw, 1882.
   J. H. Drake.....U. of M., 1883. Washtenaw, 1883.
   Byron R. Erskine.....U. of M., 1887. Washtenaw, June 13, 1887.
   Oscar C. Lungerhausen.....U. of M., 1887. S. C., April 14, 1887.
   Floyd E. Andrews.....Clare Co., Nov. 9, 1899.
   Seth W. Knight.....U. of M., 1890. Washtenaw, June 20, 1890.
   Frank J. Hole.....U. of M., 1892. Washtenaw, June, 1892.
   Warren S. Stone.....U. of M., 1893. Washtenaw, June 10, 1893.
   Lafayette H. Bates.....U. of M., 1893. Washtenaw, June 10, 1893.
   Charles C. Thorington.....U. of M., 1893. Washtenaw, June 10, 1893.
   Jorge E. Eckert.....U. of M., 1893. Washtenaw, June 10, 1893.
   Franz C. Kuhn.....U. of M., 1894. Washtenaw, May 26, 1894.
   Louis C. Lewis.....U. of M., 1894. Washtenaw, 1894.
   Thomas J. Bowers.....Oakland, Jan. 8, 1895.
   John M. Johnston.....U. of M., 1896. Washtenaw, June 1896.
   Homer E. Allor.....U. of M., 1895. Washtenaw, June 1, 1895.
46. Henry J. McKay.....U. of M., 1895. Washtenaw, June 1, 1895.
47. Lloyd E. Reid.....Detroit Col. Law 1896, S. C., July 17, 1896.
48. William G. Bryant.....U. of M., 1897. S. C., April 1897.
49. Weed T. Starkweather.....U. of M., 1897. S. C. Feb. 3, 1897.
50. William T. Hosner.....U. of M., 1898. Washtenaw, June 20, 1898.

51. Winent H. D. Fox.....Detroit Col. Law, 1899. Wayne, April 24, 1899.
52. Alfred J. Parker.....Detroit Col. Law, 1899. Wayne, April 24, 1899.
53. Frederick C. Miller.....S. C., October 13, 1899.
54. Benjamin F. Wright.....U. of M., 1900. S. C., June 18, 1900.
55. William J. Dusse.....Detroit Col. Law, 1900. S. C., June 30, 1900.
56. Arthur E. Sweet.....S. C., December, 1900.
57. William T. Kelley.....Detroit Col. Law, 1902. S. C., June 14, 1902.
58. Edward A. Sumner.....S. C., April 19, 1903.
59. Clarence H. Nunnelly.....Detroit Col. Law, 1903. S. C., June 15, 1903.
60. Allen H. Kent.....Detroit Col. Law, 1903. S. C., June 15, 1903.
61. Charles H. Hummrick.....U. of M., 1903. S. C., June 16, 1903.
62. Bert V. Nunnelly.....U. of M., 1903. June 16, 1903.
63. William T. Sawn.....Detroit Col. Law, 1903. S. C., June 15, 1903.
64. Leslie Ullrich.....U. of M., 1904. S. C., 1904.
65. Abraham L. Cook.....S. C. April, 1904.
66. David Carl.....S. C. April, 1904.

So far as I am aware or have found there is but one instance during the existence of this county or court where the attempt has been made to create an attorney of this court by legislative enactment. That is in the case of Samuel B. Beach, whose name appears in the list of attorneys admitted to practice by the order of the circuit court of Macomb county.

Inasmuch as this invasion of the judicial department of the government by the legislative, stands solitary and alone in this respect, I have copied the act here in full as a curiosity. The following is the act:

"Section 1. Be it enacted by the governor and judges of the territory of Michigan that from and immediately after the passing of this act, Samuel B. Beach be, and he is hereby admitted to plead and practice in the several courts of law and equity in this territory, upon his taking the usual oath in such cases made and provided.

"The same being adopted from the laws of one of the original states, to-wit, the State of Georgia, as far as necessary and suitable to the circumstances of the territory of Michigan.

"Made, adopted and published at Detroit, this 31st day of August, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one.

"WILLIAM WOODBRIDGE,
"Secretary of Michigan and at present acting Governor thereof,
"JOHN GRIFFIN,
"One of the Judges of the Territory of Michigan,
"A. B. WOODWARD."

That this action of the governor and judges was not considered binding by the courts we conclude from the fact that thereafter February 5, 1822 he was duly admitted to practice by the order of this court as appears by the entry in journal 1, p. 40.

In addition to the foregoing names, from an examination of the

journals and the dockets issued since 1870 I find the names of the following as attorneys and members of the bar of Macomb county, but careful inquiry and search fail to verify the statements:

Thomas M. Bourne.....Journal A, page 5, Butler & Bourne, Attorneys.
David E. East.....Circuit Court Commissioner, 1865.
Harvey D. Burch.....Nov. Docket, 1870.
W. E. Leonard.
Merritt U. Hayden.

A letter from Judge Black of the St. Clair county bar questions the accuracy of the docket entry as to Leonard, and a letter from Mr. Hayden, while not positively denying the accuracy of the docket, states that he has no recollection of having been admitted on motion to practice in Macomb county.

I have included these names for the reason that I have found them given out by the clerk as members of the Macomb county bar.

Before closing this report I wish to submit to the bar association the following recommendations:

Under the present law[1] the authority is taken from the circuit courts to admit attorneys to practice upon examination but such licenses come from the presentation of a diploma upon motion, (Sections 1-3) and also on motion upon production of the certificate from the board of State examiners.

It will be seen that no provision is made in the cases where attorneys have already been admitted upon motion in any of the other circuit courts or supreme court.

For the purpose of keeping a proper record of the attorneys who have been and who shall hereafter practice before the circuit court of Macomb county, it is recommended that this association appoint a committee to present the matter to the circuit court for a standing rule or order.

1st. Ordering the clerk of the circuit court to procure a suitable book to be called the roll of attorneys in which the clerk shall transcribe the names of all of the attorneys who appear in the lists of attorneys heretofore practicing in this court with the dates and places of admission as they appear in this report.

2nd. That hereafter all other attorneys who shall appear to prosecute or defend causes in this court be required to produce the evidence of their authority to practice when first appearing in this court, and when the same is produced that they be on motion admitted to practice by order of this court and be required to sign the roll of attorneys of this court and give date and place of first admission to practice.

[1] Miller, chapter 39.

The labor imposed in making the preliminary examination and this report has been considerable, but if the results shall prove of service to the bar of Macomb county I shall feel more than repaid for all my labor and trouble.

MICHIGAN MEN IN CONGRESS: THE CHOSEN OF THE PEOPLE.

Brief Sketches of the Delegates, Senators and Representatives of the Territory and State of Michigan from 1819 to 1861; Beginning with the Sixteenth and Ending with the Thirty-sixth Congress.

BY EDWARD W. BARBER.

Now that the publications of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society are distributed to libraries throughout the State, thus making them conveniently accessible by many of our people, it seems to me that brief sketches of the public men who were prominent in political life and who for forty-two years represented its people and parties in the congress of the United States—this period covering an important part of and closing the first epoch of American history when slavery was an absorbing issue—in a single volume of the Society's Collections, is of sufficient interest to justify their compilation and preparation, thus rendering them of easier access than they are at present.

Rescuing the past from oblivion, gathering the scattered fragments relating to the men and events of Michigan, linking them into a continuous chain with the present which they helped to make, and preserving them in printed volumes, is the historical mission of this society. Most persons are so absorbed in the everlasting now that they take but little interest in the womb of time out of which it came as a logical, inevitable result. This State had its birth within the personal recollection of some who are yet dwellers on this earth. Back of this was a territorial organization, with a representation in congress that began eighty-seven years ago. Earlier than this were a few outposts, first of French occupancy and organization; then, after half a century, of English conquest. Still earlier, prior to the commencement of the eighteenth century, this was nature's untamed and unorganized terri-

tory, the home of the Indian, a vast wilderness, with lakes and rivers unvexed by the keels of commerce, and a history unknown and unknowable.

It is not strange, therefore, so recent are the beginnings of history, that the past has been regarded as possessing very little interest. The inhabitants of this country by alienation, revolution, war, and the upbuilding of a new political system, basing their government on the consent of the governed, separated themselves to a large degree from ancestral sympathy. If we go back seventy-five years we find that but slight attention was paid to family history. This lack of the looking-backward sentiment seems to have been a consequence of those fundamental ideas of equality which underlie all American institutions, and so great was the fear of appearing to be proud or self-important that men, as if by common consent, deemed it honorable to claim nothing because of their origin. Those who have attempted to trace family genealogies back no farther than to the beginning in this country have found it to be a difficult task. Ancestral worship is no part of American religion, as it is of the religion of some Oriental nations. Men who are proud of present achievements are apt to lack pride of birth. So, too, the men who shaped the civil policy of the State are apt to be forgotten in the press and stress of present occupations and ambitions.

It was 224 years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, in the autumn of 1844, that a little knot of antiquarians living in Boston, determined on the formation of the "New England Historic Genealogical Society." Prior to 1847 only thirty-two family pedigrees had ever been printed in America; and these, it is said, were for the most part limited in extent and inferior in character. No other organization in this country has entered the same field or undertaken the same work, and this shows how recent is the interest that has been taken in family and personal histories.

In Europe the culture of family history is limited, almost entirely, to chronicling the inheritance either of honorable titles or of landed estates. The genealogist of America knows nothing of the former, and since the possession of land confers no distinction in this country, the looking up of land titles has for its sole purpose the ascertainment of the fact that the chain or record is perfect. The individual is of no other significance. Now the desire of the average American is gratified if perchance he can trace his lineage back to some one of the handful of God-fearing men who were early colonizers in America. Michigan is not old enough, except in Detroit and a few other localities, for such

ancestral records. The men who laid the foundations of the State, those who have been the chosen of the people, were nearly all, at the outset, natives of other states, and we date back only eighty-eight years to the beginning of representation in the national congress.

At the close of the revolutionary war, by the terms of the treaty with Great Britain which acknowledged the independence of her rebellious colonies, signed September 3, 1783, Michigan became a part of the United States of America. At first it was included in the territorial government northwest of the Ohio, and was made subject to the anti-slavery ordinance of 1787. Ohio was segregated from the Northwest Territory by giving it a separate territorial government, May 7, 1800, and thereafter Michigan formed a part of the territory of Indiana until 1805, when the territory of Michigan, extending west to the Mississippi river, was constituted by act of congress. Already one century has passed since Michigan, under its own name, became an organized political entity. Although it became a part of the United States of America in 1783, Michigan was not surrendered by the British forces at once, but was occupied by them until 1796, when the Americans took formal possession of Detroit; and fourteen years passed, after its territorial government was instituted, before representation in congress by a delegate was granted. Thus from 1805 to 1819 it was an organized territory without congressional representation.

It will be observed that of the thirty-six different persons who have been delegates, senators and representatives in congress for its first forty-two years of representative government, none have been natives of the State. The earliest white settlements were made by Frenchmen under Pere Marquette and Cadillac. After it passed to the sovereignty of Great Britain in 1763, as a result of Wolfe's victory over Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham near Quebec, English colonization was meager. The completion of the Erie canal in 1825, opened a cheap and easy line of transportation from New England and New York to the region bordering upon the Great Lakes, and soon thereafter the wild lands began to be purchased and a large migration commenced. Michigan was largely colonized by the men of New England and New York—the Yankees and the "York Yankees" forming the bulk of the new comers.

The later immigration into Michigan was more widely scattered. At first there were but few foreign-born citizens. The construction of its railroads, the vast lumber interests of its splendid forests, the development of its rich iron and copper mines and the productiveness of its

soil, attracted a large number of people from Europe until finally more than one-fourth of its inhabitants were natives of that continent. Then came a marked change in the nativity of its representatives in congress. Of the whole number, thirty-six in all during the period from 1819 to 1861, twelve were natives of the State of New York; seven of Vermont; four of Massachusetts; two from each of the States of New Hampshire, Connecticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; one was a native of France, one born of American parents in South America, and one in each of the States of Maine, Rhode Island, Indiana and Kentucky—the entire list showing the cosmopolitan character of the prominent men who took part in the making of Michigan.

UNDER THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT.

The pioneer delegate in congress from Michigan was William Woodbridge, born in Norwich, Connecticut, August 20, 1780, his father becoming one of the early emigrants to the Northwest Territory, he went to Marietta, Ohio, with his father's family in 1791. His earliest education was received in Connecticut. After a residence of a few years in Ohio he returned to his native state and studied law at Litchfield, but was admitted to the bar of Ohio in 1806. Very soon after this his long and honorable official career commenced. In 1807 he was elected a member of the Ohio assembly; in 1808 was prosecuting attorney for his county, which office he held until 1814, and during that time was also a member of the State senate. In 1814 he received the unexpected appointment of secretary of the territory of Michigan from President Madison and moved to Detroit. From that time and for nearly half a century he was recognized and respected as one of the foremost and ablest citizens of the territory and state of his adoption. Indeed, he was one of the makers of the State. In 1819 he was elected delegate to the sixteenth congress, serving from December, 1819 into 1820, when he resigned that office. In Washington he was active in promoting the welfare of his constituents, says Charles Lauman. In 1828 he was appointed judge of the supreme court of the territory of Michigan and held the position four years; in 1835 he was a member of the convention that framed the first State constitution; in 1837 he was elected to the State senate; in 1839 he was chosen the second governor of the new State, the campaign cry having been "Woodbridge and Reform;" he was inaugurated January 7, 1840, and resigned February 23, 1841, having been elected United States senator on the third day of that month, holding the office from 1841 to 1847. He earned the reputation of being a

valuable working member of several committees, and his reports and speeches show an active participation in the legislation of the time. Daniel Webster, in a note to his speech on the Ashburton treaty, gave to Mr. Woodbridge the credit of making the first suggestion that was ever made to him for inserting in that treaty a provision for the surrender of fugitives from justice, under certain circumstances, upon the demand of foreign governments. The closing years of his honorable and useful life were spent in retirement at his home in Detroit, where he died October 20, 1861, the first year of the civil war which opened a new epoch in American history.

Hezekiah G. Wells of Kalamazoo, who knew Governor Woodbridge personally and well, wrote concerning him that he was "a learned man, great as a lawyer and distinguished in all the political positions he ever held," and that "no one has filled the office of governor of Michigan with more ability, more independence, and more integrity than William Woodbridge." Time dims the escutcheon of most men once prominent in public life; only a few names survive the centuries; but Michigan clearly obtained a creditable start in its representation in the federal congress when, in 1819, it selected Mr. Woodbridge.

Solomon Sibley of Detroit was chosen to fill out the unexpired term of Delegate Woodbridge in the sixteenth congress and was elected his own successor to the seventeenth congress. He was born in Sutton, Massachusetts, October 7, 1869; received a liberal education; studied law and went to Ohio in 1795, establishing himself first at Marietta and then in Cincinnati to practice his profession. It is said that at that early period Judge Burnet of Cincinnati and Solomon Sibley used to come on horseback through the Indian country from Cincinnati to Detroit to practice law in the summer court, swimming the streams and lying on the ground at night, their food being carried on a pack horse. In 1797, with his young wife, Mr. Sibley moved to Detroit, and for the remainder of his life that city was his home. He was elected a member of the first territorial legislature of the Northwest Territory. When, in 1815, Detroit became an incorporated city by an act of the governor and judges of the territory of Michigan, its government being invested in five trustees who chose one of their number for president, Mr. Sibley was elected its first president. We may well doubt, in the light of much experience, if as good a municipal government has been had, or has been possible, in all the changes and manipulations of charters that have since taken place.

In 1820 Mr. Sibley was elected the second delegate to congress from

Michigan, his service finishing out the year 1820 and extending to the fourth of March, 1823. The next year, 1824, he was appointed judge of the territorial supreme court and served in that capacity until 1836, when he resigned on account of deafness. March 18, 1830 he was named in the articles of association as a member of the first board of directors of a female seminary, with Lewis Cass, DeGarmo Jones, E. P. Hastings, C. C. Trowbridge, E. A. Brush, J. Kearsley, James Abbott, Charles Larned, H. U. Campbell, Henry Chipman and Edward Brooks as associates. In 1829 he was elected a member of the first Michigan State Historical Society, the charter of which was approved June 23, 1828, ten days before the compiler of this sketch was born. In the list of stockholders of the first bank at Detroit, organized in 1806, the name of Solomon Sibley appears as a subscriber for 100 shares. He was also a member of the Pontiac land company, which was formed November 5, 1818, to purchase lands and lay out a town thereon; in December, 1819, a road was laid out from the city of Detroit to the village of Pontiac, and on March 28, 1820, Governor Cass, by proclamation, declared the inhabitants of the county of Oakland entitled to all the privileges to which the people of other counties were enjoying, and established the seat of justice at Pontiac.

Other instances of Mr. Sibley's interest in the affairs of the territory and city of his adoption might be cited. Judge James V. Campbell, an eminent member of the State supreme court, says of him that he was one of the early settlers at Marietta, Ohio, and was the earliest American settler in Detroit after it was surrendered by the British in 1796, and "was a man of learning and wisdom, as well as great intellectual ability, and his influence in public matters and socially was very valuable."

One of the most prominent personages of this early period in the history of the territory of Michigan was Gabriel Richard, priest, teacher, editor, public officer, founder of schools, practical man of affairs, member of the territorial legislature, third delegate to congress, and finally a martyr to his devotion to duty. A brief sketch cannot convey an adequate idea of this remarkable man.

Born at Saintes, France, October 15, 1764, he was educated at Angiers, received orders at a Catholic seminary in Paris in 1790, and came to America after the commencement of the French revolution; served as professor of mathematics in St. Mary's college, Maryland; labored for six years as a missionary in Illinois, and came to Detroit in 1798. There was plenty of work for him to do in that frontier

town of western civilization. There was great need of a moral guide and teacher. Immediately after his arrival he gave the first impulse in the establishment of schools to educate the young of both sexes. Not only was he a pioneer in education, which had been sadly neglected, but he introduced the first printing press into Michigan, causing it to be brought over the mountains from Baltimore, Maryland, and on August 31, 1809, issued the first newspaper, with both French and English departments, that was printed west of the Alleghanies, the anglicised name of which was the "Michigan Essay or Impartial Observer." The name chosen indicates something of the character of the man. The paper was short-lived, only nine numbers were issued, but the press was used to print a prayer book, the laws of the territory, both in the French and English language, and for doing other work, among which was the proclamation of General Brock, the British commander, on taking possession of Detroit after its surrender by Governor William Hull during the war of 1812. Arrested and held as a prisoner of war because of his hostility to the invaders, he was taken across the river to Sandwich. During his captivity he used his influence with the Indians to prevent the torture of American prisoners who fell into the hands of the British on the surrender of Detroit. After his release, finding his people poor and destitute, he purchased wheat and gave it to those who were unable to buy bread.

In 1823 Father Richard was elected delegate to congress at the close of a spirited contest in which General John R. Williams and Major John Biddle were rival candidates. As a member of the eighteenth congress he was instrumental in obtaining appropriations for opening the Fort Gratiot road, the Pontiac road, the Grand River road and the Chicago road. In a new country the highway for travel is one of the first evidences of civilization. It was not for himself, however, that he served in congress, as he gave all of his salary to Ste. Anne's church in Detroit. He was a candidate for re-election to the nineteenth congress, but was defeated on the final canvass of the votes by Austin E. Wing who received a plurality of four votes, the canvassers, William Woodbridge, secretary of the territory; Robert Abbott, territorial treasurer, and Charles Larned, attorney general, finding that of the legal votes cast, Austin E. Wing received 728; Gabriel Richard, 724; John Biddle 689.

In June, 1828, Father Richard participated with others in organizing Michigan's first historical society. By request he opened one of the sessions of the first territorial council with a prayer that the "legisla-

ture would make laws for the people, and not for themselves," a prayer needed even more today than when it was uttered. He visited Mackinac, the grave of Pere Marquette, and posts of the Northwest Territory in those early days when traveling was an arduous task.

In 1832 Detroit was visited by the Asiatic cholera. It was a terrible scourge. Nearly one-half of its inhabitants were victims of the pestilence. The rest deserted the city through fear. Father Richard remained at his post, faithful to his flock, amid the dead and dying, administering the consolations of religion, night and day. At last he, too, was stricken down, and his death occurred September 13, 1832, at the age of sixty-seven years, eleven months and two days, after a residence in the city of thirty-four years and six months.

The "Detroit Courier," published in 1833 by Charles Cleland, said of Father Richard: "Though a European by birth he was an American in feeling, always evincing a firm attachment to American institutions and republican principles. The influence he exerted and the part which he took in the late war—that of 1812—evinced in an eminent degree the extent of his patriotism and the value he placed on American liberty."

The next territorial delegate from Michigan, serving in the nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-second congresses, was Austin E. Wing of Monroe. Born in Hampshire county, Massachusetts in 1791, he received a common school education, moved to Michigan, was sheriff of Wayne county in 1815, and was appointed deputy collector of the port of Detroit in 1816. In 1821 he was chosen one of the trustees of the First Protestant church of Detroit. A leading citizen of Monroe, Michigan, he was prominently identified with business interests, and in 1824, in partnership with Musgrove Evans and Joseph W. Brown, under the firm name of Wing, Evans & Brown, built a sawmill on the Raisin river at Tecumseh, putting it in operation in the fall of that year. In 1826 the same firm erected a grist mill at the same place, the first mills in Lenawee county. In 1827 Mr. Wing was one of the commissioners appointed to locate the county seat of Washtenaw county, the ninth one in the territory and the seventh one organized in four years. He was a member of the company formed to found and develop Pontiac, the county seat of Oakland county; he also took part in the formation of the first historical society; his name appearing in all the important movements of the early time, and for many years was prominent in the local affairs of Monroe. While serving as United States marshal for the district of Michigan he arrested Lord Selkirk. The political

contests of his time, the new territory having many ambitious and able citizens, were sharp and acrimonious. Both racial and religious questions entered into the contests. By only four votes he won the election in 1823, and it is said he owed his first election to the counting of some fourteen votes that were cast for A. E. Wing in Tecumseh, this number being all of the votes that were polled in Lenawee county that year. To have them finally canvassed in his favor he procured an affidavit from each voter that he intended to vote for Austin E. Wing. In the many allusions to him in early and more recent records he is frequently referred to as a very popular man and useful citizen. Mr. Wing died at Cleveland, Ohio, August 25, 1849.

The successor of Mr. Wing was Major John Biddle of Detroit, who was elected delegate to the twenty-first congress in 1829. Although a prominent citizen, taking part in all movements for the betterment of social and educational conditions, he seems to have been on the whole an unfortunate politician. In 1823, 1825 and 1827 he was an unsuccessful candidate for delegate to congress. His two years' service from 1829 to 1831 constituted the whole of his congressional career. Later he was a candidate for representative and senator in the congress of the United States from the State of Michigan, but some more popular competitor in each case won the coveted prize. A brother of Nicholas Biddle, famous as the president of the old United States Bank, the renewal of the charter of which caused a bitter contest in the early thirties during the administration of Andrew Jackson. Major John Biddle was born in Philadelphia, March 9, 1789; was an officer in the war of 1812, subsequently served as a paymaster of the army, and was also an Indian agent. Soon after moving to Detroit he began to take an active part in politics. In 1823, when first a candidate for delegate to congress, he was spoken of as "a new comer," and also as "register of the land office" in that city. In every movement of the time that indicated the growth towards a higher civilization he took a conspicuous part. He became a charter member of the first State historical society; on September 15, 1832, he delivered an address at its fourth annual meeting on the subject of a change from the territorial to a State government, and in 1837 was elected president of the society. He was a member and was president of the convention of 1835 that framed the first constitution under which Michigan was admitted into the Union on January 26, 1837. He served the public in many capacities, as school trustee, as mayor and as postmaster of Detroit, and yet, like many others fell short of the realization of his

highest ambition, a seat from the new state he had helped to organize in the United States senate. At one time he owned, by purchase from the government, 2,200 acres of land where the city of Wyandotte is located, and lived on this "farm park," as it was called, as he was a great lover of trees, with his family for ten years. The Biddle house in Detroit was named after him. Some of the later years of his life were spent traveling in Europe, and he died at the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia, August 25, 1859, in the seventy-first year of his age, after a residence in Michigan of about thirty-seven years.

It seems like getting much nearer to modern times to read that in February, 1833, at a democratic territorial convention held in Ann Arbor, composed of forty-six delegates from the counties of Wayne, Monroe, Lenawee, Washtenaw, Jackson, Calhoun, Kalamazoo and St. Joseph, LUCIUS LYON was nominated for delegate to congress, and at the ensuing election, held on the second Monday of July, he was elected, receiving 2,775 votes, to 2,179 for Austin E. Wing, and 1,803 for William Woodbridge.

Volume thirteen of the "Collections of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society" contains a "Sketch of Lucius Lyon" by George H. White of Grand Rapids, and volume twenty-seven has an interesting account of the "Life of Senator Lucius Lyon," by his nephew, George W. Thayer of Grand Rapids, together with a large number of his letters, carefully edited and introduced by L. G. Stuart; all of which are valuable because of the information they present as to public affairs during the formative period when Mr. Lyon was one of the most prominent and useful citizens of the territory and State. Of Mr. Lyon I can write from personal acquaintance during the last year of his life.

Born at Shelburne, Vermont, February 20, 1800, the son of a farmer, at the age of eighteen years he was studying civil engineering at Burlington, Vermont, at which he spent two years, and in 1821 came to the territory of Michigan. He executed contracts with the United States for surveying public lands, both within and without the present boundaries of Michigan, and when nominated for delegate to congress was engaged in establishing the northern boundary line of Illinois, the territory of Michigan extending at that time west to the Mississippi river. No other man was more familiar with all portions of the great territory than was Mr. Lyon. In public conduct and in private life he was a man of the strictest integrity, and he merited the confidence reposed in him by the people.

Mr. Lyon was a pioneer in many enterprises. At Bronson and School-

craft in Kalamazoo county, and at Lyon's in Ionia county, he improved and carried on large farms. In one of his letters he speaks of having one hundred acres of wheat and forty acres of oats; in another of having 30 acres of sugar beets, having imported the seed from France with the intention of making sugar; at an early date he prospected for salt; engaged in the work of making a canal on the east side of Grand river at Grand Rapids; aided in building the first steamboat for Grand river; owned property at several places in Michigan; was a large proprietor in Milwaukee and Madison, Wisconsin, and at Cassville on the upper Mississippi.

The spirit of the old Northwest possessed him and inspired him to activity in many ways. The dominant feature of his career was the public welfare. Usefulness was the key to his efforts. Integrity was the primal quality of his character and early he became a teacher in the public schools of Vermont. In Michigan his life was noted for incessant activity; he was familiar with all parts of both peninsulas, having platted the villages of Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo and Schoolcraft in Michigan, and of Madison, Wisconsin. Without seeking the office he was elected delegate to congress in 1833; was a member of the convention of 1835 that framed the first State constitution; was unanimously elected United States senator by the first state legislature in 1835, serving from January 26, 1837, when the territory became a state by act of congress admitting it into the Union, until the expiration of his term on the fourth of March, 1839; in 1842 was elected a representative in the 28th congress, and after the close of his congressional term was offered and accepted the position of surveyor general of public lands in the northwest, and to insure his acceptance the office was changed by act of congress, on the recommendation of President Polk, from Cincinnati to Detroit. A most valuable service was rendered to Michigan by his action in urging the acceptance of the upper peninsula in settlement of the claim for the seven mile strip on the south line of the State, which was the cause of the Toledo war against the influence of his colleagues in Washington.

Evidence of the general esteem in which he was held is also found in the fact of his election as a member of the first State historical society in 1829; of his appointment on the committee to report a coat of arms for Michigan, and of the request that was made that he gather a collection of Indian relics and curiosities, also of manuscripts and minerals. His good judgment was manifested in the engagement of Douglass Houghton as State geologist.

Mr. Lyon was a man worth knowing. His mind was a storehouse of accurate information. In all his acts he was deliberate and calm. My acquaintance with him was during the last year of his life, when it was my good fortune to meet him often. The night of September 21, 1851, when he passed from earth at the home of his nephew, George W. Thayer, in Detroit, I was, in company with young Dr. Burpee, a watcher at his bedside, and witnessed the closing scene of an honorable and eventful earthly career.

An appreciative contemporary tribute was paid to Mr. Lyon by his personal friend, John S. Bagg, for many years the editor of the "Detroit Free Press," who said: "The intellect of Mr. Lyon was of the highest order; he was qualified to fill and adorn any position under the government. In him was united to great modesty and diffidence, the most eminent qualifications in politics and in the sciences, a personal demeanor which won the confidence of all; a Christian life of undoubted purity. He has left behind him an example worthy of all praise and imitation."

In 1836 the territory of Wisconsin was formed out of lands then comprised within the organized territory of Michigan. It included all the land now within the State of Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota, and that part of the Dakotas lying east of the Missouri and White Earth rivers. The first territorial government was formed at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, in July, 1836, and in October of the same year the first territorial legislature assembled at Belmont, Iowa county, Madison, which was platted by Lucius Lyon, was chosen as the permanent seat of government, and the legislature first assembled there in 1838.

Prior to the organization of the territory of Wisconsin, in 1836, the land was a part of the territory of Michigan, and in 1835 George W. Jones was elected the delegate to congress for the territory of Michigan, and served in that capacity until Michigan became a State, January 26, 1837.

Born at Vincennes, Indiana, April 12, 1804, Mr. Jones was bred to the law, but ill health prevented him from practicing. He never lived within the boundaries of the State of Michigan. He was clerk of the United States district court in Missouri in 1826; was aide-de-camp to General Henry Dodge in the Black Hawk war; became a leader in Iowa politics; after his service as delegate to congress from the territories of Michigan and Wisconsin, having been re-elected from the latter, he was appointed surveyor general of the Northwest by President Van Buren in 1839; was removed by President Harrison in 1841 on account

of his politics; was reappointed by President Polk in 1845 and held the office until 1849; was elected one of the first United States senators from Iowa in 1848, and re-elected in 1853, serving in all from December 26, 1848 to March 4, 1859. He was minister-resident to the United States of Columbia from 1859 to 1861; returned to the United States and was arrested for disloyalty, but the charge was not prosecuted, although he was imprisoned for a time in Fort Warren. He died in 1896 at the advanced age of ninety-two years. Michigan was engaged in the formation of a State government in 1835 and the election of officers thereunder and took no part in the selection of Mr. Jones as delegate that year; yet for nearly two years he represented the territory of Michigan in the twenty-fourth congress. Commencing in 1819, when William Woodbridge was elected the first delegate, taking his seat December 10 of that year, for nearly eighteen years Michigan territory was represented by seven different delegates, all of whom were able and influential officials. They were natives of five different states and one foreign country; Woodbridge of Connecticut, Sibley and Wing of Massachusetts, Richard of France, Biddle of Pennsylvania, Lyon of Vermont and Jones of Indiana. From many different sources the currents of population flowed into the territory of Michigan.

UNDER THE STATE GOVERNMENT.

In volume three of the published Collections of this Society appears the "History and Times of the Hon. John Norvell, as connected with the city of Detroit and State of Michigan, prepared by his son, Colonel Freman Norvell of Detroit." A publication by congress says he was born at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1790, but evidently this is a mistake, as his son states that he was born in Garrard county, Kentucky, near Danville, December 21, 1789. His father, a Virginian, served with distinction in the revolutionary war. Accepting the advice of Thomas Jefferson, young John Norvell went to Baltimore, learned to be a printer, studied law, and became an editor and politician. He served in the battle of Bladensburg, which preceded the capture of Washington by the British forces in 1814, and soon after the close of the war, about 1816, he went to Philadelphia and became editor of the leading democratic paper of that city. He was intimately acquainted and had correspondence with the prominent public men of his time.

In May, 1832, he came to Detroit with his family, and with a commission as postmaster signed by Andrew Jackson. It is said that on his arrival in Detroit he called on Judge James Abbott, who had been

postmaster for many years, announced his name and showed his commission. The judge looked at him for a moment and then remarked: "Yes, I have heard of you, and I wish you were on the Grampian hills, feeding your father's flock."

By education and experience Mr. Norvell was well fitted for activity in the affairs of Michigan. In the boundary-line controversy with Ohio he ably defended the claim to the land set over to Michigan by the act of 1805 organizing its territorial government. While legally right, Ohio finally won, and to the new State of Michigan was given in compensation for its loss of the seven-mile southern strip the entire upper peninsula. Mr. Norvell's address or appeal on the subject was the ablest effort that appeared during the interstate controversy and stamped him as a man of uncommon intellectual force and ability.

The movement for a state government originated with the people of Michigan. No enabling act was passed by congress. In January, 1835, a law was passed by the legislative council calling a convention to meet in May of that year to frame a constitution and form a state government. Of that convention Mr. Norvell was a prominent and influential member. Among the various committees on which he served, he was chairman of the committees on the elective franchise, on the Ohio boundary, on printing, on the prohibition of slavery, and a member of the committee on the change from territorial to state government, of the committee on accounts and expenditures, and of the committee to examine and revise the draft of the constitution to ascertain and report whether there were any defects or omissions in its provisions before adoption. The character of the duties assigned him indicate the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries.

Cognizant of his valuable services in behalf of the new state, the first legislature that assembled in 1835 elected him one of the United States senators, the colleague of Lucius Lyon. Their terms dated from March 4th of that year, although they did not take their seats until January 26, 1837, on the formal admission of the State into the Union. In drawing lots for their respective terms, Mr. Lyon obtained four years and Mr. Norvell six years, his term expiring with the third day of March, 1841. Returning to Detroit a private citizen he resumed the practice of law, and was chosen a member of the State legislature of 1842. In 1845 he was appointed United States district attorney for Michigan and held the office until he was succeeded by George C. Bates in 1849. The next year, 1850, in April, he died at his home in Ham-

tramck, near Detroit. The town of Norvell in Jackson county will perpetuate his name as long as atlases of Michigan are printed.

For eighteen years he was a leading citizen of Michigan. His son says of him: "He was a far better thinker and writer than he was speaker in any oratorical sense, but in argument and conversation he was particularly strong and convincing. During these eighteen years his house was the resort of all who were most distinguished in law, politics and statesmanship."

Under the new constitution and the laws enacted to carry it into effect, Isaac E. Crary of Marshall was elected the first representative from Michigan, taking his seat as a member of the twenty-fourth congress the next day after its admission as a state, and he was re-elected a member of the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth congresses.

Often he is referred to as having been a delegate from the territory of Michigan. Clearly this is a mistake. The official records show that George W. Jones, elected in 1835, was the territorial delegate until Michigan became a state, with his residence in Wisconsin, then a portion of the organized territory of Michigan. At the first election, held October 5 and 6, 1835, under the authority of the organized but not then admitted state, Mr. Crary was the choice of the people for representative, as he was at the two subsequent general elections held in 1836 and 1838, making his full period of actual service date from January 26, 1835 until March 4, 1841.

Mr. Crary was born at Preston, New London county, Connecticut, October 2, 1804, of Puritan ancestry of the Scotch type, being a grandson of the third generation of Elder William Brewster of the Mayflower company. His early years were spent on a New England farm. Graduating at Trinity college, he read law in the office of Henry W. Ellsworth, practiced for two years at Hartford in his native state, before moving to Michigan and settling at Marshall. Colonel Charles Dickey, in a paper on the "Early Settlement of Calhoun County," says he came to Marshall in 1831, while A. D. P. Van Buren, in sketches of the members of the Calhoun county bar—both papers published in the collections of this society—says that he came to Marshall in 1832. Whichever the year he at once took an active and prominent part in public affairs, accepting at the outset such local offices as commissioner of highways, inspector of schools and justice of the peace, besides identifying himself with the early religious and educational interests of his chosen home as a private citizen. Wisely for the people he was selected a member of the constitutional convention of 1835, and again

for the one of 1850, as in shaping the institutions of the State there was not a more careful and considerate leader, adviser and counselor.

After the expiration of his congressional service he again settled down at Marshall and engaged in the practice of law, the legal firms of Pratt & Crary and of Crary & Hughes—Judge Abner Pratt and D. Darwin Hughes his partners—being well known throughout the State, and also having a national reputation. Continuing to take an active interest in public matters, Mr. Crary was elected a representative in the State legislature of 1842 and 1846, the State then having annual sessions, and was chosen speaker of the house in the latter year. His last official service to the State was in 1850, as a member of the convention that framed the present constitution, a revision of which was voted by the people at the April election this year, after having been in operation fifty-six years and two separate attempts at revision having failed to meet the approval of the people.

John D. Pierce our first superintendent of public instruction, and Isaac E. Crary, our first representative in congress, are entitled to the honor of being the fathers of our public school system. They gave to the subject much time and earnest thought and held frequent consultations as to the best methods to pursue in promoting its establishment and usefulness. It was on Mr. Crary's personal solicitation that Stevens T. Mason, our first governor, appointed Mr. Pierce as superintendent of public instruction, July 26, 1836. During the last session of the twenty-fourth congress, which admitted Michigan as a State, Mr. Crary was in Washington looking after the details of legislation connected with the act of admission. Before that time, in the acts admitting new states, the sixteenth section of public land had been donated to the separate townships for school purposes. The result had been that the land was frittered away, sometimes sold for a mere song to some citizen, without being of any permanent value to the cause of education. Still it was the popular plan, and no doubt made many local friends of the members of congress. Mr. Crary as representative-elect from the proposed new state, consulted with the committee in charge of the bill for its admission. To him was assigned the duty of its preparation, and he so worded it that the school lands were really conveyed to the State, and in that form it passed congress and became a law. It is not imagined that Mr. Crary called special attention to this provision. Indeed, the change was not noticed, had it been, Mr. Crary subsequently stated, the school land would probably have been granted to the surveyed townships in which it was located,

and there would have been no permanent school fund in Michigan. The public school system, as it is, owes to Mr. Crary a monument—for the promotion of education, rendered greater service to humanity than the heroes of war—and money should be raised in every school district for that purpose.

It is only necessary for one to be somewhat familiar with the past to realize that Mr. Crary's name is written in large letters in the early history of Michigan. Steadily he labored for the public welfare. If called upon to express an opinion as to who was the most useful man to the State and its people for all time in official life, among the able and eminent delegates, representatives and senators in congress during the formative period of our institutions, and especially in shaping our educational system—for he procured the grant of seventy-two sections of land to the State university—the choice would fall upon Isaac E. Crary.

It was my privilege to know him well—to see him almost every day for three years—in Marshall. One personal incident is worth relating. It illustrates the man. Mr. Crary was fond of the farm. One Sunday afternoon, early in the fall of 1848, he asked me to take a walk with him to his farm, some two miles out of Marshall. Peaches were ripe and plenty. That walk was my first opportunity to listen to the quiet conversation of a man who had spent five years in Washington and who knew the foremost public men of that period. He was an admirer of John C. Calhoun. In the old courthouse at Marshall, during the free-soil campaign of 1848, he made an earnest speech, in which he predicted civil war and disunion as a result of the growing sectional antagonism between the north and the south. The war came, but he did not live to see it, as he died in Marshall, May 8, 1854, in the fiftieth year of his age. His best work was done as the friend and adviser of John D. Pierce in founding the educational system of Michigan.

Rev. Horace Bushnell, an eminent divine of the last generation, in a lecture on the historical personages of Connecticut, paid a high tribute to Mr. Crary in placing his name among the prominent historical characters of that State, and in saying of him that "he is now using that talent for which he was honored here in helping to form a new state in the west." Indeed, he was one of the wisest among the makers of Michigan.

The senatorial term of Lucius Lyon expired with the third of March, 1839. The legislature of that winter should have elected his successor.

The democrats had a working majority, but could not agree on a candidate, among the ambitious men of their party. The result was its final adjournment without the election of a United States senator. At the November election that year the whigs carried the State, electing William Woodbridge governor, and a majority of the members of the legislature. One result was the capture of the seat in the United States senate that the democrats had left vacant by Augustus S. Porter of Detroit, his election occurring January 20, 1840, to the term expiring with the third day of March, 1845.

References to Mr. Porter's personal and political career are very meager. Evidently he was not of the aggressive and assertive type of men in any respect and was not prominently identified with any of the early movements during the formative period of the State. He was a respected member of the bar in Detroit, but does not seem to have been in close touch with the people of the territory and State, nor to have taken any mentionable part in making the constitution and setting the machinery of the new State into operation. His career as senator during the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth congresses was respectable and honorable, but not conspicuous.

Mr. Porter was born at Canandaigua, New York, January 18, 1798, and graduated from Union college in that State in 1818, at the age of twenty years. After studying law he moved to Detroit, where he practiced his profession for about twenty years. He was elected mayor of the city in 1838, when it had some 8,000 inhabitants. Probably at that time he was the only mayor in the State. After the expiration of his senatorial term he remained in the State for only three years. In 1848 he removed to Niagara Falls, New York, to the residence of his father, where he lived in retirement until his death, September 18, 1878.

The year that Mr. Porter came to Detroit is not mentioned in any of the references to him that have come to my notice. In volume five of this society's collections are "Notes from an Old Account Book"—that of Mack & Conant, early merchants of Detroit, compiled by William C. Hoyt, who said the first date he found was June 1, 1819, and the last December 29, 1824. That account book contained the following entry: "Augustus Porter, to 1 bed, 90 lbs. feathers, 1s." That he came to Detroit during or prior to 1824 is evident. He was a frequent contributor to the "Detroit Daily Advertiser," for a long time the leading organ of the whig party, and at one time he was proprietor of the paper. Sylvester Larned once spoke of him as being "a man too gentle

to indulge in the hard portion of a Michigan lawyer." And, in one of his letters, Lucius Lyon wrote that "he is a consistent whig, and personally an honest, intelligent and clever man, though not much more of a speaker than I am myself."

It was a large district, one of the largest in area and population, that was represented in the twenty-seventh congress by Jacob M. Howard of Detroit. By the census of 1840 Michigan had 212,267 inhabitants on an area of 58,915 square miles. The then ratio of representation in congress was about 60,000 persons; at the present time it is 194,000. The political tidal wave of 1840—Woodbridge and reform for the State and Harrison and Tyler in the nation—carried Mr. Howard into congress. Alpheus S. Felch was his democratic competitor. Detroit, in 1840, had 9,102 inhabitants. While it was a period of small places in Michigan, it was an era of great men.

Mr. Howard was born in Shaftsbury, Vermont, July 10, 1805; was educated in the academies of Bennington and Brattleboro, and at William's college, where he graduated in 1830. Adaptability was never a surer guide than when he chose and studied the profession of law. For a time he taught in an academy in Massachusetts; came to Michigan in 1832, and was admitted to the bar of the territory in 1833. In 1830 Detroit had only 2,222 inhabitants, but even earlier than that, on account of its superb commercial location and its relation to the great lake region of the undeveloped northwest, occupying the finest strategic position on the great waterway from the heart of the continent, by way of the newly-constructed Erie canal and the Hudson river to the metropolis of the western world, it had begun to attract the attention of enterprising merchants and professional men who were to become eminent in all spheres of activity.

Soon after arriving in the city, which for almost forty years was to be his home, Mr. Howard began to take an active interest in social and political affairs, and he was not long in reaching high rank in his chosen profession. As early as 1835 he took part in the Detroit Young Men's Temperance Society. At a meeting on February 21, 1835, so the record reads, on motion of J. M. Howard, Esq., it was resolved "that we consider it a fundamental principle of temperance reform that ardent spirits are to be used in no case, except when required as a medicine." Had this rule been observed since then prescriptions would have been as innumerable as the sands of a seashore. Temperance work, often begun, is never finished.

In 1838 Mr. Howard was a member of the State legislature from

Wayne county. After the expiration of his term in congress, March 3, 1843, the next eleven years of his life were devoted to the practice of his profession, in which he won high distinction. These years that followed his service in congress were uninterruptedly successful years of the democratic party in Michigan. No member of the whig party had any chance for preferment, but a change came. In 1854 Mr. Howard was conspicuous in the organization of the republican party, attending the first State meeting that was held July 6 of that year under the oaks in Jackson; as a member of the committee selected for that purpose he drafted the resolutions that were adopted, which coalesced the members of the late whig party, the free-soil democrats and the abolitionists into the new party that was then and there initiated to resist the spread of slavery. The name of the new party was suggested by Mr. Howard. As the most eminent lawyer in the State he was nominated that year as a candidate for attorney general and was elected in November; was twice re-elected, in 1856 and 1858, serving in all six continuous years.

In 1862, a vacancy having occurred in the United States senate by the death of Kinsley S. Bingham, at a time when the services of the ablest men of the nation were needed in congress to guide the ship of state over the stormy billows of the civil war, it seemed perfectly natural for the legislature to select him for senator to fill out the unexpired term that ended with March 3, 1865, and then to re-elect him for the full term that closed his official career, on March 3, 1871. He commenced his senatorial service at the gloomiest period of the civil war. With remarkable ability and efficiency he performed his task. He served as chairman of the Pacific railroad committee, and directed legislation that resulted in binding the east and the west together with iron bands, and also as a member of the committees on military affairs, the judiciary and private land claims.

In the debates, and in shaping legislation, during the transition period from the old conditions under slavery to the new era of freedom, no senator took a more prominent part. Drafting the constitutional amendment that forever abolished chattel slavery was the work of his brain and hand; and in the consideration of the complicated questions that attended the reconstruction of the shattered Union, he was one of the very ablest advisers, counselors and debaters in the halls of congress. In extempore debate, for precision of statement, knowledge of law and facts, and for logical reasoning, he had no superior, and high was the honor he gained for himself and conferred upon the State.

Michigan was a power in those days, when Howard and Chandler were its senators. In the galaxy of great men during that formative period of a new union of the states, Jacob M. Howard was outshone by none. With the arts of the stump orator and the tricks of politicians he was unfamiliar. His time and thought were given to the study of constitutional questions that arose for action during the new era of development for American institutions which began in 1861, and in which he took an influential part during the nine years he was a member of the senate. Practically the work for which he was best adapted was finished when his term of service expired. Soon thereafter he returned to his home in Detroit, where, in a few weeks, on April 2, 1871, he died in the sixty-sixth year of an eventful career.

By the census of 1840 Michigan became entitled to three representatives, and at the election of November, 1842, the first one held under the new apportionment, James B. Hunt, Lucius Lyon and Robert McClelland were elected members of the twenty-eighth congress. Mr. Lyon's official career has already been mentioned. In the career of James B. Hunt, whose Michigan home was near and in Pontiac, Oakland county, there is something akin to romance. His father, a citizen of Westchester county, New York, went to Demerara, South America, to reside. There he married and his second child, James B. Hunt, was born in 1799. If the father had not gone to South America there would have been no such representative in congress from Michigan elected sixty-four years ago. Two official records published by congress as to his nativity are incorrect, according to a sketch of his life by the late Augustus C. Baldwin of Pontiac, a highly esteemed member of this society. When four years old his father returned with him to New York. This is as near as he came to being born in that state, as officially stated.

In an academy at Fairfield, Herkimer county, New York, the transplanted young man finished his school education, and then entered the office of Michael Hoffman, an eminent attorney, to study law, was admitted to practice February 22, 1824; was prosecuting attorney for Herkimer county two terms; then, on account of lung trouble, being advised by his physician to go west, get a farm and live in the open air, he came to Michigan in 1835 and settled on the shore of Elizabeth lake, near Pontiac, in Oakland county.

Early in the history of the State a loan of five million dollars was authorized by the legislature for internal improvements. This loan was placed with the Morris Canal and Banking Company of New Jersey

On March 25, 1837, commissioners of internal improvement were appointed by Governor Mason, of which board Mr. Hunt became an active member. His associates were Hart L. Stewart, John M. Barber, Gardner D. Williams, Levi S. Humphrey, Justus Burdick and David C. McKinstry. The proposed system of internal improvements consisted of three railroads and two canals across the State. The railroads were the Michigan Southern, the Michigan Central and the Northern. The canals were the Clinton and Kalamazoo, intended to connect the Clinton and Kalamazoo rivers, following the Thornapple river through Eaton and a part of Barry county, and the Bad river canal, connecting the Bad river with the Maple, and opening a waterway from Lake Huron via the Saginaw and Grand rivers to Lake Michigan at Grand Haven. These were ambitious projects, but the hard times that came from currency contraction were fatal to their success. Mr. Hunt, as one of the commissioners, had charge for the State of the construction of the Michigan Central railroad from Detroit to Ann Arbor, and of the canal from Mt. Clemens to Rochester.

Besides these official duties he opened an office in Pontiac and practiced law until his election to congress in 1842; he was re-elected in 1844; serving two full terms, from March 3, 1843 to March 4, 1847. January, 1848, he was appointed register of the United States land office at Sault Ste. Marie, and held the position until into 1849, when he returned to Pontiac. Politics seem to have divorced him from professional life, as he held the office of circuit court commissioner for Oakland county for a numbers of years, until he removed to Washington, D. C., where he died, August 15, 1857.

Though born in South America, Mr. Hunt was a representative of that best New York and New England element which contributed largely to the formation of a civilized state, with progressive institutions, in the wilderness of Michigan. As Colonel Michael Shoemaker, formerly the efficient president of this society, once said: "They created our common schools, and provided for the preservation of the school fund; they founded our university; they mapped out and commenced our railroad system." In this work James B. Hunt was prominent, and, seemingly, his services inured more to the welfare of others than to the benefit of himself. In 1844 Lucius Lyon wrote of Mr. Hunt that "he is really one of the best and least selfish men to be found in this selfish world. He makes an excellent representative, and one who has the high respect and esteem of all who know him." This con-

temporary testimony is valuable in forming an estimate of his character.

Outside of Detroit, and with this single exception, Monroe was the most notable place in the earlier days of Michigan for the number of able men among its citizens who came into prominence in official life. Such of its men as Austin E. Wing, Warner Wing, Alpheus Felch and Isaac P. Christiancy were eminent in their various spheres of public service; but, among them all, no one was superior to Robert McClelland. Monroe itself had early aspirations. At one time it was called "the independent state of Monroe." It became a city in 1837. It was a rival of Toledo. The Michigan Southern railroad charter was from Monroe to Lake Michigan, and it had lines of steamers running to ports on Lake Erie for its share of western traffic. Small as Monroe was then, it was larger than Chicago. Enterprising men of New York, in connection with General Lewis Cass, formed what was known as the Cass company—syndicate we would call it these days—which bought large tracts of land in and near Monroe in anticipation of its growth and a profitable rise in value. It was a center of attraction for men of enterprise and ability. But the balloon did not fill. When the Wabash and Erie canal was completed to Toledo in 1844 or 1845, the great expectations for Monroe withered. Until that event it grew faster than Toledo. The Cass company's investment turned out to be a poor speculation. When the railroad was built along the south shore of Lake Erie and entered Toledo, the fate of Monroe as a commercial city was determined. The tide of trade and travel passed by on the southern side. It still had its complement of able men, who outlived its hopes of being a great commercial center.

Robert McClelland, one of Monroe's ablest citizens, was born at Greencastle, Pennsylvania, August 1, 1807; graduated from Dickinson college at Carlisle, Pa., in 1829; was admitted to the bar at Chambersburg in 1831; moved from there to Pittsburg, and in 1833 came to Michigan. His public career commenced soon after his arrival in the territory. He was elected a member of the constitutional convention of 1835; also to the one of 1850 that framed the present State constitution; and closed his official service in behalf of the people of the State, thirty-two years later than 1835, as a member of the constitutional convention of 1867, the work of which was not ratified at the polls. In 1838, 1840 and 1842 he was a member of the house of representatives in the State legislature, and was speaker at the session of 1843. In 1842 he was nominated and elected as a democrat to the twenty-eighth

congress and was twice re-elected, his full period of service as a faithful representative continuing from 1843 to 1849. His ability and integrity gained the confidence of the people throughout the State. In 1848 and 1868 he was a delegate to democratic national conventions. In 1851, after the adoption of the present State constitution, he was elected governor to fill out the first short term under its provisions, and in 1852 was re-elected for two years. In March, 1853, he resigned the office to accept the position of secretary of the interior at Washington, tendered him by President Pierce, this service lasting until the fourth of March, 1857. In 1870 he made a tour of Europe. After his return he calmly and philosophically accepted the quietude of his home in Detroit, and watched the busy tide go by, but taking a keen interest in affairs, although, after a long and honorable career, he had ceased to participate in them.

In congress Mr. McClelland was influential and useful, rendering important services to the State as a member of the committee on commerce, and was the author of river and harbor bills that promoted the traffic of the great lakes. He was favorably mentioned for speaker of the house of representatives, but declined to let his name be considered for that high honor. In appearance he was dignified, and in character conservative yet progressive. He stoutly upheld the famous Wilmot proviso, the contention over which marked a stirring phase of the slavery agitation, and took a firm stand in favor of the right of petition when attacked by the upholders of slavery. Some seven years after he retired from the office of secretary of the interior my experience as reading clerk of the national house of representatives commenced and it was not uncommon for officials and clerks of the interior department to make inquiries about Mr. McClelland. All evinced a great regard for him. The many words of praise he received were evidence of the high esteem in which he was held. His administration of that office was free from corrupt practices, and it was said that he left the department in perfect order and system.

On the occasion of his death, at his home in Detroit, August 30, 1880, at the age of seventy-three years, J. Logan Chipman, judge of the superior court of Detroit at that time, in memorial exercises that were held, participated in by Hon. Don M. Dickinson, Colonel John Atkinson and others, in a tribute to his memory said: "Governor McClelland certainly was a just man; kindly in all the relations of life; a man of simple tastes; a man whose generosity of disposition was only restrained by his capacity to gratify it; and in every regard a man

who is a model for the present generation, both as a lawyer and as a statesman. His private life was blameless."

In November, 1844, JOHN S. CHIPMAN of Centerville, St. Joseph county, was elected a representative in the twenty-ninth congress from the second congressional district, the successor of Lucius Lyon, and served for only a single term, ending with March 3, 1847. His colleagues were James B. Hunt and Robert McClelland. Mr. Chipman was born about the year 1800 in Bennington, Vermont, where he was educated. In 1838, having received a good education and studied law, he came to Michigan and located at Centerville to practice his profession. He was not one of the makers of Michigan. In 1842 he was a representative in the State legislature, and this official service, with a single term in congress, constituted his public career. Able, brilliant, erratic, irascible, intemperate in speech and habit, he gained no credit for himself and conferred no honor upon the State. At the expiration of his term in congress he settled in Niles, Michigan, for a short time. In 1849 or 1850 he went to California, where he died some twelve years later. The trouble with him seemed to be that, with all his intellectual brilliancy, his moral qualities were imperfectly developed.

Evidently a fair portraiture of the man is the one given by S. C. Coffinberry, formerly an estimable citizen of Centerville, who said: "Mr. Chipman was a remarkable man. In person he was tall and straight, above six feet and slender. His head was large, complexion very dark; hair black, straight and thick; forehead low and broad; his eye dark and piercing; his appearance that of an Indian sachem. You will see at once why he was universally called 'Black Chip.' He was a natural orator. His presence was commanding and impressive. His oratory was more forcible than pleasing; his metaphor and figures bold and clear, but coarse and impractical. He was apt to lash himself into a fury of eloquence, and, like an angry lion, lacerate himself and his auditors by his own violence of language, of which he had great command in contentious debate. He was quick tempered and impatient under antagonism. His words contained not only ideas but feelings likewise, consequently he was wont to inebriate himself, if not his listeners, by his passionate language. In private intercourse Chipman was a man of great dignity and courtesy, until his habits of life became impaired by his immoral conduct. His legal education was good; he ranked high as an advocate; but as an orator his powers were more versatile. He tried cases with a good deal of legal ability, and as a counselor stood high with members of the bar. He became a politician

and democrat from conscientious convictions, and his ascendancy as a politician was marked by his declination as a lawyer, as well as morally and socially."

The available incidents of his career verify and confirm this portrait of the man. His life, except as it points a moral, was a lamentable failure.

At Exeter, New Hampshire, October 9, 1782, a great man, Lewis Cass, was born. His father, Jonathan Cass, became a soldier in the revolutionary army at the age of nineteen years, served from Bunker Hill until the close of the war for independence, and retired with the rank of captain. In 1792 Captain Cass joined the frontier army under command of General Wayne, was appointed major, and stationed at Fort Hamilton, Ohio. For his services he received a tract of land on the Muskingum river, where he settled with his family in 1800. Thus young Lewis Cass became identified with the territory northwest of the Ohio river.

Lewis Cass was educated at the school of Benjamin Abbott in Exeter, New Hampshire, until he was seventeen, when the long journey to Ohio was made. His larger education came after that. He taught school in Marietta, and studied law in the office of Governor Return J. Meigs. At twenty he was admitted to the bar and began to practice at Zanesville. He married Eliza Spencer in 1806, and the same year was elected a member of the Ohio legislature, thus commencing an official career that lasted, with only slight intervals, until 1860, an honorable service of fifty-four years.

When President Jefferson called attention to the movements of Aaron Burr on the Ohio river, young Cass introduced a bill, which passed, conferring power upon the governor to arrest all concerned in the alleged conspiracy, and in consequence Burr's boats and stores were seized, and the plans were frustrated. Soon afterwards he was appointed United States marshal for Ohio, which position he held until 1813.

In 1812, when the second war with Great Britain seemed imminent, Cass raised a regiment of volunteers and marched 200 miles through the wilderness to Detroit, intending to unite with other forces under General Hull and invade Canada. This brought him to Michigan. When Hull surrendered Detroit to General Brock, August 16, 1812, Colonel Cass with his command was in Canada, having crossed the river July 11, and was one of the prisoners of war. Released on parole, he hastened to Washington to report the causes of the disaster and the

failure of the campaign. After an exchange was effected he was commissioned as colonel in the regular army, raised another regiment in Ohio, joined the forces under General William Henry Harrison, was made brigadier general March 12, 1813, took part in the campaign in Canada, and that same year, Detroit having been recaptured, was appointed by President Madison governor of the territory of Michigan. For nearly eighteen years, until 1831, he administered its affairs with energy, ability and success.

During the first term of President Jackson, in 1831, General Cass entered the cabinet as secretary of war; five years later, in 1836, he was appointed minister to France, and was recalled in 1842. No minister to the French court, after the time of Benjamin Franklin, had larger influence. Great Britain, in 1842, proposed to Austria, Russia, Prussia, France and the United States making a compact known as the quintuple treaty, which provided for a general right of search on the high seas of vessels supposed to have slaves on board. This was opposed by Minister Cass on the ground that it permitted maritime search, to which the United States had always objected. In fact, the war of 1812 was fought and won on that question. The argument made by Minister Cass dealt a fatal blow to the proposed arrangement.

Returning to Michigan in 1842, in 1845, at the expiration of the senatorial term of Augustus S. Porter, General Cass became United States senator, and took his seat at the first session of the twenty-ninth congress. It was an eventful period. The slavery agitation had commenced to shatter parties and puzzle politicians. Senator Cass supported the policy of President Polk, and opposed the Wilmot proviso on the ground that congress had no authority to exclude slavery from the territories. His views were set forth in the famous Nicholson letter, which evoked warm discussions, of December 24, 1847. The next year, in May, 1848, he became the candidate of the democratic party for president, but was defeated by Zachary Taylor, the whig nominee, a hero of the Mexican war, which the whigs had bitterly opposed. The Nicholson letter may have aided the nomination of General Cass. If it did, it also helped to encompass his defeat. General Taylor received 163 electoral votes from fifteen states, and General Cass obtained 127 electoral votes from the same number of states. The candidates of the free-soil party, Van Buren and Adams, drew from General Cass enough democratic votes in the State of New York to lose him the election, and was the cause of his failure to reach the goal of his ambition.

When nominated for president in 1848, General Cass resigned his

seat in the senate, but was re-elected in 1849, and was again chosen for the full term which commenced with March 4, 1851, serving until he was succeeded by Zachariah Chandler in 1857. In 1856 he declined to be a candidate for the presidency, supporting James Buchanan, the democratic candidate, in whose cabinet, as one of the foremost men of the nation, he held the premiership as secretary of state. When southern states passed ordinances of secession he agreed with President Buchanan in denying that the federal government had constitutional power to coerce a state. His devotion to the Union was unalloyed with any suspicion of sympathy with secession; and in December, 1860, he resigned this last office of his long and conspicuous career on account of President Buchanan's opposition to the reinforcement of Fort Moultrie in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, then threatened by the secessionists of that state. His patriotism condemned every over-act of rebellion. The union of the states was to him the supreme question, and he avoided with patriotic motive any action that might result in civil war, with possible disunion and dismemberment. He was in favor of firmly upholding national rights. After resigning the office of secretary of state he returned to Michigan, and thereafter held no public position. With the close of the old era in American politics —the era when slavery was a dominant factor—and at the beginning of a new era, which opened with a great civil war and was followed by a reconstruction of the union on a more permanent basis than that of its founders, he retired to private life and quietly watched the mighty movements of the last few years that he remained on earth.

Lewis Cass was one of America's great statesmen, and Michigan's most prominent citizen. From 1806 he was identified with the destiny of the old Northwest. His duties as governor of the territory of Michigan included, besides the ordinary functions of chief magistrate, the management and control, as superintendent of the relations with the numerous and powerful Indian tribes that occupied the territory, negotiating treaties for the extinguishment of their titles to the land, and under his wise supervision of affairs peace was preserved between the white inhabitants and the disaffected red men who saw their heritage passing away forever, and in place of the old savagery law and order were established, counties were organized, and the territory rapidly advanced in population, resources and prosperity. Foremost among the makers of Michigan stands for all time the name of Lewis Cass. His work was finished ere he died at his home in Detroit, June 17, 1866, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

In the thirtieth congress Michigan was represented by three able men —Kinsley S. Bingham, Robert McClelland and Charles E. Stuart. At the election in November, 1846, Edward Bradley of Marshall was the chosen successor of John S. Chipman. Dying in 1847, before the assembling of congress that year, he never qualified and took his seat, and therefore was only a representative-elect. Still he was one of the chosen of the people.

Marshall had a cluster of able and eminent citizens in its early days. Among such noted men as John D. Pierce, Isaac E. Crary, Abner Pratt, James Wright Gordon, Henry W. Taylor, John Van Arman, Francis W. Shearman and D. Darwin Hughes. Edward Bradley held high rank and not one was more popular. At the bar and on the hustings he was famous an an orator—one who could "steal away the technical heart of the stern judge, and weave seductive tales in the honest ears of sworn jurymen." It was my privilege to hear him once at a public gathering in Marshall in 1847, in front of the old courthouse, when one after another of its ready talkers was called upon to make impromptu speeches, standing in a lumber wagon—probably on the fourth of July —to the assembled crowd. He seemed to be, par excellence, the orator of the pioneer epoch. His health then was poor, but the right words came from his lips as naturally and freely as notes from a song-bird. Popular with all classes, the soul of honor, gifted in speech, and a man of the people, it was a natural evolution that he should become prominent in politics.

Born at East Bloomfield, Ontario county, New York, of Irish ancestors, in the year 1808, he spent his boyhood on a farm, received a common school education and attended an academy at Canandaigua for a short time. In 1839 he came to Michigan and commenced the study of law in Detroit, went to Marshall and completed the study in the office of Gibbs & Sanford. With that firm he began to practice. Later the law firm of Gibbs & Bradley was formed, and became widely known in that part of Michigan. George C. Gibbs was a careful office attorney, while Bradley achieved distinction as a trial lawyer, his knowledge of the law and his forensic ability guaranteeing success.

In 1843 Mr. Bradley was a member of the Michigan senate. In 1844, one of the warmest of presidential campaigns, for the whigs with Henry Clay as their candidate had high hopes of success against James K. Polk, the democratic nominee, he was in great demand as an effective speaker, his ready wit, ridicule, knowledge of parties and politics, and his oratory making one of the most popular orators in the State. In

1846 James Wright Gordon, one of the strong men of Michigan, who was elected lieutenant governor on the whig ticket in 1840 and became acting governor when William Woodbridge was the choice of the legislature for United States senator in 1841, was Bradley's competitor for congress.

The possessor of rare natural gifts and a retentive memory, able to call from his mental storehouse for use on any occasion the acquirements of wide reading in literature and law, eminently social and entertaining in conversation, with a keen sense of personal honor, brilliant and popular, Edward Bradley, had he lived, would have achieved distinction in political life. He was the second and last citizen of Marshall elected to congress. At the age of thirty-nine years, August 5, 1847, while on a journey for the benefit of his health, he died in New York city, and is remembered by the few now living who knew him as one of the brilliant men of the State.

At a special election held in 1847, after the death of Edward Bradley, representative-elect from the second district, Charles E. Stuart of Kalamazoo was the choice of the people, and he took his seat at the first session of the thirtieth congress, in December, 1847.

From this time on it will be noticed that an increasing percentage of members of congress from Michigan were natives of the State of New York. More of our laws were copied from New York statutes than from those of all other states. The moulding influence of the Empire State was dominant in the making of Michigan. With the construction of the Erie canal and the introduction of steam navigation on the lakes, the business relations of our people were more intimate with the state and city of New York than with any other section of the United States. The names of its prominent men were more familiar to the people of Michigan than were those of any other state. Most of the weekly newspapers taken were published in New York city. To a large extent Michigan was a child of New York. In those days there were two classes of eastern people—Yankees and York Yankees.

Charles E. Stuart was a native of the State of New York, born November 25, 1810, at Canaan Corners, Columbia county. A few years later his father moved to Waterloo, Seneca county, where he began and finished his schoolhouse education. At the age of nineteen he commenced studying law in the office of Birdsall & Clark in Waterloo, and was admitted to the bar of Seneca county. In the spring of 1835 he came to Michigan on a prospecting tour, having no special place of settlement in view, visiting Monroe, Dundee, Tecumseh, Ypsilanti, Ann

Arbor, Jackson and Marshall and arriving in Kalamazoo June 23, 1835, when he decided to make that village his home. Returning to Waterloo the next year he was united in marriage with Sarah E. Parsons. Their wedding trip was the old-style journey to Kalamazoo.

As a lawyer Mr. Stuart rose rapidly in his profession. From the start he was eminently successful. His native talent, legal ability, intuitive perception, and captivating address brought him abundant employment in all the courts of southwestern Michigan. Well read in the principles of law, he had the fortunate faculty of being able to apply them to every case that he tried. He was not what was called a "case lawyer," relying upon decisions printed in the books for authority but upon the fundamental principles of law that are applicable to all time and circumstance. He never carried a bag full of books into the courtroom to read the reasonings of judges in other cases to courts and juries. He argued each special case on trial in which he was engaged on its own merits and the proofs submitted, and being a splendid advocate no attorney of pioneer times in Michigan was a more successful practitioner.

Like most great advocates, who became widely known at the bar, he was called into politics, and was elected a representative to the State legislature of 1843. His next appearance as a candidate for office was at the special election of 1847 for representative in congress to succeed Edward Bradley, deceased. In 1848 he was defeated by William Sprague, by a combination of whigs and free-soil democrats. In 1850 he was elected representative in the thirty-second congress. Before the expiration of this term, in 1853, he was elected by the State legislature a senator of the United States, and served the full term of six years until the fourth of March, 1859. He was the last democratic senator from Michigan.

My residence in Kalamazoo in 1852, and again for two years in 1854 and 1856, gave me an opportunity to see and know Mr. Stuart while he was winning fame in public life. As the first citizen of western Michigan to serve for a full senatorial term he gained marked distinction. He possessed accurate knowledge of parliamentary law and remarkable readiness and ability in debate. He was often called upon to preside in the senate, and was the choice of his fellow senators for president pro tem of that body.

One of his notable achievements in congress, which had both an immediate and far-reaching effect upon the development of the upper peninsula of Michigan was the persistent and successful effort he made

for the passage of a senate bill—Senator Alpheus Felch had been its author—making an appropriation of public land for the construction of the Sault Ste. Marie canal, a work that added more to the wealth of the State than any other law enacted by congress. At his own home, whether in the trial of an important lawsuit or when announced for a public speech, he drew a crowd of admiring citizens who were attracted by his graces of oratory and incisive argument.

A war democrat, as a member of the national democratic convention at Charleston, South Carolina, he championed the cause of Stephen A. Douglas, and on the floor of the convention in that city and at the adjourned meeting in Baltimore, Maryland, he directed the parliamentary tactics of the Douglas delegates. In the campaign of 1860 he loyally upheld the cause of the Douglas democracy. Like his great leader, when the civil war came he was a strong union man, with not an iota of sympathy with secession, and in 1862 was commissioned by Governor Austin Blair to raise the thirteenth regiment of Michigan infantry, one of the foremost of the many gallant regiments sent into the service during the war.

Mr. Stuart was a delegate to the Union convention that met in Philadelphia in 1866, and in 1868 he was delegate-at-large to the national democratic convention that named Horatio Seymour—one of the ablest and purest of American statesmen—as candidate for president. This was his last appearance in a representative capacity. A distinguished United States senator once said: "Mr. Stuart was the ablest presiding officer of a deliberative body he had ever known; that his rulings on questions of parliamentary law were rarely at fault."

In every position he acquitted himself with credit, steadily added to his honorable reputation, and gained the respect and esteem of his fellowmen. His last case in court was tried in 1873. Inflammatory rheumatism confined him at home for many years. There the last fifteen years of his life were spent, a serene onlooker at the tide of events, in the full possession of his mental faculties until the hour of his death, which came in the evening of May 19, 1887, at the age of seventy-six years.

The sequences of politics are quite remarkable. The political revolution of 1854, for which the minds of its people had been for several years undergoing the work of preparation, wrought many changes in the relations of men prominent in public life. In the thirtieth congress, which assembled in December, 1847, Kinsley S. Bingham and Charles E. Stuart were democratic colleagues. Twelve years later, in 1859,

Stuart, the last democratic senator, was succeeded by Bingham, the second republican senator, and yet both were equally patriotic men. Mr. Bingham became a republican on the organization of the party in Jackson, July 6, 1854. He was thoroughly adapted to official life. His integrity and industry made him popular. Born at Camillus, Onondaga county, New York, December 16, 1808, he received a fair academic education; taught school for a time in Bennington, Vermont; spent three years in the office of a lawyer as clerk; came to Michigan in 1833 and settled on a farm at Green Oak, Livingston county, which remained his home during the rest of his natural life. He held various local offices, such as postmaster, supervisor, prosecuting attorney and judge of probate in his town and county; was a representative in the State legislature five times—the sessions of 1837, 1838, 1839, 1841 and 1842—and was elected speaker three times, in 1838, 1839 and 1842. In two official publications by congress, and in the collections of this society, it is stated that he was a member of the first State legislature in 1835, but this is a mistake. He was elected representative to congress in 1846, and was re-elected in 1848, serving in that capacity until the fourth of March, 1851. As Michigan has always been interested in the improvement of rivers and harbors, he was appointed a member of the committee on commerce, and rendered efficient service to the State.

During his congressional terms the famous Wilmot proviso, the purpose of which was the exclusion of slavery from the territories of the United States, became an exciting issue, not only in congress, but with the people. Mr. Bingham was its consistent and earnest supporter. The democratic party in Michigan followed its great leader, Lewis Cass, in opposition to that proviso, and at a congressional convention in his district formally read Mr. Bingham out of the party. He became, therefore, a citizen without a party—not so regrettable, however, as to be a man without a country—as he had no sympathy with the doctrines of the whig party, then in a condition of political decline, as it made its last nomination of a candidate for president in 1852.

But a new party was born in 1854, and with it came a renewal of Kinsley S. Bingham's official career. Because of his attitude in congress on the slavery question, he was selected as the first candidate for governor of Michigan by the newly-organized republican party, with which most of the members of the moribund whig organization, the abolitionists, and many of the free-soil democrats of 1848, affiliated, and at the November election of that year, fifty-two years ago, the

ticket on which his name appeared at the head was successful at the polls. He was again elected governor in 1856. On the expiration of his second term he went back to his farm, as he had done at the close of previous official services. He was so securely entrenched in the confidence and esteem of the people of Michigan that, in 1859, he was the choice of the State legislature for United States senator for the full term of six years. At the close of the thirty-sixth congress, in March, 1861, he returned to his farm and home for the last time. His official duties at Washington were ended, and he died at Green Oak, where he had lived since 1833, on the fifth day of October, 1861.

All of his life in Michigan, extending over a period of twenty-eight years, Kinsley S. Bingham was a practical and successful farmer. Indeed, his success in this avocation was as marked as were his official careers as members of the State legislature, representative in congress, governor of the State, and United States senator. He was really the Cincinnatus of Michigan. Education for the farm was one of his wise advisements. In his first message to the State legislature, January 4, 1855, Governor Bingham recommended the establishment of an agricultural college. The subject had been previously talked and written about, but he gave it tentative form. He struck the keynote in its favor when he said: "Michigan is eminently an agricultural state, and the great source of our dependence and wealth must ever be in the soil. It has been demonstrated that its productions can be greatly increased by scientific cultivation. Our citizens may indulge a just pride for their efforts in establishing schools for intellectual and scientific improvement, but this most important branch of education has been almost entirely neglected. It seems, therefore, highly proper that provision should be made for instruction in everything that pertains to the art of husbandry and practical and scientific agriculture. Our efforts in this direction should never cease until our young men engaged in the useful and honorable occupation of farming shall have received the same high education as those designed for other professions."

A bill for the establishment on a permanent basis of the present agricultural college was prepared, introduced, passed and approved February 12, 1855. Governor Bingham was the earnest friend of this measure, which established the first State agricultural college in America, and he took a prominent part in the opening and dedication of the institution on June 16, 1857. For his work in this behalf, as well as for his patient industry, devotion to principle, practical judgment and good sense, winning and retaining to the last the confidence

of the people, he is entitled to a high place on the roll of honor among Michigan's stalwart pioneers and prominent public men.

Possessing a conscience, or conscientiousness, that held him in the path of rectitude during a long and useful life, in the service of the public and as a private citizen, Alpheus Felch, of Ann Arbor, was one of the best of the many able and worthy men who adorned the early history of Michigan. Not one of them lived so long, or a more rational and exemplary life. Length of days were his, and yet he came to Michigan in search of health. As an active member of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, and its president at the time of his death ten years ago, he was the connecting link of the past with the present more completely than was any other of our prominent men.

A native of Maine, he was born in Limerick, York county, September 28, 1804. In two official publications, by authority of congress, 1806 is given as the year of his birth. Both are incorrect. The records of this society are accurate. A sketch of his life and character by his son-in-law, Claudius B. Grant, justice of our supreme court, in volume 28 of the society's collections, presents so many details of his career that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them here. Graduating at Bowdoin college in 1827, he studied law, was admitted to the bar at Bangor and commenced practice at Houlton, Maine, in 1830. Being in feeble health he was advised to find a milder climate, and in July, 1833, he came to Michigan, but with the intention of going to Mississippi. That same year he started to go south, reached Cincinnati, had an attack of cholera, then prevalent, recovered and returned to Michigan. From that time until his death, nearly sixty years, this State was his home. He first settled in Monroe, and some ten years later moved to Ann Arbor.

Never an office-seeker, the next year after coming to Monroe, in 1834, he was village attorney, and at the sessions of the legislature in 1835, 1836 and 1837, he was a member of the house of representatives from Monroe county; was appointed State bank commissioner in 1838 and resigned in 1839; for a short time in 1842 was auditor general, but relinquished that position for a seat on the bench of the supreme court; in 1845 was elected governor, was inaugurated February 6, 1846, and resigned March 3, 1847, having been elected United States senator to succeed William Woodbridge, serving until March 4, 1853. On the expiration of his senatorial term President Pierce appointed him one of the commissioners to settle the old Mexican land grants and claims in California, pursuant to an act of congress and the treaty of

Guadalupe Hidalgo, the business of which commission was satisfactorily closed by the settlement of all cases before it in March, 1856. He was chosen a delegate from Michigan to the democratic national convention of 1864 in Chicago, and from that time for thirty-two years lived in retirement.

For thirty years in Michigan, Alpheus Felch was prominent in official and political life. In every position and relation he performed his duties, whether administrative, judicial, executive or legislative, with ability and integrity. No suspicion of dishonesty ever sullied his name. He was incorruptible. Without noise or scenic display, without attempting to attract attention to himself and win temporary applause, never seeking his own advancement by pulling down others, but because of his own recognized integrity and fitness, he was honored by his party and by the people as one of the State's worthiest citizens.

The bill that was championed by Charles E. Stuart in the house of representatives, in the thirty-second congress, making a grant of land for the construction of the original Sault Ste. Marie canal, was prepared by Senator Felch, as chairman of the committee on public lands, and by his tact and influence it passed the senate at a time when grants for public improvements were not popular in that body. Primarily to Senator Felch as its author, and next to Representative Stuart in the house, the people of Michigan were indebted, more than half a century ago, for this valuable improvement, which inaugurated a commerce that has grown to be the largest in tonnage of any canal in the world. It was completed and opened to traffic June 18, 1855, at a cost of $1,150,000.

Indeed, it was fortunate for Michigan that Senator Felch represented the State in the thirtieth, thirty-first and thirty-second congresses. His position as chairman of the committee on public lands, the influence he had gained, the confidence his fellow-senators had in him, enabled him to achieve success where some noisier senator, with a smaller endowment of conscience and less tact, would have failed.

The connection of Governor Felch with our Pioneer and Historical Society rounded out his career. His name appears in the first printed list of members. He made the address of welcome at the annual festival of the society in Ann Arbor, June 7, 1876. He was president of the Washtenaw county pioneer society, organized August 16, 1873. For the annual meeting of the State society, held February 7, 1878, he prepared a paper on "Early Banks and Banking in Michigan," a subject with which he was thoroughly familiar as bank commissioner in 1838.

Putting on record a true narration of the wild-cat era of banking in Michigan, preserves the lessons of a dishonest system of banking for all time. In 1886 he was selected as one of the delegates to represent this society at the semi-centennial celebration in Lansing of the admission of Michigan into the Union. In 1892 he was elected president of the society, and held the position by successive annual elections until 1896, the year of his death. Volume 26, for 1894-5, contains an important paper on "The Indians of Michigan and the Cession of their Lands to the United States by Treaties," showing careful research and accuracy of statement, although written when he was ninety years of age. Soon after it was completed he went to Jackson, with the manuscript to consult Colonel Michael Shoemaker, then chairman of committee of historians, in regard to its publication in the society's collections, with the map he had prepared to accompany it. The map and the paper appear in volume 26, and probably were the last work of the kind from the mind and pen of their author. Neither Governor Felch nor Colonel Shoemaker were able to attend the annual meeting in June, 1905. Colonel Shoemaker passed away November 10 of that year, and in June, 1906, Governor Felch followed him into the spiritual world. Short was the separation of the two friends of many years.

In the spring of 1873, on entering the United States hotel at Jacksonville, Florida, the first person who came to my notice, seated in the lobby, was Governor Felch. After registering, I shook hands with him, and the hour's conversation that followed has lingered in memory ever since. My experience and acquaintance in Washington as reading clerk of the house of representatives, though beginning ten years after the expiration of his senatorial term, furnished a common theme. He had just arrived in Florida and I was just leaving. That unexpected interview brought me into a brief but familiar touch with the gentle, serene and thoughtful man, whose earthly career ended at his home in Ann Arbor, June 13, 1896, at nearly ninety-two years of age, when peacefully passed away the most finely conscienced citizen ever honored by the people of Michigan.

In 1848, when General Lewis Cass was nominated as the democratic candidate for president and resigned his seat in the United States senate, Thomas Fitzgerald of Berrien county was appointed to the vacancy, the legislature not being in session. It was a time of high skirmishing in Michigan politics. Epaphroditus Ransom of Kalamazoo was governor. No man in the State had a stronger desire to be United States senator. It was generally expected that General Cass would

be elected. That would leave a free field for all entries for the senatorial prize. The Wilmot proviso, for the exclusion of slavery from the territories, was the uppermost question. General Cass had taken his position against it. The free-soil element of the democratic party mustered considerable strength, and gave to the campaign of 1848 a great deal of uncertainty. The whigs and free-soilers united on Flavius J. Littlejohn of Allegan, an eloquent speaker, as their candidate for governor. It was an aggressive campaign. The prestige and popularity of General Cass, and his candidacy for president, saved the State to the democrats. But for this, as the anti-slavery sentiment was strong, the State might have been carried by the whig and free-soil combination. Some old-line whigs held aloof. As it was, the combination was strong enough in the southwestern part of the State to defeat Charles E. Stuart and elect William Sprague for representative in congress.

The opinion was quite prevalent that Governor Ransom named Mr. Fitzgerald for senator so that he would not have a formidable competitor occupying the position at the session of the legislature in 1849. Governor Ransom himself was very popular. He had become well known as circuit judge and as a justice of the supreme court. His ambition to become senator was illustrated by an incident that came to my knowledge. Even after the defeat of General Cass for president he hoped to win. In the winter of 1848-9, Francis W. Shearman of Marshall became an applicant for appointment to the office of superintendent of public instruction. He was then editorial writer for the "Marshall Expounder," one of the leading democratic papers in the State. The capital had been removed to Lansing, which was reached by the Michigan Central railroad to Jackson and by stage the rest of the way. Shearman's appointment hung fire. One day a messenger came to Marshall from Lansing with the assurance that if the "Expounder" would come out for the Wilmot proviso and support Governor Ransom for senator, Mr. Shearman would be appointed. As pressman I was working off the two inside pages of the paper when the word came, the first and fourth pages for that week having been previously printed. There was no time to spare. Word was given to stop the press. Another week might be too late. An editorial was hastily written, some other matter taken out, and the Ransom-Wilmot proviso endorsement inserted. It had the desired effect. Mr. Shearman was appointed. This was the last appointment to the office of superintendent of public instruction made by the governor under the old constitution, and Mr. Shearman was the first man elected to the office under

the constitution of 1850. Governor Ransom, however, failed to win the senatorship. January 20, 1849, General Cass was re-elected to fill out the rest of the term to which he was chosen in 1845, and was again elected in 1851.

It was a part of the senatorial skirmishing that led to the appointment of Thomas Fitzgerald in June, 1848, as senator ad interim. His actual service covered less than two months. Really he was not one of the chosen of the people, but was the tactical choice of the governor. He was born at Germantown, New York, April 10, 1796; received an academic education; served under General William Henry Harrison in the war of 1812; was admitted to the bar and commenced practice at St. Joseph, Mich.; was elected judge of probate for Berrien county; and in June, 1848, received the appointment of United States senator in place of Lewis Cass, resigned.

I find no mention of the year he came to Michigan. In February, 1838, he was one of the State bank commissioners, and in company with Alpheus Felch and Kintzing Pritchette, his associate commissioners, visited the Jackson county bank, located in the village of Jackson, and made an examination of that wild-cat institution, of which Paul B. Ring was president, but was absent at the time. The examination showed a deficiency of assets to meet liabilities of $44,701. This was $239 less than the bank's circulation. The bank was closed and placed in the hands of a receiver. In 1839 Mr. Fitzgerald was candidate for lieutenant governor on the democratic ticket, which was headed by Alpheus Felch for governor, but the whigs were successful that year, electing William Woodbridge of Detroit, governor, and James Wright Gordon of Mashall, lieutenant governor. Mr. Fitzgerald, never a prominent figure in the early history of Michigan, died at Niles, March 25, 1855, nearly fifty-nine years of age.

Prior to 1848 there had been but one representative in congress from Michigan who was not a member of the democratic party, and that one was Jacob M. Howard, who was elected as a whig in 1840; and, with the exception of Isaac E. Crary, who was elected three times, serving in the twenty-fourth, twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth congresses—1835 to 1841—no representative had served more than two terms. Rotation in office was the rule. The new State had many able and ambitious men, and official favors were distributed as impartially as was possible.

In 1848 the first congressional district elected Alexander W. Buel a representative in the thirty-first congress. He was born in Castleton, Vermont, in 1813; graduated at Middlebury college in that State in

1830; taught school and studied law, and in 1834, at the age of twenty-one years, came to the territory of Michigan, and commenced practice in the city of Detroit. In 1836 he was city attorney, and the next year was elected a representative to the State legislature that met in 1838, and was speaker pro tem of the house. The same year he became a member of the original State historical society. In 1843 and 1844 he was prosecuting attorney for Wayne county, and in the latter year one of the fire wardens of Detroit. Again, in 1848, he was a representative in the State legislature and was chosen speaker; and in November of that year was elected a representative in congress, but was defeated when a candidate for re-election in 1850 by Ebenezer J. Penniman, the whig and free-soil nominee. In congress he served as a member of the committee on foreign affairs. In 1858 he was elected one of the representatives to the State legislature from the first district of Wayne county, and this service for the State closed his official career.

Mr. Buel was a good lawyer, an exemplary citizen, and an upright man. He came prominently into public life as a democrat at a time when a new alignment of political parties had begun to form, the first indication of which outcropped in the free-soil movement of 1848. General Zachary Taylor, a hero of the Mexican war, which his party had opposed, was elected president that year, defeating General Lewis Cass, the democratic candidate. On Taylor's death, July 9, 1850, Vice President Fillmore became acting president, and he was more conservative in maintaining the compromises of the constitution on the slavery question than General Cass could have been if elected. Mr. Buel was not a pro-slavery man, but was a democrat, and the time was near at hand when, by an uprising of the people, that party and its adherents were to be voted out of power in Michigan. The free-soil campaign of 1848 was a preliminary skirmish to the conclusive political contest of 1854; in 1850 the same questions were discussed and had considerable influence, as the defeat of Mr. Buel that year indicated; in 1852 the whig party went down in its final defeat; and in 1854 the republican party was organized out of the shattered remnants of the whig forces, the free-soil democrats, and the abolitionists—the repeal of the Missouri compromise measure, which excluded slavery from all territories north of the parallel of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes, arousing the people to take definite action to prevent the further spread of slavery in this country. Charles E. Stuart, member of congress from the second district, was the first democrat defeated on the new issue in 1848,

although he was successful in 1850, and Alexander W. Buel felt its force in 1850 when a candidate for re-election.

For the legislature of 1859 Mr. Buel consented to be a candidate and was elected for a distinct and commendable purpose—the abolition of the grand jury system and its star-chamber methods in Michigan, and the commencement of criminal actions, after examinations in open court before magistrates, the accused having the right to appear by counsel, by information filed by prosecuting attorneys. This, on the face of it, is a fairer and less expensive method than indictment by grand juries through secret and irresponsible modes of procedure. To this change, which Michigan was the first state to adopt, Mr. Buel devoted his time and ability during the forty days that constituted the session of 1859. His report on the subject was an exhaustive and convincing document, and the bill he drafted and introduced passed both houses and was approved by Governor Moses Wisner. That report and law were called for by the legislators of other states, which followed the example of Michigan in abolishing the grand jury, except when ordered by the court to consider some special matter like corrupt violations of law by public officials. My observation from the viewpoint of the clerk's desk in that legislature led to the conclusion that Mr. Buel was a careful and conscientious law-maker, and his chief regard was for the general welfare. During his law practice in Detroit he had for a partner at one time Judge B. F. H. Witherell, and at another and later time William A. Howard, both eminent citizens and prominent in public life. April 17, 1868, Mr. Buel died in Detroit, the city that had been his home for thirty-four of the fifty-five years of his stay on earth.

The electon of Rev. William Sprague of Climax, Kalamazoo county, over Charles E. Stuart, in November, 1848—not in 1850 as printed in volume 3 of the society's publications—as a representative in the thirty-first congress, marked the beginning, so far as the expression of the people at the ballot box was concerned, of the change in the history of parties and politics in Michigan, which culminated six years later, in 1854, in the birth of the republican party, and the overthrow of the old order of things in the State. In this respect Mr. Sprague was a pioneer in politics, as well as a pioneer of the Methodist church in the territory and State of his adoption.

It seems rather strange now to read in the official record that William Sprague was elected to congress as a free-soiler and whig, a party designation that is known to but few persons now living. Fifty-eight

years ago the name free-soiler meant those voters who broke away from old party affiliations and supported the national ticket headed by Martin Van Buren for president and Charles Francis Adams for vice president—the independents of that year who would not support either Lewis Cass the democratic candidate or Zachary Taylor the whig nominee. There were enough of these ardent men in southern Michigan to hold meetings in almost every school district, and such a source of inspiration as comes nowadays from contributions of cash for a campaign fund, or from the hope of official reward, was then unknown. The men of that time worked and spoke for a cause—the non-extension of slavery into the territories of the United States—at the beginning of a moral uprising which, in 1865, at the close of a bloody civil war, resulted in a restored union and the freedom of every slave within the national jurisdiction.

Mr. Sprague as an itinerant Methodist minister and later as presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district, was well known to many voters. No doubt this made him an available candidate. Withal, he was good looking and had a dignified manner. A native of Rhode Island and the recipient of a limited school education, he came to Michigan in 1830. In a "History of Methodism in Detroit," prepared by Rev. J. M. Arnold of that city for a jubilee held there on Thanksgiving day, November 25, 1880, mention is made of two ministers assigned to the Oakland circuit of the Detroit district for the years 1830-31. Arza Brown and W. Sprague, who had under their immediate care 308 members. In 1831-2 Benjamin Cooper and William Sprague were in charge of the St. Joseph mission with 100 members. In 1833 E. H. Pilcher and W. Sprague were at Monroe with 100 members. In 1835, W. Sprague and L. Davis were located at Farmington with 375 members in the circuit; in 1836 William Sprague and David Burns as ministers for 486 members, and in 1837 William Sprague was still at Plymouth with O. F. North as a helper. In 1838 William Sprague and George King filled appointments at Tecumseh, having 500 members, and the next year, 1839, William Sprague was continued at the same place with John Sharpe in place of George King. The custom in those days was to assign two ministers to a circuit, and they were expected to get around to each place where services were held once in two to four weeks. Traveling the circuit and preaching in the wilderness was the work of these faithful servants for many years.

The next we hear of Mr. Sprague was in 1844, when he was appointed presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district which included the Climax

circuit with its 225 members. During the conference year of 1845 the debt of the Kalamazoo church was paid, and this "joyous event" is credited to the efforts of Mr. Sprague. He was reappointed presiding elder of the Kalamazoo district, and continued in the service of the church until the commencement of his term in congress, on the fourth of March, 1849. Soon after its expiration, in 1851, he was appointed Indian agent at Mackinac, and held the position for about two years.

These data are interesting as they give some idea of the work of an itinerant Methodist minister in the early days of Michigan, when riding the circuit, summer and winter, in sunshine and storm, over newly laid out highways, guided by blazed trees in a dense wilderness. Mr. Sprague experienced all there was of such service. The call to be a candidate for congress was not of his own seeking. He was first nominated by the whigs for congress, and Judge DeWitt C. Lawrence of Grand Rapids was nominated by the free-soil party at a convention held in Kalamazoo. Judge Lawrence afterward withdrew in favor of Mr. Sprague, who was also a strong free-soiler in sentiment. The active free-soilers of 1848 favored this action, as it gave them their only chance of success. They had confidence in the character and availability of Mr. Sprague, and their confidence was not misplaced. In 1849 Judge Lawrence received an appointment as clerk of the senate committee on patents, later was connected with the patent office, and became a successful patent attorney in Washington, where he died in 1892. After returning from the Indian agency Mr. Sprague retired to his farm in Oshtemo, Kalamazoo county, where he resided until his death.

At the November election in 1850, the free-soilers and whigs, acting together in conventions and at the polls, elected two of the three representatives to the thirty-second congress from Michigan, Ebenezer J. Penniman of Plymouth, Wayne county and James L. Conger of Macomb county. No new questions had arisen since the campaign of 1848, but public sentiment against the further extension of slavery was growing stronger in the State. Mr. Penniman was the successor of Alexander W. Buel, a democrat without any other designation, and Mr. Conger succeeded Kinsley S. Bingham, a free-soil democrat who was not a candidate for re-election. The two successful candidates were officially designated at the time as whigs and free-soilers. The conservative whig national administration of Millard Fillmore, a New York statesman of more than ordinary ability, together with the fact that the democrats had control of congress, afforded no opportunity

for these new Michigan members to gain any prominence or to accomplish anything of special importance. As whigs they belonged to a dying era of American politics, and as free-soilers no distinct national party on that issue had then come into existence.

Mr. Penniman was a native of the State of New York and received a limited school education. After learning the art of printing he moved to the city of New York and became a merchant; in 1835 he came to Plymouth, Michigan, opened a country store, and was successful; he lived in the only town of Wayne county in which a majority of the inhabitants were whigs; he was a man of dignified appearance, calm temperament, and was much respected by all who knew him; and his personal popularity made him an available candidate for congress at the time of the free-soil movement in Michigan, which, beginning in 1848, furnished the first indication of a new alignment of political parties in the State.

The most prominent business man in the village of Plymouth, the center of a fine agricultural section and near enough to markets to insure prosperity, Mr. Penniman was identified with its people from the time he came there, while Michigan was yet a territory, for the rest of his natural life. Early there were so few people that men in business were generally known as prominent citizens, and at the country store all matters of public interest were freely discussed. Mr. Penniman was a leader. His election to congress, then more of an honor than such a position is now, added to his prominence. When connected with the first free-soil daily newspaper in Detroit—the "Daily Democrat," —early in the fifties, he occasionally called at the office and this gave an opportunity to see him. His interest in parties and politics continued after his congressional service. In 1861, after the firing on Fort Sumter in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, in co-operation with Henry Fralick, then of Plymouth, a war democrat with whom he had been associated in business, he raised, equipped and filled the muster-roll of the first company of Union soldiers in the State that enlisted for three years. Mr. Fralick, later, was a prominent citizen of Grand Rapids and was the twelfth president of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society.

In all respects Mr. Penniman was a man of sincere purpose, of strict integrity and a patriotic citizen. Possessing a calm judgment, he belonged to the conservative type of citizens who were conscientiously opposed to the further spread of slavery in the territories of the United States, but did not propose any interference with the institution in

the states where it already existed. His integrity and popularity, commended him to the voters of the district where he was best known, and they elected him as a whig and free-soiler, over Alexander W. Buel, an able democrat. Thus Mr. Penniman was one of the successful candidates for congress during the transition period in Michigan politics.

The same year, 1850, Colonel James L. Conger was elected a representative in the thirty-second congress as a free-soil whig, as the successor of Kinsley S. Bingham, who had a large following of free-soil democrats. Mr. Conger had for his democratic opponent Judge DeWitt C. Walker, late of Capac, Michigan, a faithful attendant of the annual meetings of the Pioneer and Historical Society during the last years of his life.

Mr. Conger was a native of New Jersey. A "Biographical Congressional Directory—1774 to 1903"—says he moved to Mt. Pleasant, Mich. This is probably a mistake. No doubt Mt. Clemens is meant. The earliest mention we find of him was in 1838, at a celebration in July at Mt. Clemens in that year, which was attended by Governor Stevens T. Mason and other prominent citizens of that time, to signalize the breaking of ground for the commencement of work on the Clinton and Kalamazoo canal. That was a great internal improvement proposed for Michigan, a waterway from the mouth of the Clinton river on Lake St. Clair to the mouth of the Kalamazoo river on Lake Michigan. Mr. Conger was president of the day on that occasion. Governor Mason lifted the first shovel of earth and deposited it in a wheelbarrow and made a short address, Robert P. Eldridge delivered an oration, and Major Henry D. Terry was marshal. When the wheelbarrow was filled with dirt, Mr. Conger took off his coat, grasped the wheelbarrow with great energy, when one of the handles broke and his part of the dirt movement was a failure. According to S. C. Woodward, who was present and mentions the incident in volume 14 of this society's collections, a man near by said that failure was emblematical of the failure of the canal, which prediction proved to be true.

Mr. Woodward says this canal-opening celebration occurred on the fourth of July. Evidently this is in error. John N. Ingersoll, at that time twenty-one years of age and living in Detroit, who was just entering upon his life-long journalistic career, attended the celebration and wrote a contemporary description of it for the "Detroit Journal" and "Courier," his account having been written at Mt. Clemens on the day the celebration took place, said that it occured July 20, 1838. That

Mr. Conger officiated as president on the occasion both Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Woodward agree.

In a paper on the "Early Banks and Bankers of Macomb County," by L. M. Miller, which appears in volume 5, Mr. Conger is mentioned as president of a wild-cat bank located in the village of Belvidere—or "Belvidere City"—at the mouth of the Clinton river, and called the Bank of Lake St. Clair. The bank itself was properly named, as it was based on watered stock, with enough money contributed to pay for engraving and printing a large supply of promises to pay, but before they were regularly issued the bank was swamped by hard times and Belvidere City by high water. Mr. Conger himself seems to have been fairly well adapted to a wild-cat era of finance.

About 1850, during the cholera visitation of Michigan, he became more widely known as the proprietor of "Conger's Magic Regulator," a widely advertised remedy for that disease. In 1850 and 1851, when connected with the Commercial Bulletin job printing office in Detroit, as a member of the firm of Jabez Fox & Co., we printed thousands of circulars, pamphlets and testimonials as to the efficacy of Conger's remedy, and certainly it was vile enough in odor and taste to scare the cholera or any other epidemic out of the State.

In personal appearance Mr. Conger was of the Teutonic-American type —brown hair, blue eyes, fair and florid complexion—active and energetic—and whatsoever his hands found to do he did with all his might, without any scrupulous regard for the rights of others. His was a brief public career, a single term in congress being its beginning and culmination.

By the census of 1850 Michigan gained one member in the national house of representatives. The growth of the State was slow during the fifth decade of the nineteenth century. The panic of 1837, the disorganization of the national currency system, the worthlessness of the banks of issue organized by the State, the insufficiency of the supply of money, retarded growth and prosperity, until the discovery and output of gold in California and Australia revived confidence, stimulated enterprise, enhanced prices, and encouraged industry. The hard times lasted for more than ten years, and for that time the growth in population was slower than for any other decade in the history of the State.

In 1852 the political alliance of whigs and free-soil democrats, which existed in 1848 and 1850, entirely disappeared with the result that at the first congressional election held under the new apportionment, in

November, 1852, four democrats—David Stuart of Detroit, David A. Noble of Monroe, Samuel Clark of Kalamazoo and Hestor L. Stevens of Pontiac—were elected. The free-soil movement had spent its force, an alliance with the whig party was out of the question because of the conservative attitude of the Fillmore administration on the slavery question, which that party officially endorsed, and in both the State and the nation the democrats were successful. Franklin Pierce was elected, receiving 254 electoral votes to forty-two given to Winfield Scott, the whig candidate. This defeat was a crushing blow to the whig organization. It never rallied its forces for another election.

Looked at from the standpoint of subsequent events this result does not seem to have been so much a vote of confidence in the democratic party as it was an expression of an overwhelming lack of confidence in the whig party, which came into power by the election of Zachary Taylor for president and Millard Fillmore for vice president at the election of 1848. Taylor died July 6, 1850. The most unpopular measure of the Fillmore administration was the passage of the fugitive slave act, which imposed a fine of $1,000 and six months' imprisonment for harboring or aiding the escape of runaway slaves. It may be that, had the whigs won the national election of 1852, the democrats of the north would have become the avowed opponents of the aggressions of the slave power. It was perfectly natural for the party in control, whatever its name, to uphold the compromises of the constitution in regard to slavery, and even this was becoming unpopular in Michigan and other northern states. The election of 1852 placed the democratic party in full control of every department of the national government, and this fact, under the conditions then existing, caused its overthrow.

Not since the election of 1846, until 1852, was the representation of Michigan in the congress composed wholly of democrats. Among them David Stuart was elected from the first district. Meager are the facts obtainable concerning him. Elected in 1852 he was defeated by William A. Howard in the same district in 1854. At that time Mr. Stuart had the reputation of being one of the most effective stump speakers in Michigan, and was one of the most popular democrats of Detroit. Born in Brooklyn, New York, March 12, 1816, he studied law, moved to Michigan and located in Detroit. A representative in congress for a single term was the only office of any importance he ever held. It was not the loss of his personal popularity, but the changing tide of Michigan politics, that led to his defeat in 1854. Returning to Michigan soon after the expiration of his congressional term, on March 3,

1855, he removed to Chicago not long afterwards and opened a law office in that city. His foray into politics had lost him most of his Detroit practice and he went to Chicago to begin anew. In the celebrated Birch divorce case he was a conspicuous figure. Soon after the outbreak of the civil war he was commissioned colonel of an Illinois regiment and was a gallant soldier. Broken in health he retired from the service, and died in Detroit, September 19, 1868, at the age of fifty-two years.

None of the representatives in congress, elected in 1852 served more than a single term, although three of them were candidates for re-election. The popular tide was in their favor in 1852, but was against them in 1854. From the second district David A. Noble of Monroe was the successful candidate in 1852, but was defeated by Henry Waldron of Hillsdale in 1854—the result of an outflowing and an inflowing political tide.

Mr. Noble was one of the early comers to Monroe, settling there prior to 1836, and was one of its prominent citizens. Outside of Detroit there was early a stronger faith in the future of Monroe than of any other place in Michigan. The River Raisin connected it with Lake Erie and insured cheap transportation, while it was the eastern terminal of the proposed Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana railroad. These advantages attracted to it men of brains and enterprise, such as Isaac P. Christiancy, Austin E. Wing, Warner Wing, Alpheus Felch, Robert McClelland, Wolcott Lawrence, Levi L. Humphrey, Dan B. Miller, Charles Noble and among them David A. Noble was conspicuous.

A native of Massachusetts, Mr. Noble received a liberal education, graduating at Williams college in 1825, studied law and commenced its practice at Monroe while Michigan was yet a territory. He was a representative in the State legislatures of 1846 and 1847, annual sessions being held under the old constitution, and in 1852 was mayor of Monroe. His service as representative in the thirty-third congress closed his official career. Personally he was highly esteemed. In politics he belonged to the era that came to an end in Michigan with the election of 1854, when the newly-organized republican party came into control of the State, and which ended in the nation with the election of Abraham Lincoln as president in 1860.

Years before these events the great expectations for the growth of Monroe, it having been an early rival of Toledo, had gone glimmering among the things that were never realized, yet it furnished many able

men to direct affairs in the territory and during the evolution of the State, and among them David A. Noble was conspicuous.

Well adapted to the public service by mental equipment, legal ability, political experience and sound common sense was Samuel Clark of Kalamazoo, who served a single term as representative in congress from two different states. Born in Cayuga county, New York, in January, 1800, his earlier years were spent on a farm, then he received the advantages of a liberal education at Hamilton college in that state, and after graduating studied law in the office of Judge Hurlburt at Auburn and commenced its practice at Waterloo in 1828. Four years later, in 1832, he was elected a representative in the twenty-fifth congress from the district in which he resided, served a single term, and then returned to his law practice. Michigan was pretty much an unknown territory when he was a member of congress from New York.

In 1842 Mr. Clark came to Michigan and settled in Kalamazoo. The nearest railroad point was Jackson. His first public service in the State was as a member of the constitutional convention of 1850, a position for which he was admirably qualified by his legal attainments, his thoughtful methods, and well-grounded ideas of the principles and duties of government. One of his notable arguments in that body was in favor of an independent supreme court, elected by the people. Before that time the circuit judges, meeting and acting together, formed our highest judicial tribunal. In another respect he anticipated the wants of the future. He was the first member of the convention to move for the establishment of an agricultural college, by offering and securing the adoption of a resolution "that the committee on education be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing for the establishment of an agricultural school and model farm connected therewith."

It was the forethought of such men as Samuel Clark that brought the honor to Michigan of being the first State in the Union to establish an agricultural college. Fortunately he held a position in 1850 to take the lead in this important matter, and so far as any one man is entitled to the credit of being the official pioneer in this great educational movement that honor belongs to Samuel Clark. His efficiency in that constitutional convention made him generally and favorably known throughout the State, and his nomination and election to congress in 1852 was a natural result. In the house of representatives he was recognized as one of the leaders of the Michigan delegation. My employment as a printer in the office of the "Kalamazoo Gazette" at that

time gave me an opportunity to see him often. He was rather tall and sparely built, of dignified and courteous manner, and his conversation was instructive on all occasions. The "Kalamazoo Telegraph," though opposed to him in politics, said of him: "Old citizens will remember his ability as a lawyer, his generous hospitality at his home, his valuable services to his country in every public position he held, and his private worth." Of the same purport was the tribute paid him by Judge Hezekiah G. Wells, a fellow townsman who knew him well. He was distinguished alike for his knowledge of the law, the intensity of his democracy and earnestness of purpose. None doubted his sincerity and integrity. He was a matter-of-fact lawyer and a strong and forcible advocate. His qualities of mind and integrity of purpose made him useful in public and official positions; and, in this regard, to the extent of his opportunities, he served the people usefully, honestly and ably. At the age of three score and ten years he died at Kalamazoo, October 2, 1870.

In the spring of 1845 Hestor L. Stevens moved from Rochester, New York, to Pontiac, Michigan, and commenced the practice of law. He was born in Lima, Livingston county, New York, in 1803, and received a good English and classical education, following it as a law student, choosing a profession for which he was well adapted. He opened a law office and was connected with the press in Rochester, New York, for several years before coming to Michigan. His tastes were for general literature as well as for law, and he was an accomplished orator. His eloquence and his courteous manner and personal popularity made him an available and successful candidate for representative in congress from the fourth district in 1852. His reputation as an orator was recognized in Washington. While a member of congress he was selected to deliver an address at Mt. Vernon, Virginia, at a celebration of Washington's birthday. In later years his name was frequently mentioned as that of one of the distinguished representatives from Michigan by those who knew him.

Coming to the State in 1845, elected to congress seven years later, and after the expiration of his congressional term on March 3, 1855, taking up his residence and continuing to practice law in Washington, he was identified with Michigan and its people for only a few years, and he died in Georgetown, District of Columbia, May 7, 1864, at the age of sixty-one years.

It is recalled that he was spoken highly of at that time as an able lawyer, an agreeable companion, and an estimable gentleman. Those

who knew him then have also passed away. Now he is forgotten. Gathering a few fragments of his public career is all that the chronicler can do. Being in Washington at the time of Mr. Stevens' death, a few of the comments upon his character and qualities are remembered. He was the respected citizen of two states, New York and Michigan, and finally passed from earth as a citizen of the United States under the exclusive sovereignty of the flag he loved so well.

At the election of 1854, when representatives to the thirty-fourth congress were chosen, the political revolution in Michigan, which had been foreshadowed for six years, came. The reaction of 1852 was only temporary. In June, 1854, the Kansas-Nebraska bill became a law. It opened to slavery territory from which that institution had been excluded by the Missouri compromise. This hastened a new alignment of political parties. The contest for a free state or a slave state was transferred to the territory of Kansas. As the days and weeks passed excitement gathered strength and intensity. Party lines weakened. Old partisan animosities were forgotten. The whig organization was moribund. It never contested another campaign. Its partyless members were ready for a new alignment. So intense was the feeling that it was an easy matter for the whigs, the free-soil democrats and the abolitionists to unite in a new party. This was done. In the village of Jackson, Michigan at a mass meeting held in the open air under the oaks, some of which are still standing on July 6, 1854, the next month after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, the republican party was born, and at the election held in November of that year three of the four representatives in congress—William A. Howard of Detroit, Henry Waldron of Hillsdale, David S. Walbridge of Kalamazoo—were republicans, and one, George W. Peck of Lansing, was a democrat.

Among Michigan's representatives at the dawn of a new political era William A. Howard was conspicuously the leader. By temperament, knowledge of political issues, and incisiveness in debate, he was well equipped for a prominent part in congress during this crucial epoch of American history. Of New England parentage, his father, Daniel Howard, was born in Bridgewater, Plymouth Colony, Massachusetts, which was purchased by Captain Miles Standish of the Indians in 1645, and William A. Howard was born in Hinesburg, Vermont, April 8, 1813. As to this world's goods his parents were poor, physically he was not strong, and as early as 1827, at the age of fourteen years, he went to Albion, New York, to learn the trade of a cabinet maker. In this service he spent five years. When nineteen, in 1832,

he resolved to get an education, worked and taught school to pay the cost, and after seven years of struggle, three in Wyoming, New York, where there was an academy, and four at Middlebury college, Vermont, he graduated in 1839. He taught school the ensuing winter at Genesee, New York, and in the spring of 1840 came to Detroit, arriving there on the twelfth day of April, with a cash capital of seventy-two dollars, the savings of his winter term of teaching. His first employment in Detroit was as a teacher of mathematics in a branch of the State university. At the same time he entered the office of Witherell & Buel as a law student. Admitted to the bar two years later, he practiced his profession from 1842 to 1854, and for a while was a partner of Alexander W. Buel.

The details of Mr. Howard's official career are set forth in volume 4 of this society's collections, and, having known him well, it is a pleasure to refer to them. Among the promient men of Michigan during the pioneer period, not one had a severer struggle as a young man with poverty and poor health, and yet achieved a more notable success. His dominant qualities were perseverance, ability, integrity, character. A remark he once made left a permanent impression on my mind. "Education," he said, "is good, but character is better." His sterling qualities enabled him to step to the front in one of the strongest congresses of the ante-war period. He had decided opinions and the courage to express them. The first session of the thirty-fourth congress was made memorable by the long and bitter contest which resulted in the election as speaker of that splendid parliamentarian, Nathaniel P. Banks. In a body that contained such eminent men as Schuyler Colfax, Howell Cobb, Humphrey Marshall, Anson Burlingame, Thomas L. Clingman, John A. Bingham, Joshua R. Giddings, Galusha A. Grow, Emerson Etheridge and others—men with national reputations—Mr. Howard, during the speakership contest, won a position among the great leaders of that time, and in recognition of his ability he was given the second place on the committee of ways and means, then the most important committee, as it held the purse-strings of the nation, in either branch of congress. He served with distinction for three successive congresses, retiring on the fourth of March, 1861.

In 1860 he was chairman of the republican State central committee. That was the Lincoln campaign which witnessed a complete revolution in American politics; in 1868 he was a delegate to the national convention that nominated General Grant for president and made the speech seconding the nomination of Schuyler Colfax for vice president; in

1872 he was again a delegate to the convention that renominated Grant; and in 1876, as chairman of the Michigan delegation in the Cincinnati convention, he announced a solid vote for Hayes at the decisive moment. It was my good fortune to know the course he intended to pursue in that convention. The evening before he left Washington for Michigan, a few days prior to the Cincinnati convention, we had a long conversation over the political situation, and both came to the conclusion that the nomination of Hayes was necessary in order to make certain the electoral vote of Ohio in 1876, and to that conviction he adhered. It is hardly probable that Hayes would have been nominated if Mr. Howard had not been a member of the convention. Even the "plumed knight" speech of Robert G. Ingersoll could not change his purpose when he had made up his mind after a careful review of the national situation. He was a man of remarkable sagacity, and his judgment was based upon the moral aspect of questions that the people were called upon to decide. With the people he was always stronger than he was with the politicians. Under no circumstances could be he swerved from the path of integrity for the sake of any seemingly temporary expediency. He was one of the grand men of the State.

His ability was recognized when, as a member of the thirty-fourth congress, he was appointed, with John Sherman of Ohio and Mordecai Oliver of Missouri, on the committee to investigate conditions in Kansas during the crucial contest between freedom and slavery on that chosen battleground of the two forces that then were struggling for the mastery—the first contest in this country in which slavery was beaten. After his congressional service, Mr. Howard was often called upon to perform some official duty. Governor Baldwin appointed him a member of the committee for the relief of Michigan sufferers from fire; he became a member of the State Pioneer and Historical Society; he was postmaster of Detroit under Lincoln; was president of the Young Men's Society; in 1869 was tendered the position of minister plenipotentiary to China, which he declined; and his last office, under President Hayes, was governor of the territory of Dakota. When selected for land commissioner of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad company in 1869, he moved to Grand Rapids. In the winter of 1880, while governor of Dakota, he visited Washington, hoping that the milder climate would restore his impaired health, but he gradually declined until April 10 of that year, when he peacefully sank to rest at the age of sixty-seven years, forty of which he had been one of Michigan's worthiest and most highly esteemed citizens. Greatness,

with him, was exceeded by his goodness. A few days before he died he said: "I was born in poverty, and my mother had a struggle against it through all the years of my young life, I have been sick a great deal, and can truly say that mercies have been scattered all along. Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life and my only regret is that I have not been more perfectly transformed." When William A. Howard died one of our truly Christian statesmen passed away.

Among the active, energetic, tactful and successful business men and politicians of southern Michigan half a century ago there were none superior to Henry Waldron of Hillsdale. Given the nomination for representative in congress from the second district in 1854, because at that time he was regarded as the most available candidate against David A. Noble of Monroe, the nominee of the heretofore successful democrats, he was the first of a long line of republicans to be elected to represent one of the finest agricultural sections of Michigan. Confining his efforts largely to his own congressional district, he was best known and most highly esteemed by his own immediate constituents, but was recognized as a man of ability throughout the State.

A native of the State of New York, Mr. Waldron was born in the city of Albany, October 11, 1819. He received a good early education and graduated from Rutger's college, New Jersey, in 1836, becoming a civil engineer by profession. In 1837 he came to Michigan and chose a business rather than a professional career. His first appearance in official life was as a representative in the State legislature of 1843 from Hillsdale. Eleven years later, in 1854, he was nominated and elected a representative in the thirty-fourth congress, and was re-elected to the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth congresses, this period of service commencing with the fourth of March, 1855, and ending with the third of March, 1861. After an interim of ten years he was again nominated and elected, in 1870, a representative in the forty-second congress, and was re-elected to the forty-third and forty-fourth congresses, his second period of service continuing from March 3, 1871, to March 4, 1877. This longest service of any representative up to that time from the State was a significant test of his efficiency and popularity. When first elected in 1854, Michigan had only four members of the house of representatives, and when last chosen, in 1874, twenty years later, the State had nine members.

The tact of Mr. Waldron was frequently in evidence. In Hillsdale he had but one prominent competitor who was an aspirant for con-

gressional honors, the late Edmund B. Fairfield, president of Hillsdale college. He was a brilliant man and noted as an orator. For him an election as State senator in 1856, and then for lieutenant governor in 1858, were easily obtained, and this left Mr. Waldron in undisturbed and peaceful control of his own county.

All of his active life Mr. Waldron was identified with business interests. In 1855 the private banking office of Mitchell, Waldron & Co. was established, the members of the firm being Charles T. Mitchell, Henry Waldron and John P. Cook. This was the first bank opened in Hillsdale. Mr. Cook withdrew in 1864. Messrs. Mitchell and Waldron continued the business until the Second National Bank was organized and took over their business. These two men were associated in banking for nearly twenty-five years. When they commenced, Hillsdale was the western terminus of the Southern Michigan railroad, and remained so for six years. It was then an active business center, as the shipping point for grain and produce drawn there in wagons from a wide circuit, including Angola and La Grange in Indiana, Bryan in Ohio, White Pigeon and Homer in Michigan, and all intermediate points. Literally Henry Waldron grew up with Hillsdale and the region he represented for twelve years in congress, as the choice of its people; and his ability, activity and energy made him prominent in public and private life and a most influential citizen. As a member of congress his first attention and watchful care were given to the affairs of his own district and constituents, and his tactful management increased his popularity. The chief point in his case was this—he was a useful representative. In 1876, the year of the Tilden campaign, was his closest contest, when he received 14,611 votes to 14,054 cast for John J. Robison of Washtenaw county, a very popular democrat.

In 1854 Kalamazoo had two candidates for congress—Samuel Clark, who was elected in 1852 and was nominated again in 1854, but was defeated by David S. Walbridge, a fellow townsman, one of the men who was conspicuous that year in the movement which resulted in the death of the whig party, after the birth of the republican party. Because of the prominent part he took in these two important political events, and the esteem his fellow citizens had for him as a business man who had gained their confidence, he was elected their representative in congress in November, 1854.

Mr. Walbridge was born in Bennington, Vermont, July 30, 1802, received a common school education, and after this equipment devoted

himself to the various occupations of a farmer, merchant and miller. At the age of forty years, in 1842, he moved to Kalamazoo, Michigan, where he became a merchant and a miller. The earliest mention of him that we find bears the date of November 17, 1842, when the brig "Milwaukee" was lost off Saugatuck harbor, on Lake Michigan, driven ashore by a sudden squall of wind while being loaded, resulting in the total loss of her cargo of flour that had been floated down the Kalamazoo river from the village of Kalamazoo and was owned by D. S. Walbridge. This is an object lesson of the method of transportation in 1842, and conveys an idea of the business Mr. Walbridge engaged in on becoming a pioneer citizen of Michigan.

As a merchant and miller, and taking an interest in public affairs as a private citizen, belonging to the whig party then in a hopeless minority in a young and vigorous commonwealth, he pursued, no doubt, the even tenor of his way for a dozen years. He was one of the level-headed and self-reliant type of men, not of the shining but of the sensible sort. The next we hear of him was as president of the mass convention held in Jackson, Michigan, July 6, 1854, that gave birth to the republican party. The important steps that immediately preceded this action may properly be related in this connection. To be president of such a convention was a high honor. The attendance at this Jackson convention, over which Mr. Walbridge presided, was estimated as varying from 3,000 to 5,000 voters, representing nearly, if not quite, every county in the State.

At that time a party that was known as the free democracy, a regular succession of the free-soilers of 1848, had a distinct organization, and its State central committee—U. Tracy Howe, Hovey K. Clarke, Silas M. Holmes, Seymour A. Baker, S. B. Thayer, Samuel P. Mead, Samuel Zug and Erastus Hussey, all of whom were personally known by the writer—issued the first call for a convention that year, which was held in Jackson on the anniversary of Washington's birth, February 22, 1854. After much discussion and many conferences between members of the free democracy and the free-soilers, another convention was called to meet in Kalamazoo on May 28 of the same year. This convention was held, and it resulted in calling the mass convention which assembled in Jackson on the sixth of July, 1854. The free democracy and the free-soilers initiated and gave impetus to the movement which led to the organization of the republican party in Jackson, Michigan.

Of this Jackson convention Levi Baxter of Hillsdale was temporary

chairman, and David S. Walbridge was permanent chairman or president. Jacob M. Howard of Detroit was chairman of the committee on platform and name of the party. This committee was composed of sixteen members, four from each congressional district, and of these men only one, Albert Williams of Ionia, is now living. A committee of three from each of the thirty-two senatorial districts of the State, selected from those present at the mass convention, was appointed to select and report the names of candidates for State officers, and their report was ratified by the convention. But the whig party did not die then and there. It suicided at a later date of this same eventful year. A whig State convention was called and held at Marshall, Michigan, October 4, 1854, to nominate a State ticket and transact other business; but, after a warm debate, this convention adjourned without day, making no nominations, not even endorsing the ticket and platform of the Jackson convention, and this was the last whig State convention held in Michigan. Nearly all of the whigs became republicans, and the free democracy, free-soilers, abolitionists and whigs disappeared as party designations or appellations.

Mr. Walbridge was a whig of the Vermont type, a hereditary opponent of the democratic party. His prominence in the organization of the new republican party, whose chief tenet at the time was opposition to the further extension of slavery, led to his candidacy and election in 1854 as a representative in the thirty-fourth congress, and his re-election in 1856. On the expiration of his second term he returned to his home in Kalamazoo, where he died June 15, 1868, at the age of sixty-six years, having been a prominent figure in the leading political events in the history of Michigan during the nineteenth century.

One of the notably brillian men of Michigan, elected a representative in the thirty-fourth congress, was George W. Peck of Lansing. For mental alertness and readiness in debate he had few superiors, and was well calculated to achieve success in public life, but the political revolution of 1854, which kept on gathering strength, cut short his congressional career with a single term. Except in very rare instances and under favoring circumstances one term in congress furnishes slight opportunity to win distinction. For nearly all a congressional reputation is evanescent. Embalmment in the congressional record is lost in an avalanche of words. Among the public speakers of his time Mr. Peck held a high rank. But few could hold the closer attention of a mixed audience, regardless of the subject under consideration, and he was as entertaining in private conversation as in public speech.

To the lengthening list of New Yorkers who were prominent in the politics of Michigan he added another name. Born in New York, June 4, 1818, he received a classical education. We find no mention of the year he came to Michigan. He was a representative in the State legislature in 1846 and 1847, annual sessions being then held, from Livingston county, his postoffice address being Brighton. At that time Livingston county was a leading political factor in the State, with such men as Kinsley S. Bingham, Charles P. Bush, Nelson G. Isbell and George W. Peck among its citizens. In the legislature of 1847 Mr. Peck was speaker of the house, and soon after its adjournment he moved to Lansing and was the first postmaster of the new capital city. He was also secretary of state for two years, receiving the appointment February 4, 1848, and his successor, George Redfield, taking the office February 16, 1850.

The legislature of 1847 removed the capitol from Detroit to Lansing. The constitution of 1835 provided that "the seat of government for this State shall be at Detroit, or at such other place or places as may be prescribed by law, until the year 1847, when it shall be permanently located by the legislature." This precipitated one of the hottest contests ever known in the State. A committee of seven members was appointed by the speaker to select a location, but the committee could not agree and, reporting this fact to the house, were discharged, leaving an open contest for all competitors. Four locations, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Jackson and Marshall, were prominent, but neither had quite votes enough to win the prize. Various locations north of the Michigan Central railroad were named, one on the salt spring lands of Gratiot county that belonged to the State. The leaders of the northern movement were Speaker George W. Peck, Representative Enos Goodrich, Senators William M. Fenton, Charles P. Bush and Andrew Parsons. These men had no special point in view. They agreed to await developments and unite upon some place that would command the most votes. They and their adherents voted against each of the four places that had the strongest support, uniting with Jackson against Marshall, and with Marshall against Jackson, and the same with regard to the other places, thus preventing the selection of either one of them.

When the time came they united on a bill which provided for the permanent location of the capital "in the township of Lansing in the county of Ingham." The bill passed the house by a vote of forty-eight in its favor to seventeen against it, and in the senate by a vote of twelve to eight. This accounts for our being here today. Authorized

to do so by a supplementary act, Governor Felch appointed three commissioners to locate the site, and they stuck the stake in the dense woods of the school section which, at the commencement of the contest was subject to private entry at four dollars an acre. The State land office then was located in Marshall and Abiel Silver was commissioner. He, or some one for him, might have taken the entire section at the purchase price of four dollars per acre, but he prevented its private sale by withdrawing it from market. This was the official act of a scrupulously honest man, and the primary school fund, instead of some speculator, received the proceeds of its sale in building lots after it was platted by the State. The entire transaction was characterized by integrity of action which reflects great credit upon the public men of that time.

His position and influence as speaker, his keen perception and familiarity with the details of legislation leads me to think that if George W. Peck had not been speaker in 1847, the capital might not have been located on the wild school section which is now occupied by the prosperous city of Lansing. His was one of the master minds in the movement. The last speech made in the house of the old capitol in Detroit was the farewell address of Speaker Peck, on March 17, 1847, which is preserved in volume 8 of this society's collections, and is a gem among public speeches of its kind. In 1856, nine years later, Mr. Peck was the first citizen of Lansing elected representative in congress, but in the revolution, if not evolution, of politics, he was defeated by DeWitt C. Leach in 1858.

In the year 1858, when an attempt was made in Detroit to reorganize the old historical society of Michigan, that was incorporated by the territorial council in 1828, George W. Peck, DeWitt C. Leach and Dr. H. B. Shank were present from Lansing. At a subsequent meeting in the same year mention is made of his presentation to the society of six volumes of the Congressional Globe and one volume of Commercial Relations. At one time, in the fifties, he was editor and publisher of the "Lansing Journal," and about 1856 he sold it to S. P. Mead, who in turn sold a half interest to J. M. Griswold. Later he was elected mayor of Lansing, and while holding that office he removed to Saginaw, Judge Jesse E. Tenney filling out the term as acting mayor for nine months. Those of us who knew George W. Peck, and have heard him speak, remember him as a silver-tongued orator whose speeches were never tiresome.

The swift and complete political changes in the sixth decade of the

nineteenth century in Michigan were apparent at the general election of 1856, which exactly reversed the popular verdict of 1852. In the last named year four democrats were chosen to represent the State in congress—David Stuart, David A. Noble, Samuel Clark and Hestor L. Stevens—while in 1856 the entire delegation was composed of republicans—William A. Howard, Henry Waldron, David S. Walbridge and DeWitt C. Leach—and in each case, when first elected, the republican candidate ran against his democratic predecessor in congress.

Among the representatives from the State in the thirty-fifth congress DeWitt C. Leach of Lansing was the only new member. He was born in the town of Clarence, Erie county, New York, November 23, 1822, was brought up on a farm and received a limited school education. Soon after attaining his majority he came to Michigan, and was living in the town of Mundy, Genesee county, in 1844. He was elected a representative from that county in the State legislature, session of 1850, and that same year was also elected a member of the convention that framed our present State constitution. In 1855 and 1856 he was State Librarian at Lansing. From the time he became a citizen of the State he was a writer for the press, and my familiarity as a printer with his manuscript dates from about 1852. June 19, 1855, his name appeared as editor, with Rufus Hosmer, of the "Lansing Republican," and his editorial connection with that paper continued until August 26, 1856, when he retired to enter upon the canvass of the fourth district as the republican candidate for congress. Re-elected in 1858 to the thirty-sixth congress, his four years of service, from the third of March, 1857, to the fourth of March, 1861, covered the stormy period that immediately preceded the civil war, which opened a new epoch of American history.

Returning to Michigan at the close of his second congressional term, Mr. Leach served as Indian agent at Mackinac from 1861 to 1865. He returned to journalism in 1867 by the purchase of the "Grand Traverse Herald," the pioneer newspaper of the northwestern section of Michigan's lower peninsula, which was founded by Morgan Bates, lieutenant governor of the State for the two terms of 1869 to 1873. Mr. Leach was editor and proprietor of the paper until May, 1876, when he sold it to Thomas T. Bates, a nephew of its founder. After the "Herald," the "Traverse Bay Eagle" was the second paper published in the lower peninsula north of Big Rapids and Manistee, and the third one in the Grand Traverse region was the "Charlevoix Sentinel," established at Charlevoix in 1869, and published by W. A. Smith for its proprietor,

D. C. Leach. At one time the "Sentinel" was the official paper of six counties, four in the lower and and two in the upper peninsula. With the long annual tax sales and other official printing it was a valuable newspaper property. Mr. Leach remained its proprietor for two years, Mr. Smith purchasing it in 1871.

These papers did much good work for the Traverse bay region, in making konwn its resources and attractions, and in this work Mr. Leach took a prominent part. A slender, pale and studious-looking man, the architect of his own good fortune and positions in public life, firm in his convictions and gentlemanly in their expression, an excellent reasoner with both pen and speech, an early settler in Mundy, Genesee county, also in Lansing the new capital of Michigan, and then in Traverse City, he was an influential and useful pioneer in all these places, and in every official position as well as in private life he was noted for honest and faithful service.

When nominated for representative in congress from the territorially large fourth district, most of which was then an unknown wilderness, his election against so brilliant and popular a campaigner as George W. Peck seemed to be well-nigh hopeless; but the change in the political current of Michigan, and the popularity of Fremont the Pathfinder as a presidential candidate that year, together with his own canvass of the district, gave him a majority of the votes. He not only won the confidence of the voters, but he retained it as his re-election in 1858 indicated. In the thirty-sixth congress he was a member of the committee on Indian affairs, and it was a natural sequence of this experience and of his known integrity for President Lincoln to appoint him Indian agent at Mackinac, then an important agency for the disbursement of money and supplies to the wards of the nation. In the public service and in private life Mr. Leach was a faithful official and an exemplary citizen.

Among the makers of political history in Michigan there has never been a stronger character than Zachariah Chandler, who, as a conspicuous result of the political revolution of 1854, was elected the successor of General Lewis Cass in the United States senate by the legislature of 1857. He was the first of a long line of republican senators, already covering a period of nearly half a century, from the peninsula State. If called upon to designate in a single phrase his real position in public life, it would not be, without qualification, that he was an American politician, for he was more than that; it would not be that he was an American statesman, for he was something less than that

high ideal; but, perhaps, the designation which conveys the truest idea of him, as in it is included both the politician and the statesman, without the exclusive meaning of either, would be that he was a great American senator.

The limits of a brief sketch will not permit more than a scant outline of his notable career, the beginning and ending of which are presented in the statement that he was born in Bedford, New Hampshire, December 10, 1813, and died suddenly in Chicago, November 1, 1879, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His education was confined to the common schools and an academy in his native state. In 1833, when twenty years of age, he came to Detroit and engaged in the dry-goods business. As a merchant he was energetic and successful. Before entering the political arena, in which he became a champion gladiator, the firm of Z. Chandler & Co. was well known as the leading wholesale house of the northwestern lake region in every settled county of the State. He needed no introduction to the business and newspaper men of Michigan.

Until 1851 he was only known as a wholesale merchant. That year his public life began by his election as mayor of Detroit, then a city of 22,000 inhabitants. It was a hot campaign, resulting in his capture of the chief office in the old democratic city. In 1852 he was nominated as the whig candidate for governor, the last one ever named by that party, and, although success was hopeless, the large vote he received brought him into public notice. He was the first whig candidate for governor to make a thorough canvass of the State. While not a graceful speaker, he infused into the campaign something of his own energy.

The canvass he made that year helped him along politically, and the defeat did not harm him in the least. The expected happened. Thenceforward he took an active part in State and national politics. In 1856, when General Cass made his last canvass of the State, Mr. Chandler followed him a few days later, and made speeches at the same places to republican mass meetings. His activity in the campaign of that year made him the most prominent candidate for the successor of General Cass, who had been the most distinguished citizen of the State in public life during its entire previous history. Entering the senate at the commencement of the thirty-fifth congress, in December, 1857, he was at once recognized as worthy of recognition by being selected for chairman of the committee on the District of Columbia and a member of the committee on commerce. The latter committee, because of its relation to great business interests, was the one he preferred, and he

was a member of it, most of the time its chairman, for eighteen continuous years.

It was during his first senatorial term, in the thirty-sixth congress, on February 11, 1861, that he wrote his famous "blood letting" letter, which was used by prominent members of his party to prevent if possible his re-election in 1863, but without avail. He acknowledged and defended the letter in one of his latest speeches in the senate. It was my privilege to act as secretary of the legislative caucuses, in both 1857 and 1863, which nominated him for senator. The support he received was evidence of the strong regard for him among the people. Other candidates made no headway against him. Beyond question he was the choice of the people. A sincere friend of Abraham Lincoln, though at times during the earlier part of the civil war he thought the great president moved forward too slow, he was appropriately appointed a member of the national committee, in 1865, which accompanied the remains of the martyred president to Illinois. He was a member of the convention that assembled in Philadelphia in 1866.

He took a keen interest in all matters relating to the war and the restoration of the Union. He was a member of the senate committee on the conduct of the war. One instance of his interest in important matters is remembered. He came over to the house from the senate just before the vote was taken on the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery in February, 1865. When the vote was announced, at the close of the roll call, his face wore a broad and satisfied smile, for it was the end of slavery, the cause of the war, and the greatest evil that threatened the perpetuity of American liberty.

In 1869 Mr. Chandler was again elected senator. That was an important election. The goal of Governor Austin Blair's ambition was a seat in the United States senate. He was mentioned as a candidate in 1857 and 1859; he was an avowed candidate in 1863, 1865, 1869 and in 1871. He had many warm and devoted friends throughout the State, and some poor advisers. His popularity as war governor from 1861 to 1865 was fully recognized. In 1868 Mr. Chandler's friends sought and proposed reciprocity with Governor Blair's friends. To this end, James A. Walters of Kalamazoo and Fred Morley of Detroit, sincere friends of both Chandler and Blair, accompanied by George Jerome of Detroit, a special friend of Mr. Chandler, came to Jackson to propose and ratify an alliance between the supporters of the two leaders, which included the retirement of Governor Blair from the senatorial contest of 1869 and making no fight against Mr. Chandler, and with the

assurance of no opposition to the election of Governor Blair in 1871, in favor of any other candidate. This is a single phase of inside politics in 1868 and 1869. Governor Blair's friends in Jackson, unfortunately for him, advised the non-acceptance of the proffer, and one result was the election of Thomas W. Ferry in 1871. This was the last contest made by Governor Blair for the position. Many of the governor's friends throughout the State were also sincere friends of Senator Chandler—indeed, many of them preferred and supported the latter in a contest where both were aspirants for the position—and no doubt existed at the time of the realization of Governor Blair's ambition had the offer that was sincerely made in 1868 been accepted.

There were many sore spots in Michigan politics at and after that time. They became apparent in the Grant and Greeley campaign of 1872. In 1875 they had grown to be festering sores. At the election of 1874, owing to the independent republican movement, the republican party had only a small majority in the State legislature. As usual, Mr. Chandler was the emphatic choice of a large majority of the republican members, and he was nominated in the caucus on the first ballot. Seven republican members of the legislature, however, refused to take part in the caucus. Uniting with the democrats, they elected Judge Isaac P. Christiancy of the State supreme court, one of the men who was much talked of as a candidate and received some votes in 1857. In October, 1875, President Grant tendered to Mr. Chandler the position of secretary of the interior, made vacant by the resignation of Columbus Delano of Ohio. That department was then in bad odor. Numerous reports of corrupt management were in circulation. Secretary Chandler introduced many reforms. He served with characteristic energy and integrity until the end of President Grant's second term, March 3, 1877, and was succeeded by Carl Schurz, the choice of President Hayes. Early in 1879 Senator Christiancy resigned to accept the office of minister to Peru, and Mr. Chandler was promptly elected by the legislature, then in session, to fill out the unexpired term of the man who became his successor four years before. His term of service, after this fourth election, would have expired with the third day of March, 1881. Had he lived, so securely was he re-established in the esteem of the people of Michigan, that his fifth election would not have been contested.

Mr. Chandler, as a private citizen, took a leading part in the presidential election of 1876, serving as chairman of the republican national committee. Had a man of less energy and perseverance been the official

leader in that exciting campaign, it is not probable that Rutherford B. Hayes would have been inaugurated the nineteenth president of the United States.

It is a notable fact that two of the three greatest senators Michigan has had during the sixty-nine years of its recognized statehood—Lewis Cass and Zachariah Chandler—were natives of New Hampshire—and the third member of the unmatched triumvirate—Jacob M. Howard—was a native of the adjacent State of Vermont.

During the greater portion of his life Mr. Chandler was engaged in large business enterprises, from which he realized a handsome fortune. He was a man of commanding appearance, the embodiment of force; a worker of the stalwart type, always seeing to it himself that the things he wanted done were accomplished; a partisan, yet giving the same personal attention to democrats as well as to republicans who visited Washington; always true to his friends and faithful to his promises, so that in a long public career he was never charged with double-dealing or giving false assurances to any one; despising the man who failed to keep his word in business and in politics; and, possessing an almost infallible judgment—the genius of common sense—his admirable qualities, with the accompaniment of marvelous energy, perseverance and integrity, made him a great American senator.

At the general election in 1858, George B. Cooper, a pioneer and an active business man of Jackson for many years, was the democratic candidate for representative in congress against William A. Howard, and received from the proper authority, after the votes had been officially canvassed, the certificate of election, under the seal of the State, and took his seat in December, 1859, as a member of the house of representatives in the thirty-sixth congress. The legality of his election was contested by his competitor, and on May 15, 1860, Mr. Howard gained the seat which until that date had been held by Mr. Cooper.

Right or wrong, the verdict of the house was final. Both Mr. Cooper and Mr. Howard were honest men. If the democrats had had a majority of the members of the house no doubt Mr. Cooper would have retained the seat; the republicans having a majority Mr. Howard gained it. This, generally, not always, is the controlling factor in contested elections. A mistake was made by the framers of our constitution when they incorporated in it a clause giving to each house of congress the right to judge as to the election and qualification of its own members. The English and Canadian method of having the courts decide is better. The courts are more honest than congress. Legislative de-

cisions are generally made on partisan grounds. Years ago, before we had the system of registering voters, all elections were more or less tainted with fraud, and in a close contest it was not difficult to find enough illegal voting to furnish an excuse for turning out a sitting member, if he belonged to the minority party, and seating a contestant who belonged to the majority party. No party has a clean record in this matter. In the Howard vs. Cooper case we know nothing of the merits of the contest. It was reported at the time that Mr. Cooper cared next to nothing for the seat and made little or no defense; while Mr. Howard made a prima facie case and obtained the position he had so creditably filled in the two previous congresses. The showing that was made was an influential factor in causing the passage by our legislature of the first act for the registration of voters, which was prepared by Jacob M. Howard, then attorney general.

Having received the certificate of election, Mr. Cooper is entitled to recognition as one of the chosen of the people. Born at Long Hill, Morris county, New Jersey, June 6, 1808, he received a good common school education, and came to Jackson, Michigan, in 1830, when twenty-two years of age. He was enterprising, active, and took a leading part in the business and public affairs of the infant community.

In the session of the State legislature of 1837 and 1838 he represented the fourth senatorial district in the State senate, his postoffice address then being Jacksonopolis, Jackson county. In the evolution of a name the place was first called Jacksonburg, then Jacksonopolis, and finally Jackson. In 1842 Mr. Cooper was a representative in the State legislature from Jackson county. For eleven years he was postmaster of the village, resigning the office when he was appointed State treasurer on March 17, 1846, which position he held until March 13, 1850.

Mr. Cooper was early identified with the business interests of Jackson. A curious bit of legislation—curious to the people of the present who are familiar with Grand river as it is—is connected with his name. In the winter of 1836 an act was passed by the State legislature—the State then not having been admitted into the Union—which provided "that Daniel Coleman, George B. Cooper and Jerry Ford, their heirs and assigns, be and hereby are authorized and empowered to build a dam across Grand river, on section three, town three, south, of range one west. Said dam shall not exceed seven feet in height above common low watermark and shall contain a lock not less than seventy-five feet in length and sixteen feet in width, for the passage of boats, rafts

and other water craft." Coleman was a partner of Cooper in the dry goods business. This dam was to be built in the surveyed town of Summit and shows what large ideas then existed as to the navigability of Grand river. The dam was built, and "Ford's Flouring Mill" was completed and running that fall. This enterprise, in which Mr. Cooper was a factor, made Jackson the business center of the county. Sandstone, then known as Barry, with its wild-cat institution, the "Farmers' Bank of Sandstone," and Michigan Center, a few miles east, no longer stood any chance of becoming the business center, in competition with the flouring mill to provide absolute human needs. This grinding fact became a reality in the fall of 1836.

In many ways Mr. Cooper was an early promoter of the welfare of Jackson, and it was perfectly natural that he should be popular. He was one of the early settlers. He was engaged in selling goods before he was authorized with others to dam Grand river, and in 1851 he embarked in the banking business as a member of the firm of Cooper & Thompson, then Cooper, Thompson & Co., and finally as president of the Jackson City Bank, always the leading financial institution of the city in which it is located. Mr. Cooper was emphatically a business man in politics.

A typical specimen of the stump orator—of the man whose gift of emotional extemporaneous speech is the chief qualification for official life—was Francis W. Kellogg, of Grand Rapids, who first came into congress with the session of 1859. "It lies deep in our habits," wrote Carlyle, "confirmed by all manner of educational and other arrangements for several centuries back, to consider human talent as best of all evincing itself by the faculty of eloquent speech." This is the popular estimate. But, Carlyle adds, "even speech really excellent is not, and never was, the chief test of human faculty, or the measure of a man's ability, for any true function whatsoever; on the contrary, that excellent silence needed always to accompany excellent speech, and was and is a much rarer and more difficult gift."

The fame and power of the stump orator are immediate and evanescent. In the stirring times that preceded the civil war, when the moral as well as the political phases of slavery were much discussed, the emotional stump speaker was sure of a general hearing and a wide popularity. At first somewhat noted as a temperance lecturer, the evils of the rum traffic giving ample scope for emotional appeals to listeners, then as the slavery agitation came to the front with the public, crowding out everything else, Mr. Kellogg's opportunity for exploit-

ing his peculiar gifts of speech arrived, and he made the most of them, so that when the actual conflict came he received the soubriquet of the "War Horse of the Pine Woods." He was an active and energetic representative in congress, efficient in looking after departmental matters relating to his district and constituents, but not one whose mental equipment, habit of thought, and facility for expressing ideas clearly in written words made him useful in considering measures in committee or valuable as a legislator. The great orator is often a good law-maker, but the mere stump speaker, while popular at home, is rarely a good debater, and is of little account when it comes to the practical consideration of public questions and in shaping legislation.

Mr. Kellogg was born in Worthington, Massachusetts, May 30, 1810, and received a common school education. Moving to Grand Rapids, Michigan, he engaged in the lumber business as the senior partner in the firm of Kellogg, White & Co. At that time the pine woods covered large areas in Ottawa, Kent, Allegan, Van Buren and Berrien counties, stretching along and near the eastern shore of Lake Michigan to the southern boundary of the State. A dozen miles south of Grand Rapids, in the pine woods, where the hamlet of Kelloggville is located, the name being now the only reminder of the congressman, was the headquarters of the lumber operations of the firm he organized. The business was not a financial success.

The natural sphere of activity for the stump speaker is politics. In 1856 Mr. Kellogg entered the political arena and was elected a representative in the State legislature, serving during the session of 1857, and showing little aptitude and winning no distinction as a legislator. It was plain to observers that his position in politics was not that of a practical legislator, but as a political stump speaker. The fame he won in this respect caused his nomination and election as a member of the thirty-sixth, thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth congresses. The same quality made him an efficient agent of the government in raising a regiment of soldiers, that rendezvoused at Grand Rapids, for the civil war. His recruiting speeches were stirring, like martial music. He was commissioned to raise, but not to take command, of the regiment.

On the expiration of his third term in congress, near the close of the war, on March 3, 1865, he was out of business and out of office—a politician with nothing to do. President Andrew Johnson appointed him collector of internal revenue for the southern district of Alabama, whereupon he moved to Mobile and lived there during a portion of the carpet-bag era in that State, and was elected to congress as a republi-

can, serving from July, 1868, to March 4, 1869, when his official career of twelve years ended. To most people of today his name represents only a combination of letters.

Canvassing a congressional district in Mr. Kellogg's time was a tiresome task. There were but few railroads, and stages and private conveyances were depended upon to reach most of the counties. The only railroad into Grand Rapids was the Detroit & Milwaukee. Mass meetings were common occurrences. These had to be attended. The candidate for congress could not afford to disappoint the voters. Most of the work was done without thought of receiving pay. In 1860, while living in Vermontville, Eaton county, twenty-eight miles from a railroad, it became my duty to drive to Marshall, a single horse and an open buggy, the day that Mr. Kellogg was to speak there, and the next day take him to Vermontville, much of the way through the woods, for twenty-eight slowly traveled miles, to make a speech in the evening. An early start enabled us to reach Vermontville in the middle of the afternoon, giving to the tired congressman a few hours' sleep before the evening meeting. The following forenoon he was taken to Charlotte, fourteen miles, to attend a mass meeting for which great preparations had been made, Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, being one of the attractions. Driving from Vermontville to Marshall one day, returning the next day, and on the third day going to Charlotte and home again, made eighty-four miles of travel in the three days, without fee or reward, and paying one's expenses. This was a sample of the way political campaigns were conducted forty-six years ago.

For such political campaigning Mr. Kellogg was admirably qualified. Four years before, in 1856, his predecessor from the third district, David S. Walbridge, accompanied by Marsh Giddings, both of Kalamazoo, came through Barry into Eaton county in their own conveyance, making speeches in the evenings according to appointment, and in this way making themselves acquainted with the voters. Mr. Kellogg was the most successful in arousing enthusiasm. His appeals were effective, not as logical arguments, but as earnest presentations of the evils of slavery and in shouting the battle-cry of freedom. The war spirit back of which lay a deep devotion to the Union of the fathers, was kept at fever-heat by fluent speakers, and in this work there was scarcely another man more effective than Francis W. Kellogg.

After serving as a representative from reconstructed Alabama, from the date of its readmission into the Union for the remainder of the fortieth congress, in which he seemed more like one of the lost sheep

of the house of Israel than like his former self, he did not resume his residence in Michigan, but became a citizen of Ohio, and died at Alliance in that State, in November, 1878.

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS.

In these brief biographical sketches of the men who represented the territory and State of Michigan in congress for forty-two years it has been necessary to outline their relation to political parties—not, however, in a partisan spirit. The most impressive lesson taught is that the changes which took place, seen in the rise and fall of political parties, had their origin with the masses of the people. This is the essence of democracy. Reforms come from the same source, as they are now coming in Russia. Politicians especially are followers, not leaders, of the people. They move forward when compelled to do so by public sentiment. Changes in government or society do not come without agitation, and agitation seldom begins at the top. Society is more susceptible to change and growth than government because its code is composed of unwritten laws—common law—the fruit of long experience. Written constitutions change of necessity by amendment, revision and interpretation. But these changes are not so steady, although more noticeable, as they occur at special periods, as those which come in and form the great mass of mankind which we call society. And changes are not always progress. There are periods of retrogression as well as of progression, and hence we have the rise, progress, decline and fall of nations and empires.

Politicians, in quest of favors from the people, when seeking power, are apt to be radical; the tendency of the same men when in power is generally to become conservative, especially when there are things in government worthier of preservation and conservation than to be changed and overthrown. The radical ferment belongs to the revolutionary stage of politics and government. It begins with the discontent of the masses with conditions as they are, and finds expression by those who are seeking for popular favor and political power. Those who already are as far up as there is a chance to climb are content to stay there, and they fear any advance movement or change unless it is reasonably sure to provide a higher place for themselves—lest it bring on a crisis and pushes them from their vantage ground. Those who have struggled to the top under certain conditions do not desire to have such conditions disturbed, and naturally they are opposed

to the introduction of anything new that might displace them or cost them further effort. This is human nature.

It is natural, therefore, that among the struggling masses, always the chief burden-bearers of government and most susceptible to moral influences, should be found the source of restlessness. At the beginning of the Christian era the poor had the gospel preached unto them. There the fermentation for reform and change begins. Those at the top are satisfied with things as they are. This factor runs through the entire social structure—politics, government, finance and religion. Changed conditions are not desired. Reformers belong to the unofficial class. Plain people hear them gladly. The world's greatest truths have been proclaimed by persons in the lowly walks of life, and when announced the masses have been compelled to force them to the front against the opposition of the ruling classes—the so-called leaders—those in power. The story of Russia today is the same as that of all struggles for liberty. It is that of the people against the ruling class. Reform begins with the people.

This fact has been recognized by the world's greatest thinkers and writers. Henry Thomas Buckle, in his "History of Civilization in England," discerned this truth when he wrote: "If we examine those enactments which are said to have benefited the people, it will invariably be found that the people demanded them first, and they were enacted afterward. So far as the legislators being the leaders of civilization, they are, as a rule, behind the civilization of their age, because, being accustomed to look at questions from their practical side, they are, in most cases, unable to look at them from a speculative—undemonstrated—point of view at all. And this is borne out by their private correspondence, in which they express their fears of the results of those very measures which the pressure of outside opinion obliges them to advocate in public."

This is a strong arraignment, and it is true. History illustrates it, and the present verifies it. In the realm of government the barons, who for the time represented the common people, those below them not being recognized in public affairs, started and maintained the agitation for better government, and finally compelled King John to grant the Magna Charta, the first guarantee of liberty forced from the reigning power in English history. During the American revolution the tories were the pets of monarchy, as they were contented with prevailing conditions. And when the Savior came to preach a new life to man-

kind, the doctrine of love, "the common people heard him gladly," but the ruling classes crucified him.

So it has ever been. Buckle was right. Our very best laws have been forced from legislators by popular agitation; our worst ones have come from legislators direct. Hence no progressive spirit should fear discussion, agitation, or even radicalism. Let the wheat be vigorously threshed. The chaff will be blown away and the golden grain will remain. The indifference, or even the opposition of the "upper stratum" is the natural thing to expect—the thing that every progressive movement has encountered.

Liberty is a God-given right of man, as our declaration of independence says. It is an eternal principle which cannot be eternally denied. In the developments of time—and it was a long time—this nation of ours became a free nation, so far as its fundamental law is concerned, for men of all colors and conditions. The conflicts through which it passed at the ballot box and on the battlefields were inevitable. Right and wrong are always antagonistic. No compromise can bring permanent peace. The sketches we have given indicate something of this antagonism. We could not make them without referring to the causes which brought defeat to some and success to others. So in time—and it may be a long time—the world will see a free nation develop in Russia; free, in spite of its ruling class, if its people take the right course to obtain their freedom.

But, it should be remembered, freedom does not consist merely in a constitution, however good that constitution may be. It depends upon doing the word, not merely in saying it. It makes little difference to a man whether it be a monarch or a majority that oppresses him, if he be oppressed. It makes little difference to him what the constitution or the statute may say, if public officials do something else, or fail to do what is wisely ordered. Liberty is threatened in many ways besides by an autocrat with a platoon of Cossacks.

Other things than monarchial power threaten and endanger liberty, regulated by laws which provide equal rights and opportunities to all. In the presence of monopoly all men are not equal. There is but one true standard of liberty and law—the standard of the golden rule as proclaimed by the Man of Nazareth. At present, in this country, no man on horseback is an impending danger. There is more real danger from the boodle enactments of State legislatures and boards of aldermen, than from a regiment of men on horseback, or a palace full of monarchs. There is, indeed, more menace to American ideals

in the prevalence of graft than in all the machinations of foreign powers. The chief danger comes from our own ruling class, which finds the method of graft the easiest way to rule.

The essence of liberty is equality of rights, while the essence of graft is special privilege and profit. The principle of graft, whether existing in law or in violation of law, is eternally opposed to the true principle of liberty, which is equal right, not wrong, for all; and in a country such as this it is an ever present danger. As a people we are continually jealous of our national liberties, so far as other nations threaten them. We are not nearly jealous enough of our individual liberties as threatened by the practice of graft, which came into existence as the surest means of the ruling class to obtain control of legislation and of the administration of law.

What we have to learn in this country is that it is the practice of graft that must be stamped out, and not merely certain forms of it which happen to be conspicuously obnoxious. There is very little or no need for us to worry about what foreign powers may do, or plot to do, against our national freedom or pride. There is, however, great danger to our individual liberties, which include equal opportunities for all—not making hewers of wood and drawers of water for many to benefit a few—from the existence of combinations organized for the purpose of graft in connection with political power. To this end it may be necessary to break the shackles of partisan serfdom, as they have been broken before, for the sake of liberty for all men under the law.

Even brief sketches of public men are of no value unless they teach a moral lesson. The highest possible achievement of civilization is not mechanical—not in a great governmental structure—but is moral. It does not lie wholly in the ingenious adaptation of the forces of nature to human needs; it is not wholly in the free rural mail delivery, the telephone, or the wireless message. It could exist without knowing how to utilize all the by-products of petroleum and other raw material of nature. It lies, in fact, in the hearts of the people, and its most orderly development may be expressed in three words: "Respect for law." To this end the law must be just.

Our hasty and imperfect glances at the past reveal the fact that most of the law-makers selected by the voters of Michigan for service in the national congress were honest, reputable and intelligent men —partisan, no doubt, for the people were partisans—but withal patriotic. When they ceased to reflect the views of the people they

were set aside for others. And, as we noted the changes that came with the progress of thought and the demand for larger liberty, looking backward from the standpoint of the present, it seems very clear that the will of the people, legally expressed, is a safer reliance than in the will of any monarch. Immense progress has been recently made in the creation of better conditions by the removal of flagrant abuses and by the introduction of higher standards in business and official life. Better even than enormous railroad earnings, unprecedented bank clearings, immense profits in the iron and steel trade, and the seven to eight billion dollars in value of the products from our farms last year, is this uprising of the people. It is a more potent sign for the future than is the national prosperity whereof we boast so much. It shows that the source of governmental power is incorrupt. Business activity is illusory when based upon moral deficiencies, upon abuses and injustice. But a nation which has within it the power and virtue to produce a moral upheaval—two of which it has been my privilege to witness—a nation which shows that it has the conscience and the courage to attack wrong and corruption does not need to trouble itself much about prosperity; for then, with industry and intelligence, prosperity will surely abide with such a people.

CONFERENCE SHOWING HOW CO-OPERATION WITH DIFFERENT EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENTS WOULD AID MICHIGAN'S HISTORICAL INTERESTS.

CO-OPERATION OF SCHOOLS AND HISTORICAL WORK.

BY WALTER H. FRENCH, DEPUTY STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

Ladies and Gentlemen—The work of the Pioneer and Historical Society of Michigan is such as should attract the attention of every thinking person. The matter of education, in which we are all interested, is one that is not confined to text-books but some of the most valuable lessons that our young people learn come from association and conversation with persons who have had years of experience. The young people of our State today should be familiar with the struggles and hardships endured by those who made our present luxury possible. When we look across the rolling prairies and ripening fields of Michigan and think that comparatively few years ago these places that now are so fertile and so productive were covered with dense forests, we are reminded that it has required the forethought and skill and labor of many minds and hands in order to produce present conditions. The persons who cleared away the forests and who built homes and reared families in our State we call the pioneers, and it is my judgment that the present generation can do no less than to reverence and respect their memories.

In order to assist in promoting an interest in the work of this society the department, in 1902, issued a pamphlet entitled "Pioneer Day Program." The pamphlet contained several historical sketches, a suggestive program for the day, and a number of selections for reading or for memorizing. It also contained an outline on the study of Michigan history. This pamphlet was sent out into every school district in the State with the recommendation that the second Friday of October be set apart and the exercises of the day be devoted to reminiscences

by early settlers, historical sketches of the school district, township, and county, recitations, music, etc. It was also recommended that any household articles used in days gone by and still in existence that could be gathered together should be put on exhibition at the schoolhouse. Reports to the department from hundreds of school districts in the State show that teachers and pupils entered into this plan with commendable zeal, and that in many localities the result of the day's program was to gladden the hearts of the grandfathers and grandmothers present and to awaken a new interest in the lives of our ancestors in the minds of the children.

The department purposes to issue a new pamphlet along similar lines for use during the coming year and it will recommend that the second Friday of October be set apart as Pioneer Day. We hope that this custom will become fixed and that this will be observed in our schools as carefully as any other of our great holidays. As I said before, the work of education is not limited to text-books. The boys and girls of today should be taught to reach out into the realms of history. They should be taught to be thoroughly conversant with the conditions of the present, and also to make comparisons that will be reasonable and just. In this way we shall train them to reverence age and experience and to value the advice of their elders, and we shall add strength and vigor to the labors which they will perform in the years to come. As the work of the public schools is to produce good citizens one of the best lessons of citizenship that the boy of today can learn is by studying the example of patriotism, patience, and attainment of the pioneers of our State.

CO-OPERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS WITH THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

BY MRS. NELLIE OSBAND BALDWIN.[1]

There is a story told of a certain professor of mathematics in one of our colleges, who has the eccentric habit of giving to each student before him problems commensurate with the capacity of each.

Thus: "Mr. A, you may prove this equation; Mr. B, you may solve this problem; Mr. C, you may demonstrate this proposition; Mr. D, Ahem! Mr. D,—you may fill the wood-box!"

I deem it a privilege to sing the praise of Michigan, and hope to prove my equation that "All good things = Michigan." Time was, when the very word was a synonym for malaria. You remember the old couplet:

> Don't go to Michigan, that land of ills;
> The word means ague, fever and chills.

Our sturdy grandsire expected to have his chill each alternate day, and he was seldom disappointed. New countries, like people, have to pass through the formative period of youth, endure their growing pains, eliminate the objectionable and cultivate the qualities which make the well-rounded maturity, and bravely did Michigan pioneers meet and conquer the adverse conditions. Never was a state more maligned. After the war of 1812 the United States' treasury was depleted, and congress ordered the soldiers' bounties paid in lands. It was decided to send the soldiers "way out west to Michigan." However, Monroe's land commissioner reported that Michigan was found to be a waste, not one acre in a thousand fit for cultivation, and the order was withdrawn.

Time has forced the government to recognize Michigan—with her mineral wealth, her fisheries, her coast-line and forests—as a State with inherent properties almost limitless. All of these potential resources have been developed by our pioneers, who found the virgin soil of Michigan was no Aladdin's lamp to rub. They plowed and they

[1] Mrs. Baldwin is a daughter of M. D. Osband, formerly of Lansing, an old and valued member of this society who has contributed several important papers published in our collections. She is a prominent Grand Rapids club woman and was selected by Michigan Federated Clubs as chairman of the historical section, instituted three years ago for the purpose of enlisting Michigan women in securing and preserving Michigan records and relics.

plowed deep. They had no genii and no genius, unless they employed Edison's kind, who said: "Genius is partly inspiration, but it's mostly perspiration." Yet occasionally you will hear someone say they long for the good old times. My father, who has seen some eighty odd summers and winters, and who has enjoyed or otherwise, these good old times—and I were seated in a café one day, when a representative of other days came in and ordered a cup of coffee, "such as his mother used to make." My father looked reminiscent for a minute, his mind went back seventy years—coffee, Oh, yes, they had coffee. Then he smiled at the testy old man and said: "If your instructions are obeyed sir, I know just what a savory dish the cook will concoct. He will take the green coffee to the open fire-place, brown it on a shovel, pound it in a rag, settle it with codfish, and sweeten it with molasses, and there's a cup of coffee such as your mother used to make."

I represent the literary clubs of the State, and we are endeavoring in a small way to co-operate with you in your work of perpetuating Michigan's early history. Last year I wrote a letter to each federated club (182 in number) in the State, requesting the president to appoint some lady whose duty it should be to collect historical data in her own immediate vicinity. These clubs are scattered from the Ohio State line to Lake Superior, so you can readily see what a force these clubs would be if only reasonably united in their efforts to further this cause. I tried to impress upon the club women that the time to secure this information is now. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch says, "I hold it is wrong to keep everything bottled up inside you; yer knowledge is like rasberry vinegar, if you don't use it, keep a savin' it, first thing you know it's done vaporated." And the truth is forced upon this society year by year that if we do not soon secure this information from living witnesses—the knowledge will be "done vaporated." Fifty-four clubs responded to my letters, and as a result this society has received papers from Hart, Dowagiac, Grand Haven, Calumet, Pontiac, Hastings, Flint, Kalamazoo, West Bay City, Chesaning, Muskegon, and Mrs. Angle of Hartford sent an account of her work for the Indian with a birch-bark book of Pokagon's.

It is thought best to continue our co-operative work along this line for a time. The beginning is encouraging, for the work is new to the literary clubs. For years we have studied the Chaldeans, deciphered the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians and exulted in the decay of Assyria; we have followed Alexander the Great on his conquering tours, watched Rome rise from the misty past and traced the causes which led to

her downfall; we penetrated the mysteries of Hindu worship, knelt at the shrine of Buddha, tried to recapture Jerusalem from the Moslems and burned heretics during the Inquisition. All this and more, have we carefully studied—but never once did it occur to us to look nearer home. We are just awakening to the fact that Michigan's history is not uninteresting. It is true Michigan had no colonial record, but she has played no mean part in the progress of the nation.

Unlike Virginia, Michigan never had a Powhattan, but the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" as written by Francis Parkman is far more interesting, and the results more widespreading. Michigan never had a Paul Revere but Lieutenant Baker of Lansing must have done some riding when he captured Wilkes Booth, though the account is not handed down to us in verse.

Our history is one of progress, and it is difficult for this generation of club women to realize that up to the settlement of Detroit, our State was peopled with men still living in the stone age; that as late as 1825 there was not a single civil settlement between Detroit and Puget Sound; and that there are still living pioneers who could relate to us all of these changes.

It is said that we get out of anything just what we put into it. The law of returns is sure. Prof. Louis Agassiz, when a child of ten years was taken by his mother to Echo Valley. The mother told her son to shout to the mountain boy. He called: "Hello boy," and the reply came back, "Hello boy;" then young Agassiz said, "who are you?" and the voice called back, "Who are you?" The lad, thinking he was being mimicked, became annoyed and shouted vigorously, "I don't like you," and received in return just what he said, "I don't like you." The mother of the future naturalist suggested that he say something pleasant, so the lad sang out, "I love you" and sweetly the voice came back, "I love you." Thus was the law of returns taught to this lad by a mother wise beyond her generation. So with Michigan. Our pioneers gave their best to her and the best came back to them and to us. Tennyson puts it: "I am the heir of all the ages." The women's literary clubs stand for high ideals—the dissemination of knowledge, the elimination of existing evils, and the perpetuation of every good thing.

We thank you—the State Pioneer and Historical Society, for taking the initiative in recording the early events of our State, and also for calling the attention of the women's clubs to this important matter. We propose to assist you to leave to our children and our children's

children, who will in the future constitute the State, and who otherwise would be unconscious of the effort, energy and struggle requisite to the building up of such a State as Michigan—this beautiful and honored State, this lake-bound goddess of the inland seas.

CO-OPERATION OF COUNTY PIONEER SOCIETIES WITH THE STATE SOCIETY.

BY LOWELL H. GLOVER.[1]

Why the secretary of the Cass County Pioneer Society was selected by the program committee of this meeting and assigned the topic "Co-operation with Pioneer Societies" I am unable to imagine, unless it was to punish him and his society for having done so little in the way of co-operation, and rendered so little aid to the parent or central society. This too, notwithstanding the fact that the society is one of the oldest and most healthful county organizations in the State. A few earnest pioneers met in October, 1873, appointed committees to draft a constitution and report by-laws, and in the following month the society was organized. It is therefore older by one year than the State society. It will, on the third Wednesday of the present month, hold its thirty-third annual reunion and picnic at Cassopolis where all its previous meetings have been held, and the day being fair, between five and six thousand people will gather in the grove on the fair grounds and there listen to an address by the Honorable William Alden Smith, a native of Cass county, the present and for the last eleven years member of the United States congress from Grand Rapids. No less than seven of Michigan's governors have honored the society with their presence, including Governor Warner who was with us last year. Other men of note have also addressed the society.

Twenty-nine years ago the society elected me its secretary, and yearly since, with but few exceptions I have been honored by a re-election. I

[1] Lowell H. Glover, secretary of the Cass County Pioneer Society, the second son of Orville B. and Julia A. (Carr) Glover, was born in Orleans county, New York, February 25, 1839. His parents came to Michigan the same year and settled on White Pigeon Prairie where they remained one year and then removed to Cass county where the secretary has since lived. At the age of 22 he entered the office of the late Judge Daniel Blackman as a law student. In October, 1862, he was admitted to the bar and since then he has been connected with the law practice at Cassopolis, excepting two years while deputy commissioner of the State land office at Lansing. Three years after his admission to the bar he married Miss Maryette Harper, youngest daughter of the late Captain Joseph Harper.

am therefore in a position to know what the society has done, or rather what it has not done, toward aiding the State organization. Frankness compels me to admit that we have rendered no aid, absolutely none. If the co-operation of other local societies has been as barren and fruitless as has been our society, but little, if any credit, should be reflected by the central society.

The State organization is deserving of better treatment at the hands of the county societies, as its aim is to do a grand work in collecting facts incident to Michigan pioneer life and making permanent records out of them, so that they may be preserved and handed down to future generations who are to enjoy the results of the well-begun labors of the noble men and women of nearly a century ago.

I am heartily in favor of the suggestions made by Judge Cahill, and I hope the State society will at once formulate some systematic plans by which the county organizations will be brought into closer relation with the central society so that the union shall be helpful and beneficial to both. Then, with the promised co-operation of the public schools, the women's clubs, the colleges and the press, what a vast amount of early historical events might be gathered.

The county societies, so close to the individual, ought to be able to collect desirable personal data and historical facts for the parent society, which can be secured in no other way, and the parent society, in turn, can transform these interesting unwritten local events into State history.

The time to gather these facts is now. Those who have experiences, and can give them to us, are fast passing away. In looking over the names signed to the constitution and by-laws of the Cass county society a few days ago, I was painfully made aware of the fact that of the first seventy-two names in the list, my own being the seventy-second, that but five out of that number were living, the mouths of the other sixty-seven having been forever sealed by death. Among them were Uzziel Putnam, the first white settler in the county, who came to Pokagon township in 1825; Hon. George Meacham, first sheriff of the county, and other prominent early settlers. Many interesting unrecorded facts might have been obtained from them had we been more diligent and more solicitous for the information, which are now lost. So I say that there should be no unnecessary delay in a united effort to secure from the remaining pioneers the much-desired items of historical interest within their knowledge.

The legislature should aid this laudable enterprise by more liberal appropriations.

How best to collect these unrecorded items is a question I am willing to leave to the good judgment of the officers and the executive committee of the State society who cannot but be inspired to greater zeal by the several promises of co-operation made here today.

CO-OPERATION WITH COLLEGES.

BY JUDGE EDWARD CAHILL.

Mrs. Baldwin has made my speech, and perhaps I could do no better than to say "Amen" to what she has so eloquently said and take my seat. She has covered the ground because she has pointed out with so much clearness and force the importance and value to this society of attracting the interest and securing the co-operation of other organized educational agencies throughout the State in the work it is seeking to do. The work of this society is educational in a broad and liberal sense. Its purpose is to gather and make permanent record of the details of the lives of the early settlers of the country which now forms our State before the story of such lives shall have been lost or so mixed with legends as to be of doubtful historical value. We have heard from Mrs. Baldwin how successful have been her efforts to interest the women's clubs—whose membership is made up largely of the mothers of the State—in the work of this society. We have heard from Mr. French of the systematic plan inaugurated by the superintendent of public instruction to bring the school children of the State into active co-operation with us by means of instruction and the celebration of Pioneer Day as an annual holiday. These agencies working with us impress me as of very great value. When the mothers of our State and the teachers of our common schools unite in impressing the rising generation with the importance and value of any particular work, its ultimate success is sure.

When I first became associated as a member of the committee of historians, I learned that there had been but little collaboration with the university and other higher institutions of learning in the State. Why this was so I did not know. As the aims and purposes of the society were distinctly educational, it seemed to me that it had a right

to look to the educators of the State for active help. With this in view I addressed a letter to the president of the university, and of each of the colleges in the State asking them to send at least one member of their faculty to represent their institution at the approaching annual meeting of this society. That was several years ago. My recollection is that one or two out of our dozen colleges were represented at the next meeting, but they were so strange to the situation, and so modest withal, that the records of the meeting do not disclose any evidence of their visit. If my epistolary efforts had any further effect upon the collegiate mind, I am ignorant of it.

Why this apparent indifference to the work of this society on the part of the learned faculties of the State? If our labors be crude and primitive, there is the more need of that scholarship which they could so easily bring to our assistance. I do not hesitate to say that in my opinion they owe a clear duty to the work which this society is striving to do. If the time allowed me permitted, I would not feel justified in offering my advice as to the manner in which that duty can be best performed. They are the best judges of that. But I venture to suggest that no duty can be performed by ignoring it.

I am glad to see that our great university is represented here today by Mr. B. A. Finney, and I am sure we shall all be glad to hear his views on this question.

CO-OPERATION WITH COLLEGES.

BY BYRON A. FINNEY.[1]

With the growth of the American nation and its distribution over a large extent of country in the west, there have naturally developed many scattered historical societies, each centralized in its own local field of interest. There are now about four hundred of these societies in the United States. This division or separation of activity, while essential to the proper care of the particular field, may fail to reach a point of view from which to cover the larger or general field.

The societies in the east, privately endowed, and perhaps devoted to a particular region, were generally of a somewhat scholastic nature,

[1] Byron Alfred Finney is a graduate of the university of Michigan, class of 1871, with A. B. degree. He has been since 1871 and is now an assistant in the University general library at Ann Arbor.

and inclined to include a considerable field of labor and to look at the progress of events with a view to the correlation of their history.

Isolated communities in the west, developing local historical societies, have been perhaps too much inclined to restrict their point of view to their own local surroundings. In these cases the need of co-operation and the stimulus of intercommunication and association of men working in separate fields of labor, but with much the same general object and aim, have been apparent and more and more appreciated.

DECENTRALIZATION.

In some places, however, there seems to be a tendency toward the division or localization of work. Such is the case in the States of Washington and Missouri. The Missouri historical society is located at St. Louis, and has become largely local in its interests. The State university is located at Columbia, about 150 miles from St. Louis, and those interested in the more general history of the State have recently established there the State historical society of Missouri. One avowed purpose of this society, perhaps the main one, is the collection of a historical library, to be kept in the same building as the university library, an arrangement similar to that of Wisconsin at Madison. In Wisconsin, however, the State historical society possesses the miscellaneous as well as the historical library of the State while the actual State library is limited to the supreme court law library. The beautiful new building which houses the collection of the historical society gives shelter also for the library of the University of Wisconsin, separately placed but working and used together. The historical society assists in the interlibrary loan system and its superintendent is *ex officio* a member of the State free library commission.

In Iowa the State capital was removed from Iowa City to Des Moines in 1857, the year in which the historical society was formed. This prevented such close co-operation as in Wisconsin, but it was intended to still be "under the auspices of the university." Since 1901 (as from 1857 to 1868) the society collections are kept in one of the university buildings. The State library grew at Des Moines, and in 1882 there was created a State historical department which does much of the work of a historical society.

CO-OPERATION.

There are many ways in which the society and the colleges may derive advantage from more co-operation and closer relations, but only two or three stand out clear and distinct.

1. Scientific Method.—The first thought is that the scholarship and the academic spirit of the college should be of value to the historical society. This is undoubtedly true, but it should not be secured at the expense of popular sympathy. The state-supported society will not receive support so freely if its character becomes too scholarly. In return for the spirit of scientific method received from the college and university the society gives the vigor and enthusiasm of the active participants in the local history, and keeps the popular character of the society and its popular interest and value before the State. While there are many historical workers in the colleges and the university of our State, there are but few of them found at these meetings or represented in the membership of the society. We want more of them and their help for the continued success of the historical society of Michigan.

2. Exchange of Material.—Another and important way in which the colleges and the historical society can be helpful to each other is in the exchange of material. Although there are other kinds of material of value in the preservation of the history of the State, this would naturally and generally refer to books and manuscripts. One of the functions of historical societies, perhaps the most important one in most of the societies, is the collection of a historical library especially devoted to their region or particular subject.

The relations of state and local historical societies are being considered by the American historical association and, at its meeting at Baltimore last December, a committee, of which Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, secretary of the Wisconsin historical society, was chairman, made a report from which I take a few figures as to some of the larger societies. Of about 200 societies reporting, twelve own their own halls, thirteen are housed in their respective state capitols, seven in state universities, and six in other public buildings. The library of the Wisconsin society has 275,000 titles, that of Pennsylvania 245,000, Massachusetts 155,000, Kansas 115,000 and New Hampshire 100,000.

In Michigan the historical collections, with the exception of some rare old books, manuscripts and illustrative relics preserved in the pioneer society's room, have been added to and incorporated as a part

of the State library. Whether it might be better for the society to have its special library separately may be a question, but in either case the co-operation of the colleges can be made effective. Much exchange of duplicated and other matter has been carried on between our university library and the State library and it will continue to be done, to the advantage of both. Our students can come and use the State library and the society's collections, and in return the use of the college collection is offered, either by personal reference at the university, or through the process of interlibrary loan.

3. Specialized Collections.—Unnecessary duplication of historical material may be avoided and more satisfactory collections achieved if the State and local societies arrange to emphasize certain special lines, differentiated to some extent from those followed by the colleges and the public libraries and museums. One of these lines was mentioned yesterday by President Burton in his address at the opening of this meeting, when he said that every newspaper published in the State should be filed at the capital. In spite of the magnitude of such an undertaking, which is somewhat appalling although it has been done in other States, it would be a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

4. Education.—In a way, the colleges, normal schools, and the university are part of our State educational system and should carry out the good starter made by the department of education in the observance of Pioneer Day. Let us ask them to keep before the students and the teaching world the value of the work of this and its branch societies. On the other hand these societies can be of great assistance to the schools and colleges in helping to make patriotic and well-informed citizens, and should feel their responsibility in this respect. This suggestion can be only mentioned here but is worthy of more consideration.

5. Publications.—In the matter of publications of the societies let them call on the colleges for their help. The scholarship of the colleges and their thorough methods of research would be serviceable and should be freely given. Our society has already a creditable series of publications and their high quality must be maintained in the future, for they are our real legacy.

The time has come when the essentially "pioneer" character of the society, much as we wish to preserve it, will necessarily be modified by the development of its scientific "historical" character. The "snow-crowned" pioneers whom Mr. Barber so justly appreciated yesterday are giving place to their children.

In one sense we are all pioneers, as we are all the time pioneering, but the peculiar fascination of the road-makers, their history and their reminiscences, will no longer come to us personally from the actors in the work, but will be told in the written records of the society. The historical work must be taken up by another generation and the society must be recruited by younger workers.

In this work it is hoped that the colleges and our State university will take up the burden of their proper share, and by their mutual encouragement and zeal contribute to the success and perpetuity of the work of this society for the history of Michigan.

CO-OPERATION OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

BY O. T. ALLEN.[1]

Much may be accomplished by the ever-ready press of Michigan in furthering the good work that is being done by the State Pioneer and Historical Society through its annual meetings, the publication of volumes of Michigan history and the preservation of relics of pioneer life. The society desires the co-operation of the newspapers of the State, and the newspapers will themselves profit greatly by lending a hand in its work.

It may be said that the newspapers have long been an important factor in preserving local history. Their files are often consulted by those who would look into the past, and nothing demonstrates more clearly and effectively the progress that has been made in any locality than a comparison of the early files of its newspapers with those of the present period. Today the newspaper is the people's encyclopedia. Touching on all topics and mirroring different localities there is scarcely an issue of the humblest newspaper in the State that does not contain a record of some event that will become of historical value, of interest to the State pioneer society and important in Michigan's history. If editors would send these items to the society at Lansing great use could be made of them.

It has been the desire of the secretary of the State Pioneer and Historical Society to have complete files of papers kept, the editors becoming active members of the association by the making of such con-

[1] Mr. Allen is editor of the Lansing Journal, one of the leading dailies of Lansing.

tributions. While this may not be accomplished at present the heartiest co-operation of the press may be of exceeding value to the society in the ways that have been mentioned.

Whenever an item relating to pioneer life is published or an event recorded that will become of value to those who shall follow us on this field of action, it should find a place in the books of the pioneer museum at Lansing. Whenever an effort is made to destroy some ancient landmark the efforts of the press may well be devoted to preventing it. Many valuable monuments of past achievements have been ruthlessly destroyed; many records of great movements have been lost through public indifference or carelessness. The newspapers of Michigan may awake interest in these things. While the world is making history and the newspapers are recording it they may also employ their influence in preserving to some extent the landmarks of the soon-to-be forgotten past.

BENJAMIN F. GRAVES.

BY HENRY F. SEVERANS.[1]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Bar Association of Michigan—Although I am not down on your program, I am sure of your indulgence when you come to learn the theme of my brief speech.

Not long ago, on coming home from the south, I chanced to pick up a newspaper, and noticed in it a paragraph concerning some proceedings of the bar at Detroit in commemoration of the late Judge Benjamin F. Graves. It was the first word I had heard of his passing, and "a feeling of sadness stole o'er me which my soul could not resist." During all the years since my youth he had been my friend and none could understand what that meant who had not enjoyed the privilege of his friendship.

Your coming here renews and deepens the memory of those earlier days, and it has seemed to me that I, who knew him longest, should compose a requiem which should be uttered here and echoed to the shade of the departed. It was in the old courthouse which stood on

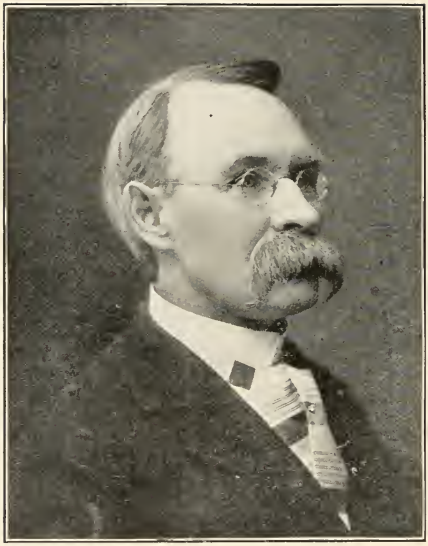
[1] Read by Judge Severans before the Michigan State Bar Association at Kalamazoo, 1906.

the ground beneath us, that Judge Graves half a century ago, began his service here as circuit judge of this judicial circuit. He had served before that time, as a magistrate, I think, at Battle Creek. By virtue of his office he was for a time a member of the old supreme court which consisted of the circuit judges sitting in bank.

When I came to the State in 1860, his reputation as a sound, just and able judge was growing and coming into bloom in all this part of the State. It widened as time went on, and at length he was chosen from among its ablest and most distinguished lawyers to be a member of the highest judicial tribunal of Michigan. How acceptably he performed the duties of that office you all know; and the reports of the decisions of that court have spread his name and title to distinction among the judges of the land, throughout the whole country. And so it was, that the active life and work of Judge Graves was spent in the evening and the morning of the first day in the Genesis of the jurisprudence of Michigan. When, after sixteen years of service in the supreme court, he began to think his powers were failing, though no one else observed it, he retired voluntarily to private life and the rest he had so well earned. But his life thenceforward was not a dull, gray waste, as is sometimes the case with men who retire from the active pursuits of life. He devoted himself to his home and family, and to studies and contemplations in wider fields than he had been able to do before. He did not resist the allurements of literature, and his nature ripened sweetly. There was no decay. It was a rounding out, a mellowing and the fulfillment of a beautiful and useful life.

During the early years of his judicial life he was a close student of the law and devoted himself to the mastery of the rules and principles of the science. This he did, not only as a duty to qualify himself for the work he was set to do, but also, as I always thought, for the joy of the endeavor and the victory. From this it naturally followed that he was at first rather disposed to straighten his course by the rigid enforcement of the technical rules he was storing away. But this did not last, and as he came to see how often the victim was mangled on his Procrustean bed, his kindness of heart and sense of justice brought him more and more into the appreciation of the maxims of equity, and the rigors of technical doctrines were greatly eased thereby.

Upon the bench he was dignified and firm, but always courteous and kind. He was benign to the losing man and tempered the winds to



JASON E. ST. JOHN.

the lamb that was being shorn, so that the lamb was hardly sensible of its suffering.

Another thing which endeared him to the young men was his charming cordiality in greeting their first appearances. I could testify for the many who have turned their whitened faces to the wall, as well as for some who are living, how deeply touched we were by his gracious and considerate kindness when we came before him, and afterwards when he thought we were in any distress or embarrassment. And my heart moves me to tell how in later years he has sent me messages of affection in which he referred to the time when he was holding the court here, and bespoke for all of us his warmest regard, but it is not fitting to dwell now too much upon matters purely personal.

Judge Graves at a ripe old age has "wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and laid down to pleasant dreams," if indeed the dead do dream, and perhaps it is better to say, he has gone to the reward which is promised to a well spent and honorable life. The Everlasting Arms are under him and he cannot fail of the promise. But like the forces of nature which work on forever through infinite transmutations, the influences which the work and conduct of our departed friend set moving in the world will go on through invisible ways, but working continually for good, until the end in the resurrection.

JASON E. ST. JOHN.

BY FRANK S. NEAL.[1]

What shall I say of a life concerning which so much of all that is good has already been said by the press and the people of the State of Michigan, even though it be a life of which too much cannot possibly be spoken?

Abler pens—though not more willing ones than mine—have set down in many and beautiful words the story of the noble character, the Christian virtues, the inspiring example, the inestimable influence for

[1] Frank S. Neal, representative from Wayne county in 1903, was born in Seneca county, New York, September 21, 1862, and obtained his education in the common schools. He came to Michigan in 1880, and locating at Dundee, entered the employ of the Canadian Southern & Lake Shore and Michigan Central R. R., where he remained eight years as ticket agent and telegraph operator, after which he went to Northville, and engaged in the mercantile business. In 1891 bought the "Northville Record" and has since devoted himself entirely to newspaper work, but is a member of the State board of arbitration.

good, the wonderful executive ability, the wide intelligence, of Jason Edgar St. John, the lamented superintendent of the Industrial School for Boys in this capital city of our State.

When the inexorable hand of death so suddenly and unexpectedly stilled that great, warm, loving heart on that chill December night a half year ago, a darkness that was not of the night and a chill that was not of the winter spread far and wide, and the sword of sorrow pierced hundreds of hearts that beat in sympathy with the life-work that meant so much to Michigan, while upon the educational and moral welfare of the State was cast the shadow of an irretrievable loss.

That life-work had not been wrought out for the benefit of the well-provided for, the fortunate, the comfortable, the sheltered young lives among the future citizens of our great commonwealth; the beneficiaries of the freely-given wealth of thought, action and influence, the rich practical intelligence and philanthropic wisdom, were for the unfortunate, the unfriended, the homeless ones; the victims of a relentless heredity, an undesirable environment, or of circumstances educationally, morally or physically unfavorable.

And what Mr. St. John's life and labors have meant to such young lives can never be even approximately known this side of eternity. Results we have seen—manifold results; but the influences set in motion to be perpetuated through coming generations, only the Infinite can understand and estimate at their full value.

The impress he has left upon the great institution with which he was connected for nearly three decades, will never be eliminated so long as that institution exists for the purposes intended in its establishment. He was, emphatically, the right man in the right place, but now —alas "He is not, for God took him."

He—nor we—mercifully—knew that his task was so nearly done; but if he had known how could he have done it better? And not only has Michigan and one of her noblest institutions suffered an irreparable loss, in Mr. St. John's going out from the earth-life, but how heavily the blow has fallen upon an ideal wedded life, the church work so dear to a devoted Christian, the social circle, the business associations, the widespread personal friendships, none but those most intimately interested can ever know; but he left to his family, his friends, to Michigan and the school a priceless heritage of memory and achievement when he heard the "well done," and "entered into the joy."

He builded well, and there will be other hands to continue the building; but the way in which he carried out the work to which he was

called cannot but be an inspiration and an invaluable help to those into whose hands it has fallen and those to whom it shall be entrusted as the years go on.

"To live with fame
Is granted to the many; but to die
With equal luster, is a blessing Heaven
Selects from all the choicest boons of fate,
And with a sparing hand on few bestows."

No history of Michigan will be complete, now and hereafter, without the name and life-story of Jason Edgar St. John who, when called to the world beyond on December 19, 1905, had been identified with the State Industrial School for Boys at Lansing for nearly thirty out of that institution's fifty years of existence. For twelve years his capable hand and brain had directed, on behalf of Michigan the great and noble work of caring for the physical, moral, mental and spiritual welfare of the young lives held in trust by the State for future citizenship through obligation of the nation's safeguard, our legal system. For twenty years previous to his acceptance of the superintendency the same powerful personality had been growing into its final and entire fitness for the task, in positions of active responsibility and trust with the institution, learning its needs and methods through intimate interest and keen observation, and developing, along with the necessary knowledge and capability, a devoted love for the work and an ever increasing comprehension of its meaning to the cause of philanthropy and human progress.

With his wife—his helpmate in more than the ordinary sense of the word—he had been a factor in the life and development of the school as it grew from a reformatory into a home, from a place of restraint or punishment into a haven of privileges and education for hundreds of young human souls otherwise helplessly adrift on the great stormy sea of human sinfulness and suffering.

Today the Michigan Industrial School with its sixty teachers and employes, its more than seven hundred pupils, its list of graduates showing the names of scores of honored business and professional men all over the country, a credit to themselves and the State, is a model of its kind. Its methods are copied and its plans are followed in other states and countries as the best yet devised; and all this is in large measure due to the wise policy and administrative skill of its late superintendent, as carried out by himself and those whom he led in the work.

He was considered an authority, and his advice on educational-industrial subjects was always in demand as invaluable to those of lesser experience and knowledge.

Mr. St. John's own life and character were in themselves an inspiration and a copy for his boys. Born to the necessity of self-support, his sturdy New England blood asserted itself when at the all to early age of fourteen—even then already possessed of a practical education—he began the battle of life in the employ of a business firm.

Honorable, incorruptible, energetic, he steadily rose, by his own efforts and capabilities to a position offering unlimited opportunities for the betterment of humanity, and of those opportunities he wasted none when they became his by right of conquest.

Mr. St. John was a true child of the State he served so faithfully and well.

He was born at Somerset, Hillsdale county, on the day now sacred to the memory of the nation's dead, May 30th, in the year 1848, his parents, Jason and Lucy St. John, having come to this State from the east in the early pioneer days.

Mr. St. John's whole life was spent in Michigan, with the exception of two years' residence in his father's native State, Connecticut. On his return to this State when he was twenty years of age he entered the employ of Hon. D. L. Crossman in the latter's store in Dansville, of which he became the proprietor three years later, the same year that he was married to Miss Mary Adelaide Bulen of that place. Two years after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. St. John came to Lansing to accept positions in the then State Reform School. After two years, during which Mr. St. John had charge of some of the shops, they left the school, returning however, ten months afterwards. With the exception of an interval of two years, Mr. and Mrs. St. John had ever since been fellow-workers in the institution until death severed his connection with all earthly interests. For eleven years he was bookkeeper and clerk, and in 1893 accepted the position of superintendent, with his wife as matron.

No children were given this worthy couple to perpetuate a name and characters so well worthy of perpetuation, but yet, hundreds of sons have been theirs, to rise up and call blessed the memory of one who was in deed and in truth a father to the more than orphaned, a faithful teacher to the heretofore worse than uninstructed, a loving friend to the hitherto friendless and uncared for.

Truly "his works do follow him" though "he rests from his labors."

"What then?
If I could have my name endure
I'd write it on the hearts of men
In characters of living light
Of kindly deeds and actions wrought;
And these beyond the touch of time,
Shall live immortal as my thought."

THE FIRST JUDICIAL HISTORY OF MICHIGAN.

BY LAWTON T. HEMANS.

The transmutations that have taken place since white men first took up their abode within our borders, have been such that the history of Michigan forms one of the most unique chapters in the history of our common country. To write of the first supreme court, would be to write of a matter within the memory of men now living; but the limitations of my subject are far broader, they permit of a commencement and termination of the judicial story anywhere within the past two centuries for when the constitution of 1850 was adopted, for more than that length of time civilization had struggled for a foothold upon our soil.

With the founding of Detroit, La Motte Cadillac was invested with all the power belonging to the highest feudal lordship that then obtained in France. During French control of the soil of Michigan, there was nothing to stimulate the growth of local self-government even had the germs lain dormant in the natures of the Franco-Canadian. The reputation of the French colonist was far from that of being litigious and his civic regulations and requirements were quite sufficiently discharged by the curé, the commandant and the deputy intendant, with legal formalities furnished by the duly commissioned notary. In the territory of Michigan which embraced Detroit and Michilimackinac the lives of the habitants were in the hands of the commandant and while upon one or two occasions they resorted to extreme penalties as a rule the simple lives of the people called for little or no interposition of judicial authority.

In November, 1760, the cross of St. George was raised over Fort Pontchartrain and later over Michilimackinac and by the treaty of

Paris in 1763, Michigan as a portion of Canada passed under the dominion of the British crown. In the interim between possession by force of arms and treaty rights the government was purely military, as would be expected. It would have been much better had General Gage, in its exercise, at all times followed the judicious counsels of Sir William Johnson, a sterling character of wisdom, honesty and integrity. The constitution may not always follow the flag but it has always been supposed that courts of justice followed Anglo-Saxon civilization and control but Michigan territory under British possession was to form an exception to this rule. Upon the assumption of sovereignty under the treaty of Paris, the king of Great Britain by a proclamation under date of October 7, 1763, established four separate governments, known as Quebec, East and West Floridas and Grenada. Into these provinces were introduced the civil and criminal law of England, but neither Michigan or any part of the territory north of the River Ohio came within the provisions of the governments thus created. Eleven years were destined to pass before the territory of Michigan under the provisions of the famous Quebec act was to come within the pale of civil government, and then in name only. The commandants of English authority changed but little the rule of their French predecessors. If they did not exercise authority themselves they delegated it to others. Under some such arrangement one Gabriel LaGrand seems to have exercised some of the functions of a justice of the peace in 1765. Later, and in 1767, the commandant, Captain George Turnbull, commissioned one Philip Dejean, a justice of the peace with powers to make inquiry but not to render judgment except upon the joint request of the parties. Later in the same year Robert Bayard, the major commanding granted Dejean a further commission as "second judge" to hold a "Tempery Court of Justice to be held twice in every month at Detroit, to Decide on all actions of Debt, Bonds, Bills, Contracts and Trespasses above the value of five Pounds, New York Currency." The first judge it is presumed was the commandant himself, who continued to administer judicial proceedings as was customary with the deputy intendant of the French régimé. The annals of Wisconsin for the same times, tell the story of one Judge Reaume, who acted under similar authority, but more distant from the source of power, at Green Bay, who in lieu of process summoned the delinquent before him by sending his jackknife as warrant of its possessor's authority. If we may credit the traditions that come to us of this pioneer wearer of the ermine we may believe that his judgments were

as original as his process for he turned the short-comings of those who came under the ban of his decrees to his own account by requiring them to hoe in the judicial garden and replenish the judicial woodpile.

In 1775, Lieutenant Governor Hamilton, of unsavory memory, arrived in Detroit, clothed with well nigh unlimited powers both administrative and judicial. Under his sway, Dejean continued to exercise his powers as a justice of the peace. They soon brought the authorities at Quebec to a realizing sense of conditions at the distant post by proceeding, in 1776, to try by a jury of six English and six French, a man and woman on the joint charge of arson and larceny. The jury found that they were guilty of the larceny but of the proofs showing arson they had some doubts. The verdict was, however, considered warrant for the execution of the man, the woman acting as his executor, she receiving her freedom. For this unwarranted act, warrants were issued from Quebec for the arrest of both commandant and justice and while both escaped by reason of the public attention being engrossed with the events of the revolution, it had the effect, nevertheless, of making both more circumspect in the discharge of their judicial functions. In later years the lieutenant governor seems to have tired of the routine of judicial procedure for we have the authority of Judge May, who came to Detroit in 1778, to the effect that in 1777 the governor "getting tired of administering justice, proposed to the merchants to establish a court of trustees with jurisdiction extending to £10, Halifax." That eighteen of them entered into a bond that three of them should be a weekly court in rotation and that they would defend any appeal that might be taken from their decision; the appellate body being presumably the governor. They rendered judgments and issued executions and imprisoned in the guard house. This proceeding seems to have given satisfaction for I have in my possession an old document that shows that it was later inaugurated at Michilimackinac and in 1788 the examination of Mr. Robertson before Lord Dorchester at Quebec on the memorial of "divers inhabitants of Detroit" asking for better judicial facilities, disclosed that in his opinion the court of arbitration worked so well that it would quite meet the needs of the post if it could be clothed with legal power and authority. This memorial from the traders and citizens of Detroit was brought out by the fact that in the same year Lord Dorchester had by proclamation created four districts in upper Canada with a court of record for each. Michigan being still under British control fell within the district of Hesse. The court was known as the court of common pleas and from

its decisions there was no appeal except to the governor and council. The Hon. William Dummel Powell was the first judge of this court, he assuming his duties in 1790. Subsequent legislation by the council of upper Canada, brought the people of our territorial limits the rights to general quarter sessions of the peace, the jury system, later a court of probate and later still a superior court of civil and criminal and other courts of higher jurisdiction. The last term of court held at Detroit under British authority was concluded on January 29, 1796. Before the holding of another term another event had transpired whereby the cross of St. George was supplanted by the stars and stripes and British dominion, by the rule of a free people.

On August 18, 1796, Winthrop Sargent, acting governor of the northwest territory by letters patent created the county of Wayne, whose limits contained the lower peninsula of Michigan and the greater portion of the present States of Ohio and Indiana. Its county seat was fixed at Detroit. He likewise created a court of common pleas with powers similar to its Canadian predecessor. Judicial appointments to the bench of this court were made by the executive and Louis Beaufait, James May, Charles Girardin and many others served in that capacity. The supreme court of the northwest territory held one session yearly at Detroit. At the time of the creation of Wayne county, Rufus Putnam, John C. Symmes and George Turner constituted the court. This court was regular in the holding of its sessions at Detroit until the creation of the territory of Ohio in 1803. At which time our soil became a part of Indiana territory. Our connection with Indiana was of so short duration as to merit little more than notice. Some legislation is known to have been enacted but its nature is not now known. In 1805 Michigan territory was created. The act creating it contained all the essential features of the ordinance of 1787. From 1805, in Michigan, dates the rule of the governor and judges. William Hull was appointed governor and Stanley Griswold was made his secretary. Augustus B. Woodward, Samuel Huntington and Frederick Bates were named and confirmed as judges. Mr. Huntington wisely declined the appointment and John Griffin was appointed in his stead. The judges were appointed for life or during good behavior; had the last provision been enforced the term of Judge Woodward would not have exceeded six months, as it was he served for more than twenty years. As there were no counties then organized in Michigan other than the county of Wayne, the governor and judges, for judicial purposes, divided the territory into three districts, known thereafter as

the districts of Erie, Huron and Detroit. The district of Mackinaw being of somewhat later creation, their names sufficiently give their locations. The governor and judges soon adopted a code of laws and provided for a judicial system. Matters of small importance were left to the disposal of justices of the peace, a court of intermediary jurisdiction was created for each district while the supreme court reserved to itself jurisdiction over all land cases and concurrent jurisdiction over civil causes involving, at first two hundred dollars and later five hundred dollars with the general powers of an appellate court.

The long career of Judge Woodward upon this bench is one of the most picturesque in the history of our judiciary. He was a strange combination of wisdom and turbulance. His conduct in attempting to punish Major John Whipple as for contempt of court in his use of disrespectful language upon the public street; his almost constant quarrels with Governor Hull and other members of the court created scandals that have lasted to this day. The district courts survived until 1809. By 1820 the counties of Wayne, Monroe, Mackinac, Macomb and Oakland had been organized and in that year a system of county courts was established to be presided over by a chief justice and two associate justices in each county. They had original jurisdiction in all civil matters not cognizable by a justice and not exceeding one thousand dollars and of crimes and offenses where the punishment was not capital. The supreme court retained original jurisdiction in all civil causes where the matter in difference exceeded one thousand dollars, all causes of divorce and alimony, all actions in ejectment, trial of criminal actions where the punishment was capital and concurrent jurisdiction with county courts in trial of criminal causes generally and appellate jurisdiction in all matters of a civil nature where county court had original jurisdiction.

Congressional action in 1823 revolutionized the territorial government. It provided for a legislative body in the territorial council and changed the tenure of judicial office from life to four years. Three judges still constituted the supreme court and one effect of the act was to drop Judge Woodward from the number. County courts were still retained and the judges of the supreme court were authorized to hold court in given circuits. The places of holding being designated as Detroit, Monroe, Mount Clemens and St. Clair. The judicial system was a subject of frequent legislation and in 1833 the territory of Michigan east of the lake and outside of the present county of Wayne was created into a judicial circuit to which the Hon. William A. Fletcher

was appointed as circuit judge, this circuit embraced the counties of Monroe, Lenawee, Branch, St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien, Kalamazoo, Calhoun, Jackson, Washtenaw, Oakland, St. Clair and Macomb. For riding this circuit and dispensing justice Judge Fletcher received one thousand dollars per year. Two side judges lent their dignity to the court and were a quorum for the transaction of business, but no person charged with an offense above the degree of a misdemeanor could be asked to stand trial in the absence of the presiding judge, but no one escaped trial for this reason, for the journals in each of the counties of the circuit will show that Judge Fletcher was generally on hand to discharge the duties of his office. The supreme court continued to exist as such and its functions as a circuit court were likewise retained and exercised under the name of superior circuit courts in the circuits formed of the counties to which they had first been appointed and the counties attached to such counties for judicial purposes. Provision had been likewise made for a judiciary in that vast territory under Michigan jurisdiction embraced within the bounds of Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, the Mississippi river and the southern limits of the present State of Iowa. Such were the conditions of the judicary of Michigan when her people adopted the constitution of 1835. Under the provisions of that instrument one of the first acts of the legislature of 1836 was the passage of an act to organize the supreme court and to establish circuit courts. It received its approval on the 26th day of March, 1836. It was concise and direct in its terms. The supreme court was to be composed of three judges, the first named of whom was to be the chief justice. The State was divided into three circuits and one judge of the supreme court was assigned to each of the circuits, while in each county provision was made for the election of two associate judges for the term of four years each. Two judges of the supreme court and two judges of circuit court in each instance formed a quorum but in the circuit courts no person could be tried for an offense of greater degree than a misdemeanor in the absence of the presiding judge. The supreme court was given the jurisdiction of the supreme and superior circuit courts and the circuit courts the jurisdiction of the circuit court of the former territory except equity jurisprudence which were given to the care of a chancellor's court. In a general way our circuit and supreme court still exercise the same jurisdiction as the pioneer courts of Michigan.

In the creation of the circuits, Wayne, Macomb, St. Clair, Lapeer, Michilimackinac and Chippewa and the counties attached to each for

judicial purposes constituted the first judicial circuit. The second judicial circuit was composed of the counties of Monroe, Lenawee, Washtenaw, Oakland, Saginaw, Jackson and Hillsdale and likewise the counties attached to such counties for judicial purposes and the third judicial circuit was formed from the counties of Branch, St. Joseph, Cass, Berrien, Kalamazoo, Allegan, Calhoun and Kent and the counties that had been attached to them for judicial purposes. The law made provision for two terms of court a year in each county while the supreme court held its session for the first circuit at Detroit on the first Monday of September; for the second circuit, at Ann Arbor, on the third Monday of December and for the third circuit, at Kalamazoo on the first Monday in August. The meager records of the early court would seem to indicate that certiorari was the most popular means of reviewing questions in the supreme court, although writ of error and case made were frequently employed. In the later years of the court a practice, not without merit, seems to have grown up of reserving the more intricate questions and cases of importance in the circuit courts for reargument and submission to the full bench.

By another act, chancery jurisdiction including the power to grant divorces was conferred upon a separate chancery court presided over by a chancellor, who was required to hold two sessions annually in each of the judicial circuits of the State. The clerk of the supreme court in each circuit being likewise a register in chancery. From the decrees of the chancellor an appeal could be taken to the supreme court.

Most State officers under the constitution of 1835 were appointed by the governor and the judiciary was no exception. The first appointment for member of the supreme court, made by Governor Mason, was given to William Asa Fletcher of Ann Arbor, who had taken up his residence there to comply with the law of 1833, under which he had been made the circuit judge for the circuit east of the Lake Michigan, being the first named, he thereby became the chief justice and entitled to sixteen hundred dollars per year, whereas his associates, George Morrell and Epaphroditus Ransom, who respectively occupied the circuit benches in the first and third circuits, received but fifteen hundred dollars each; which sum was likewise the compensation of the chancellor, the office so ably filled by Elon Farnsworth.

Judge Fletcher was born June 26, 1788. He was the son of an intelligent New Hampshire farmer, who frequently filled the pulpit of the Congregational church of his native town of Plymouth, his mother was of a prominent family of the State. Judge Fletcher received a good

education. His service at the bar of Detroit dated from 1821, and before being appointed to the circuit judgeship, in 1833, he served three years as chief justice of the Wayne county court and as attorney general of the territory. He was the author of the first compilation of the statutes of the State and until 1842 served with honor and fidelity in the high position of chief justice. He died at Ann Arbor, September 19, 1852, and it is not to the credit of Michigan that his ashes repose in an unmarked and perhaps an unknown grave. A few years ago as laborers dug a sewer through what was once a cemetery but what is now Felch park in Ann Arbor, they discovered a casket which an aged lady recognized as the one in which Judge Fletcher was consigned to earth; where this was placed I have not learned, but wherever it may be the bench and bar of Michigan can do a valuable service by seeing that the fate of William A. Fletcher shall not be added to that list which it is claimed shows the ingratitude of republics. Hon. George Morrell was two years the senior of Judge Fletcher, he having been born at Lenox, Massachusetts, March 22, 1786. He was given the benefit of a liberal education, graduating from William's college in 1807. His legal practice began in 1810 and before his removal to Detroit in 1832 his attainments were such as to cause his elevation to the federal bench. His death in Detroit, March 8, 1845, was a cause of profound regret to a circle that was wider than the limits of the State of his adoption.

Epaphroditus Ransom, was likewise a son of New England, having been born at Shelbourne Falls, New Hampshire county, Mass., in 1797. It was his own exertions that made it possible for him to graduate from Chester academy and in 1823 from the law school of Northampton, Mass. He died at Fort Scott, Kansas, in November, 1859. His long service upon the supreme bench of Michigan and his subsequent election to the office of governor of the State are sufficient evidences of his attainments and of the nobility of his life and purposes. Of the early judicial quartet Elon Farnsworth was the younger, he having been born at Woodstock, Vermont, in 1799, and was also the recipient of a college training. He came to Detroit in 1822 and before the formation of the State constitution he had served with distinction in the territorial council. Of his administration of his judicial office, the great Chancellor Kent said: "The administration of justice in equity in Michigan under Chancellor Farnsworth is enlightened and correct and does distinguished honor to the State."

Perhaps no higher compliment to his service can be stated than to

HON. DANIEL McCOY.

restate what was said of him at the bar service in his honor at Detroit on the occasion of his death, March 27, 1877, which was that during his long years of service as chancellor no decision of his had ever been reversed.

These men deserve our highest praise; amidst trials and hardships they blazed the pathway where it has been easy for others to follow. Through weary miles of trackless forests astride the ever faithful horse they took their way to the crude settlements to hold court in the pioneer schoolhouse, sending the jury to deliberate under the shelter of a near by oak or perhaps vacating the building for their comfort. They laid the foundation of our judicial system in honor and integrity, they were sturdy characters in every way worthy of our present day emulation.

OLD FORT ST. JOSEPH.

BY DANIEL McCOY.

Fort St. Joseph, over which floated the flag of Spain in 1781, was located in the third ward of the present city of Niles, Michigan. It covered about two acres of ground which is now under cultivation, no trace of its outline remaining.

I visited the site in the fall of 1905 and, through the kindness of Mr. Lewis H. Beeson of Niles, whose family has long been of that region and owned the land adjacent to the site, saw innumerable evidences of its authenticity. Mr. Beeson has been a lifelong student of the valley of the St. Joseph and a constant collector of relics of the ancient fort, comprising articles of an imperishable nature, such as flintlocks and flints, buttons of the French soldiers, indestructible portions of officers' epaulettes, nails made by hand, Scaribs, and tokens given by the priests to the Indians; all sorts of Indian relics including a splendid collection of beads from the smallest to the very largest used for necklaces, etc., all in good state of preservation, but showing great age in their incrustations. He has been collecting since boyhood, and states that no relics ever were discovered outside of a certain area of about two acres, marking the limit of the enclosure.

The topography of the country in the vicinity is about the same as when the mission was begun and when La Salle and Hennepin and

Tonty and Marquette passed up and down the river on their way to and from Kankakee portage to the waters of the Mississippi. On a bluff to the east of the fort and overlooking it, when the first settlers came into this valley about 1825, stood a large wooden cross, which has been replaced by a new one as often as it fell from age or decay. At present it is down, leaning upon one arm, but I learn that arrangements are being made to erect a new one in its place, either of wood or of some more enduring material. No accurate knowledge appears to exist as to why a large cross is raised at this spot, but legend had it that it marks the final resting place of one of the early Jesuit fathers, so many of whom sacrificed their lives in their efforts to carry the blessings and comforts of their religion to the Indians.

Writers who have touched upon this fort have not agreed as to its location,—Parkman locating it at the mouth of the river, and Hinsdale, in his "Old Northwest," page 172, falling into the same error and confusing it with the fort built by La Salle in 1679. This fort was named by him Fort Miami, and was destroyed by deserters from Fort Crevecoeur, the year following—was rebuilt by La Forrest, one of La Salle's lieutenants, and maintained a few years only. Father Hennepin says it was a simple breastwork made of hewn logs enclosing an area of forty by eighty feet, which was surrounded by palisades, as additional protection. There is no record of any fort at the mouth of the river except this built by La Salle and, after his final departure from this region the site was never used as a military or trading post.

The first white man known to have visited the vicinity of Fort St. Joseph was Father Claude Jean Allouez, who came in 1675 having an eye to the spiritual welfare of the Pottawatamies and Miamis of this section of the counry. The St. Joseph valley was then, as now, a most attractive place. Game was abundant and fish plenty, making it the Indian's paradise, into which soon came the French furtraders and bush lopers. A mission was first established by Father Aveneau of the Society of Jesus in 1690, and February 15, 1694, Governor Denonville granted this society a concession of twenty arpents (twenty-eight arpents equal one mile) along the St. Joseph river by twenty arpents deep, at such place as they might select upon which to locate their chapel and other buildings, which were erected. This soon grew to be a post of sufficient importance to require the protection of a garrison. Sieur de Courtemauche with a detachment of Canadian soldiers was sent to this mission in 1695 to protect it from the Iroquois, but it

was not until 1697 that a military post was established there from which date it becomes known in history as Fort St. Joseph.

We know but little of its history for a number of years subsequent to this. Father Marest informs us that the mission was in a thriving state as early as 1712, and Charlevoix writes from there in 1721 to Madame la Duchesse de Lesdiguieres as follows:

"River St. Joseph, August 16, 1721.

"Madam:

"It was eight days since I arrived at this post, where we have a mission, and where there is a commandant with a small garrison. The commandant's house, which is but a sorry one, is called the fort from its being surrounded with an indifferent palisado which is pretty near the case with all the rest, except the forts Chambly and Catarocouy, which are real fortresses. There are, however, in almost every one of them, some few cannons or pateraroes, which in case of necessity are sufficient to hinder a surprise and to keep the Indians in respect. We have here two villages of Indians, one of the Miamis and the other of the Pottawatamies, both of them mostly Christians, but they have been for a long time without any pastor. The missionary who has been lately sent to them will have no small difficulty in bringing them back to the exercise of their religion.

"The River St. Joseph comes from the south and discharges itself into Lake Michigan, (the eastern shore of which is a hundred leagues in length) and which you are obliged to sail along before you come to the entry of the river. You afterwards sail up twenty leagues in it before you reach the fort."

Charlevoix in the above early letter comes very near to the correct distance of the Fort St. Joseph from the mouth of the river, which is a little less than sixty miles.

Sr de Muy, an ensign in the French army commanded at St. Joseph's River in 1736. He was afterwards commandant at Detroit.[1]

The ensign Belestre commanded at River St. Joseph in 1746. In 1761, when the country came into the hands of the English through the fall of Quebec and the capitulation of Montreal, a detachment of the sixtieth British regiment, then called the Royal Americans, relieved the French troops and hoisted the British flag at Fort St. Joseph. * * * Pontiac, the great chief of the Ottawas, dissatisfied with the change from French to English rule, incited the Algonquin tribes of the northwest to resistance and sought by surprise to capture and destroy on the same day the various forts in the region of the Great Lakes, now occupied by the English. Detroit alone, under the control of Major Gladwin, successfully made resistance. Sandusky, Michili-

[1] See Cadillac papers, Vol. 34, p. 334.

mackinac, Onatonan on the Wabash, Fort Miami on the Maumee, Presque Isle and St. Joseph all were taken, and but few defenders lived to describe the horrors through which they passed. It will be noticed that where Frenchmen were found in any of these posts they were unmolested, the Indians having no grievance against the French. Seventeen Pottawatamies came into Ensign Schlosser's quarters at Fort St. Joseph on May 25, 1763, on pretense of holding a council. A Frenchman having knowledge of the treacherous nature of their errand, endeavored to give the alarm, when at once Schlosser was seized, ten of the garrison killed, and three, together with the commandant, taken prisoners and brought to Detroit, where they were exchanged for Indian prisoners in the possession of Major Gladwin.

Richard Winston, a trader at Fort St. Joseph, writes of this event:

"June 19, 1763.

"I have only to inform you that by the blessing of God and the help of M. Louison Chevalier I escaped being killed when the unfortunate garrison was massacred. Mr. Hambough and me being hid in the house of same Chevalier for four days and nights."

We read in "Historic Illinois," page 155, that in October, 1777, this insignificant stockade on the St. Joseph river was surprised and captured by sixteen Illinois patriots under Tom Brady, a Kaskaskia Irishman, and a Canadian half-breed named Hamelin, then residing at Cahokia. They surprised at night the garrison of twenty-one British regulars whom they paroled, seized the merchandise and destroyed what they could not carry away, and, upon leaving, set fire to the buildings and stockade. Rendered careless from the easy success of their lawless venture they were overtaken on the Calumet river, not far from the present South Chicago, by the same regulars they had paroled, together with a number of Indians, and several were killed, the remainder taken prisoners.

We also read that in the summer of 1778 Paulette Meillet, then residing near Peoria, led a force of three hundred French, Indians and half-breeds along the water courses of the Illinois and Kankakee to Fort St. Joseph. An assault was made which was successful, and once more the flag of England came down at a run. The garrison was paroled, and the fort once more looted and set on fire.

Notwithstanding these vicissitudes the post of St. Joseph was maintained and, in 1780, contained eight houses and seven shanties, the population consisting of forty-five French and four Pawnee slaves, according to information furnished by the Haldimand papers. The

last and most memorable attack was made by the Spaniards in 1781, at the close of the revolutionary war. Spain then occupied the territory west of the Mississippi river and had a fort of some consequence; at St. Louis, Galvez, the governor of Louisiana had captured the British posts on the gulf of the Mississippi river; Pensacola, Mobile, Natchez and Baton Rouge, and the extension of Spanish claims north to the Great Lakes seemed possible. That a knowledge of Spain's desires in this direction were known to the English is evident from the fact that in 1766 Major Robert Rogers, a native of New Hampshire, who commanded a body of provincial rangers and who had been assigned the task of taking over the French outposts which had become English by the terms of the Montreal capitulation of 1760, was tried by a court-martial for having meditated an act of treason in the surrender of Fort Michilimackinac into the hands of the Spaniards. With this desire for the extension of their territory northward to the lakes still strong, and to give stability to such claims as they might make to the region, an expedition left St. Louis, January 2, 1781, consisting of sixty-five militiamen and sixty Indians under the command of Captain Don Eugenio Puree, accompanied by Don Carlos Tayon, a sub-lieutenant of militia, by Don Luis Chevalier, a man versed in the Indian language, and by the great chiefs Electurno and Nagingan. They traversed the State of Illinois and leaving the present boundaries near Danville, advanced northerly through the swamp-country directly towards the old Kankakee portage to the River St. Joseph, about the present location of South Bend, Indiana. With presents they bought a safe passage through the Indian tribes, allies of the English, and suddenly appeared before the fort, having traveled some two hundred and twenty leagues in the dead of winter, across a trackless country, each man on foot and carrying his provisions and equipments. But few soldiers comprised the garrison at this time and an easy conquest was made, the English soldiers and traders being made prisoners of war, and the flag of his most Catholic majesty, the King of Spain, taking the place of the English standard. They remained but a short time when, having divided the provisions and stores among their own Indians and those living near, they destroyed the post, and returned to St. Louis carrying the British flag with them. After this the fort was never rebuilt.

It is strange that no history of Michigan, up to this time, relates this possession of Michigan territory by the Spaniards, but its truth is unquestionable. Many writers on the subject of the northwest terri-

tory mention the event. It may be found in "Hinsdale's Old Northwest," in Charles Moore's "Northwest Under Three Flags," in William H. English's "Conquest of the Northwest," in Mason's "Chapters from Illinois History," in "Parrish's Historic Illinois," in "Windsor's Narrative and Critical History of the United States," Vol. VI., p. 743, and "Wharton's Revolutionary Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States," Vol. V., p. 363. John Jay, writing from Madrid, April 28, 1782, to Robert R. Livingston, secretary for foreign affairs at Philadelphia, says:

"The Madrid Gazette of 12th of March contained a paragraph of which you ought not to be ignorant. I shall therefore copy it verbatim and add a translation as literal as I can make it."

Here follows:

"By a letter from the commandant general of the army operations at Havana and Governor of Louisiana, His Majesty has advices that a detachment of sixty-five militia men and sixty Indians of the nations of Otagnos, Sotu, and Putnami under the command of Don Eugenio Puree * * * who marched the 2nd of January, 1781, from the town of St. Louis of the Illinois, had possessed themselves of the post of St. Joseph which the English occupied at two hundred and twenty leagues distance from that of the above mentioned St. Louis." * * *

Benjamin Franklin, writing from Passy, France, April 12, 1782, to Robert R. Livingston, secretary for foreign affairs, says:

"I see by the newspapers that the Spaniards having taken a little post called St. Joseph, pretend to have made a conquest of the Illinois country. In what light does this proceeding appear to Congress." * * *

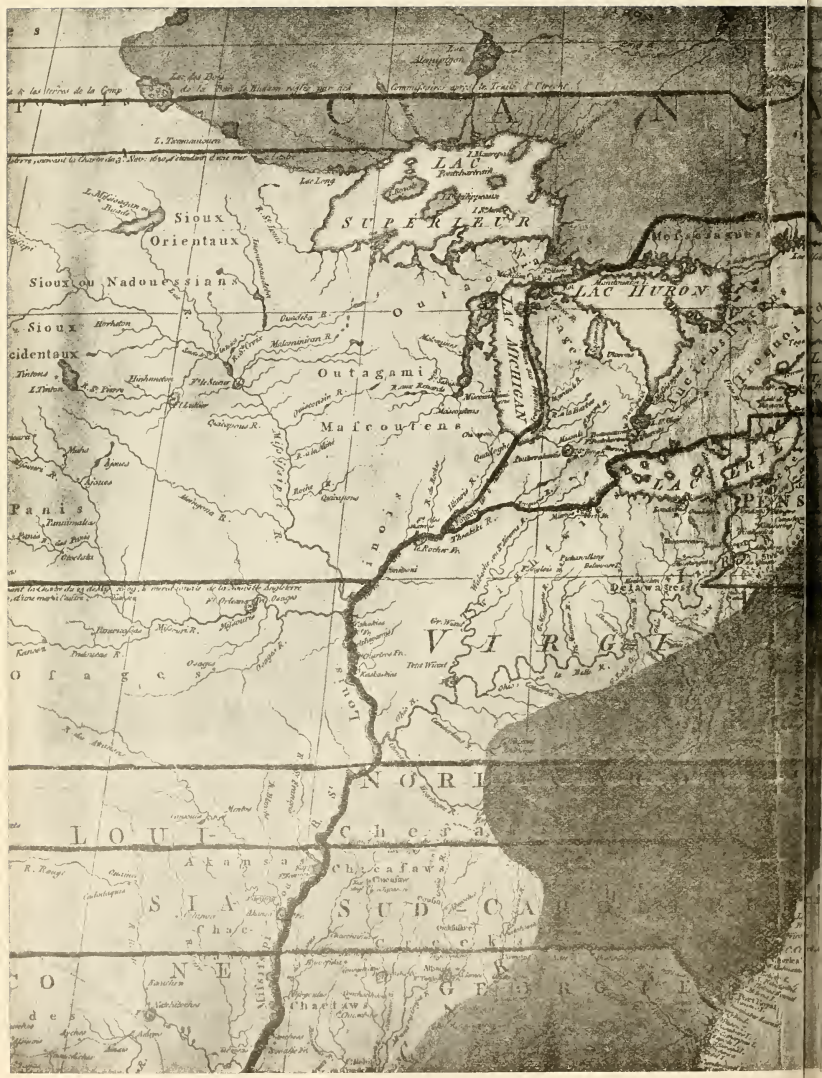
In the Canadian Archives, series B., Vol. 101, p. 1, a letter from DePeyster, commander at Detroit, dated January 8, 1781, to Brigadier-General Powell shows a knowledge of the contemplated expedition, an extract from it is as follows:

"The rebels having long since quit all that country, Brady, who says he had no longer a desire of remaining in the Rebel Service therefore did not follow them, informed me that Colonel Clarke was gone down to Williamsburgh to solicit a detachment to join with a Spanish colonel in an expedition against the place. When the heavy cannon and ammunition arrives, I shall be ready to give them a warm reception should they be rash enough to attempt it, our works are however yet in a shattered state."

In the Canadian Archives, same volume page 62, Patt Sinclair, lieutenant governor, writing from Michilimackinac Island, May 1, 1781, to Brigadier General Powell, mentions the fall of fort St. Joseph as follows:

SECTIONS OF THE JOHN MITCHELL MAP OF 1755, ORIGINAL IN THE CONGRES

IRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C., AND IN THE RYERSON LIBRARY, GRAND RAPIDS.



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF OLD FR

H.—FROM THE MICHIGAN STATE LIBRARY.

"The disasters at St. Josephs, and what threaten any traders permitted to go there in future, or towards the Mississippi, oblige me to entreat the honor of your directions respecting that matter."

In locating this little fort in the wilderness which had such a stormy existence, one is greatly helped to a conclusion by consulting the early maps of the territory, some of which I name. In the congressional library at Washington there are:

John Mitchell's map of North America, 1755, which locates the fort more than thirty miles from the mouth of the St. Joseph river. This is an authoritative map, and is used in the settlement of boundary disputes.

D'Anville's map, 1755, indicates about the same location. The Pouteatomies and Miamis are shown to have villages near by. This French map is also authoritative.

In the Michigan State Library are five maps showing Fort St. Joseph up stream:

"Carte des Possessions Angloises & Françoises due Continent de l'Amérique Septentrionale. Tho. Kitchin, sculpt. 1755."

*"Partie Occidentale de la Nouvelle France ou du Canada, par Mr. Bellin * * * cummuniquée au Public par les Heritiers de Homan, en l'an 1755."*

*"Carte Des Etats-Unis de l'Amérique Septentrionole, dressee d'après des cartes Anglaises; par M. Brion de la Tour * * * Paris, 1780?"*

*"Mappa geographica Americæ Septentrionalis * * * cdita jussu Acad. reg. scient. et eleg. litt, discripta. (n. d.)."*

*"Theatrum Belli in America Septentrionali 11. foliis comprehensum jussu Acad. reg. scient. et eleg. litt. * * * Berger sculpsit."*

In the Ryerson library at Grand Rapids, I find "Map of Sr. Robert de Vangondy Geographica Ordinaire de Roy, 1755," showing the fort, as above, with the Miami villages on the north side of the stream and the Pottowatomies on the south.

Map of William Faden, Geographer to the King, London, 1796—same location.

Map of John Cary, London, 1805, shows same location with a road from Detroit to Fort St. Joseph, thence south to Fort Wayne, Indiana. John Cary's maps of 1806 and 1807 confirm above, and in no way, that I have examined has the location materially varied.

In Vol. X, p. 248 of the publications of Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, a reprint of the Haldimand papers from the Canadian archives, shows the route taken and the distance in going from Detroit to the Mississippi in 1770 as follows:

"The road from Detroit to Fort St. Josephs by land and from thence to the Junction of the Illinois river with the Mississippi by water.

	Miles.	Miles.
From Detroit to the River Huron or Nandewine Sippy ..	40	
N. B. There is a village of Puttawateamees of six large cabans. The river at this place is about Fifty feet wide and the water is generally from one and a half to two feet deep, when there are Floods Travellers are obliged to make Rafts to cross it, the road in this place is bad.		
To the Salt River or Wanadagon Sippy	12	
N. B. There is another village of Pittawattamees of five Cabans. This river is never so high as to prevent people passing it.		
To one of the Branches of Grand River or Washtanon that falls into Lake Michigan	60	
		112
There is another village of Pottawattamees of eight large Cabans.		
To Reccanamazoo River or Pusawpaco Sippy, otherwise the Iron Mine River	75	
N. B. There is another village of Pottawattamees of eight large Cabans, this river cannot be passed in Freshes on Rafts; at other time 1 or 2 feet deep.		
To the Prairieronde	30	
N. B. There is a small lake of about ¾ of a mile wide and 11 miles long, abounding with several sorts of Fish, such as Maskenongi, Whitefish, &ca.		
To the Fort St. Joseph	75	
		292
N. B. There is a few Puttawattamees near the fort. The road after you pass the River Huron is very good being mostly on a small height of land & little wood till you come to St. Joseph's where you pass through about a mile long and another about six miles long.		
From Fort St. Joseph's you ascend that River to a carrying place (LaSalles portage)	12	
From carrying place to Recaukeekee	4	
To the Juncture of this river with the Iroquis River.....	150	
N. B. In this fork is a village of 14 large Cabans of Mascontains.		
To the Junction of this river with the Chicangoni River which forms the Illinois River	45	
N. B. At this fork there is a village of Puttawatamees of 12 large Cabans.		
To the Rocks or old French Fort called Pumetewec	90	
To the Mississippi	240	
From Detroit to the Mississippi by way of the Illinois River		

EXCERPT FROM THE WESTERN GAZETTEER OR EMIGRANT'S DIRECTORY.

By Samuel R. Brown, Auburn, New York, 1817. Page 154.

"The Rivers of Michigan are numerous and mostly navigable for boats and canoes nearly to their heads. Those running into Lake Michigan are: I. The St. Josephs, which heads in Indiana and interlocks by its several branches with Black River, St. Josephs of Miami, Eelriver and Tippecanoe. It enters the southeast end of the lake. It is rapid and full of islands, but navigable 150 miles, and is 200 yards wide at its mouth. The Pottawattimie Indians, who reside on the shore, catch prodigious quantities of fish in its waters. It runs about forty miles in the Michigan Territory. On the north bank of this river stands the old fort St. Josephs, from which there is a bridle road to Detroit."

In view of the facts here narrated there can be no reasonable doubt of the location of old Fort St. Joseph within the limits of the city of Niles; neither can it be doubted that the final destruction of the fort was by the Spaniards in 1781, and so have the flags of four nations waved over the State of Michigan; the French, English, Spanish and our own stars and stripes.

UNVEILING CEREMONIES OF THE TREATY TABLET OF GROSSE ILE, MICHIGAN.

July 6, 1776. July 6, 1906.

HISTORIC SPOT WHERE MANY NEGOTIATIONS WERE CONDUCTED BY WHITES AND INDIANS MARKED BY A LARGE BOWLDER BEARING A BRONZE TABLET.

BY GERTRUDE ROGERS O'BRIEN.[1]

Two days after signing the Declaration of Independence, an event of immediate interest to the people of Detroit and its suburbs, transpired at the mouth of the Detroit river, when Grosse Ile was sold to Alexander and William Macomb by the resident Indian tribes, July 6, 1776. The Fox, the Sacs, the Kikapoos and the Potawatomies are all spoken of, the former tribes inhabiting the ravine which lies between the Edward Lyon and Horace Gray farms, and were noted for their extreme cleanliness and manly bearing.

The old council tree, the silent witness of many negotiations between the white settlers and the Indians, had braved the elements for over a century when a severe storm, July 3, 1901, snapped the weather-beaten trunk.

It was under this tree, upon the knoll just above the old boat landing at Gray's dock that the treaty was signed by the Potawatomie Indians which made Alexander and William Macomb the owners of the island.

This treaty was ratified by the American government, June 1, 1811, when President James Madison granted by patent the land to John

[1] From Detroit Free Press, July 1, 1906.

W., William and David Macomb, heirs of William Macomb, the record being also signed by James Monroe, secretary of state.

From the roots of the old treaty tree, a fine young sapling has sprung. To promote local interest and to preserve historical landmarks, an organization called the Woman's Improvement Association of Grosse Ile, determined a year ago to mark the site. A large bowlder bearing a bronze tablet, has been erected through their efforts and on Friday next, the one hundred and thirtieth anniversary of the original purchase of the island, this tablet will be unveiled in the presence of a large concourse.

The little lady who will perform the ceremony, Miss Madeleine Macomb Stanton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, is the direct descendant of both Alexander and William Macomb. Judge Henry Navarre Brevoort, another descendant, will deliver an address on "The Indians."

Mr. C. M. Burton, the president of the Michigan Historical Society, will give some of the local history of the island, and Mr. William C. Sprague, the author of "Felice Constant," will present the "Romance of the Island." There will be personal reminiscences by some of the older inhabitants, and patriotic music.

The ceremonies will last from 2 until 3:30 in the afternoon of July 6, which will allow interested Detroiters to attend. Trains leave the Michigan Central depot at 12:55, returning at 3:45. All persons interested will be cordially welcomed.

Grosse Ile has always been a place of great consideration. In a memoir concerning the Indians, made in 1718, and found in the department of the marine, it is stated that it was for a long time doubtful whether Detroit should not be founded at Grosse Ile. The cause of the hesitation was the apprehension that the timber might some day fail.

At the old quarry, at the head of the island, the stone was dug for the first arsenal at Dearborn, and was transported by means of "La Belle Riviere" now known as the "Thoroughfare." An old fort, below Dr. E. L. Shurley's present home, was a favorite and profitable trading post, where the Indians bartered skins for calico, thread, needles, axes, tomahawks and blankets.

In 1816 there were but few white families on the island. Where the Brodhead homestead now stands was the "Mansion House," a tavern. The Stevens, Bates, Chittendens, Captain Keith and Colonel Richard

GROUP OF ISLAND PEOPLE ASSEMBLED AT THE UNVEILING OF THE TABLET.

George O. Robinson in foreground.

Smith's families formed the population. Mrs. Ten Eyck, well known in Detroit, was the daughter of Colonel Smith.

A Mrs. McKinney kept a school in an old log house on the west side; the place is now a private cemetery. There were wolves and deer on the island then. There must also have been slavery, as in the will of William Macomb, dated April 11, 1796, he gives and bequeaths to his wife, Sarah Macomb, for her own use, all his slaves, cattle, household furniture, books, plate, linens, carriages and utensils of husbandry.

Guests of honor at the unveiling ceremonies will be Messrs. John and Louis Rucker, Mrs. Catherine Macomb Wendell, oldest descendants of William Macomb; Samuel Navarre of Rockwood, now in his ninety-sixth year; Joseph Warren of Amherstburg, Ontario, present chief of the Potawatomie Indians, and Mr. Samuel Boucher, now in his eighty-sixth year, who spent his boyhood on the island.

THE TREATY TABLET.

MRS. GEORGE O. ROBINSON, CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE.

The question is being asked by many strictly utilitarian minds this afternoon, "What is the use of this tablet?" Man does not live by bread alone; neither is he so absorbed by spiritual interests, but that there is a whole range of subjects that are interesting to humanity as humanity. Among these is the study of history, the events that have occurred in the lives of men and women in the past. Especially is this study interesting when we can link events, small in themselves, with the historical trends or movements that have shaped civilization.

Suppose, for instance, that Grosse Ile instead of being purchased by William and Alexander Macomb, had become the possession of someone identified with the Dominion of Canada. Then the division of the waters of the great Detroit river might have been changed. But the island was purchased by merchants of Detroit, and its history became identified with the western mainland. Its known history long antedates this event. This beautiful island was coveted by all who knew of its existence. It lies on the highway traversed by the Indians passing along the trade route between Albany, Detroit and Mackinac. Their large bark canoes, laden with the rich furs of the beaver and the

otter, floated by, their contents to be exchanged for the cutlery, the trinkets and the blankets of the European.

Remote from the scenes of action, separated by immense territories, the British continued to hold this territory, until Jay's treaty of 1794 defined the limits of the United States, and provided that all British troops should be withdrawn from the forts and trading stations before or by June 1, 1796.

Detroit and adjacent territory came into possession of the Americans about 1795. Small as is this island, its history is linked with large events. Such an one was the great Northwest Ordinance. All the lands surrendered by claims of the different states or by grants of the Indians was organized into the Northwest Territory, governed by an ordinance which prohibited slavery, and emphasized the principles of civil liberty. This ordinance was a notable contribution to civilization and in its benefits Grosse Ile shared.

The women of Grosse Ile, members of the Island Improvement Association, appreciate the memories of the past, and made one of its objects their preservation. To cultivate the memory by an appeal to the eye, they decided to secure a stone bowlder, and have it marked by a bronze tablet. Not finding the bowlder on the island, this substantial stone was secured elsewhere, and certainly the stone, the tablet and the foundation on which they stand, are of an enduring character. The litttle tree by the side is an off-shoot from the old treaty tree which was blown down in 1902.

We are much indebted to Mrs. Edward Lyons and her children for the gift of a square rod of land, covering the site of the old historic treaty tree. The deed for this land was conveyed, in trust for the perpetual care and maintenance of a historical monument, to school district No. 2 of Monguagon township, Wayne county, an incorporated body, and one likely to be the most enduring in its local relation to the tablet stone. Furthermore, in order to protect this stone from any possible claims of interference with the highway, permission was obtained from the township board of the township of Monguagon, giving full right for school district No. 2 to erect and maintain a historical monument.

The foundations were planned by Richard M. Moore and George O. Robinson, the latter of whom helped to secure the stone, and to arrange the inscription. We are indebted to these gentlemen for a great deal of thought and labor freely given.

The bronze tablet was made by Paul E. Cabaret & Co., of New York.

The stone block was furnished and prepared by Batchelder & Wasmund, of Detroit. The foundation work and placing of the stone were given in charge of Robert Johnson, Jr.

Within the foundation is a little metal box containing four articles. Should some future inquisitive investigator open it, he would find a list of the members of the Woman's Island Improvement Association, a list of the donors to the memorial stone and tablet, and a copy of the interesting article descriptive of the place by Mrs. Noel C. O'Brien.

The inscription on the tablet is as follows:

"This stone marks the location of the treaty tree and commemorates the conveyance by treaty of Grosse Ile (known to the Indians as Kitché-Minishon) and the adjacent islands to William and Alexander Macomb by the Potawatomie Indians. The treaty was signed by eighteen of the chiefs of the Potawatomie nation of Indians.

" 'The events of the past shape the pathway of the future.'

"Erected by the Woman's Improvement Association of Grosse Ile, 1906. The deed is recorded in the register of Detroit, No. 2, Vol. 6, p. 19."

THE INDIANS, THE EARLIER POSSESSORS OF GROSSE ILE.

BY JUDGE HENRY NAVARRE BREVOORT.

There is little of this subject with which many of you are not already more familiar than I. In truth, much of our knowledge is legendary. We know nothing positive until near the time of the French and Indian war.

In my boyhood days, I was not entertained by Mother Goose rhymes, but rather by stories related to me by my mother about the Indians. She often repeated the story about her father, the sufferings he had undergone, the loss of his home burned by the Indians during his absence, and the flight of his young and beautiful wife, Monique Navarre, who fled from that home, reached the main land in a manner never known to her husband, walked to Detroit, where, three days later, she died from the results of exposure and suffering.

My mother, in her childhood, had often seen the Indians peer in the windows of her home. She had heard the stories of the massacre upon the island, and related them so vividly that I, in my dreams,

would be fleeing from the pursuing red man and his bloody tomahawk, or place my finger in the hole in my body, made by the bullet from his rifle.

Traveling in those days was very primitive. When my grandfather was desirous of going to Detroit, he rode his horse to the head of the island, jumped into a skiff or sail boat and caused the horse to swim behind him to the usual landing near what is now the city of Wyandotte. The ladies of the island, however, did not attempt anything so hazardous. They were satisfied to sit in a row or sail boat from four to six hours before reaching the city. Their return was more rapid, the current of the river being of great assistance.

We find on file among papers of the historical society, letters from the lieutenant commanding to the governor, asking protection for Mr. Macomb from the Indians, who were inclined to be hostile because of the murder of one of their number in a canoe near the island.

Not many Indians resided here, when my mother was a child. Most of them came from the Canadian shore. They belonged to the Potawatomie tribe, did not like work, and were willing to part with their land or anything else for a small remuneration. Thus it was that my great-grandfather and his brother, Alexander Macomb, became the owners of this beautiful island, for a trifling sum of money and a small stock of blankets and tobacco.

The Indians passed their time in hunting and fishing, a very profitable pursuit, for until recent years fish and game were abundant here. I have been told within a very few weeks that the quail and partridge are still with us. In camp, the Indian passed the time in cleaning his rifle and smoking. The squaws did the work: dressing skins, gathering wood, cutting rushes to make mats, and stripping the elm trees to make ropes to fasten their wigwams. The squaws were also the beasts of burden, until they became the fortunate possessors of ponies. They were introduced to them about the year 1755, being the spoils of Braddock's defeat.

The Indian was of a strong religious spirit, ever showing some visible act toward some greater power. Not only did thunder and lightning arouse that feeling, but the rocks and trees contained the spirit revered by him. Liquor had more to do with arousing the disturbing element of the Indian than anything else. It certainly robbed him of his earthly possessions, as well as of his life. He thought more of whisky than of anything else. When General Cass was secretary of state, he having been familiar with the Indian and his habits, said to one of the

MACOMB DESCENDANTS.

Judge Henry Brevoort. Mrs. Catherine Macomb McLaughlin. Mr. Robert Stanton.

Mr. Michael Boucher. Mrs. Horace Gray. Mr. John Rucker.

noted chiefs, "If you and your people would only cease the use of whisky, you would all be prosperous and happy." To the surprise of the general, the chief said, "Father, we do not want blankets, we do not want ponies, we do not want our lands, but we want whisky." So they, poor deluded mortals, continued to drink.

The Potawatomies have fallen, and the many joys that awaited their cabin doors, departed. They fell as the trees fall, torn by the mountain's blast, and all their green leaves withered. Such was the curse of liquor, hatred and revenge: a river of death, swollen in blood, and its waves brought desolation.

GROSSE ILE.

BY C. M. BURTON.

The occupation of this country by white people is so recent that we seem to be pioneers, or of the pioneers, ourselves. In the old country, Europe, Asia and Africa, a century is not considered a long period in the history of a state or city, but with us there are few places where some citizen cannot remember the clearing of the trees and underbrush, the erection of the first house and the founding of the settlement. The first comers in the territory of Michigan were hunters, trappers, explorers and traders with the Indians. They were not, usually, men of education and they have left very little that can be made of use in writing the history of the State. We know that they came, but they left no record of their visits. They paddled or sailed over the great lakes and through the large rivers; they visited the Indian tribes and lived with the savages; they bought the furs that the Indians were just beginning to find were of value, but they founded no settlements; they made no official reports of their travels or of what they saw. It is not probable that the first *voyageurs* penetrated into the interior of the country. They met the Indians at their homes on the borders of the lakes and rivers and carried on the traffic with them there, filled their boats with furs and peltries in exchange for trinkets and brandy, and returned to Montreal.

It is supposed that the first explorer who reached Georgian bay was the Recollet priest, Joseph Le Caron, who came in 1615 in advance of Champlain. It is not supposed that he passed over the Detroit river

or that he knew of its existence. He penetrated the country by passing up the Ottawa river from Montreal.

Until recently it was supposed that the first white man who passed through the river was Joliet in the year 1669. We now have positive knowledge, however, that not only was the country visited many years before this date, but that its topography was so well known that several maps of the country were made and printed by royal authority, in Paris. The difficulty, the impossibility of carrying sufficient food to perform a long journey through the woods, made it absolutely necessary for the explorers to confine their voyages to the rivers and the borders of the great lakes.

There were two ways by which the early explorers reached the western country. The lake route was by hauling their boats along the shores of the St. Lawrence river, around the rapids of that stream until the site of the present city of Ogdensburg was reached, and then by paddling or sailing up the river and across lakes Ontario and Erie, with the single portage at Niagara. This route was usually very dangerous, as it passed through the country of the Iroquois Indians and these Indians were never very friendly to the French.

The other and more difficult, but less dangerous path, was along the River Ottawa from Montreal to the eastern end of Lake Nipissing, across this lake and then down the French and Pickerel rivers to the Georgian bay. The latter route was the course more usually chosen and this accounts for the fact that St. Ignace, Mackinac and the northern posts were established before Detroit was visited.

The priests of two orders, the Recollets and Jesuits, had made advances into the western country at a very early day and had established themselves at various points in Canada between Niagara Falls and the Detroit river. Probably as early as 1640, they had several mission posts in this neighborhood and had made maps of the country. Such a map was published in Paris in 1650, showing not only Lakes Erie and Huron, but the Detroit river which connects them. In 1656, a better map was published, showing not only Lake St. Clair and the Detroit river but the connection between Lakes Erie and Ontario. A year later (1657) another map of the same region was printed by Sanson. As these maps are frequently to be met with now, it is probable that they were common at the time of their publication.

In 1669, as before stated, Joliet passed down the Detroit river and along the north shore of Lake Erie. On this journey he met two Sulpitian priests, François Dollier de Casson and René de Brehant

de Galineé. Galineé kept a journal of his trip and under the date of September 24, 1669, he tells of this meeting with Joliet. He says that Joliet had been sent over the Ottawa or northern route, to the shores of Lake Superior to find a copper mine of which stories had been carried to Montreal. On the Lake Superior shore he had met an Iroquois Indian who offered to take him back to Montreal over a new route "heretofore unknown to the French." It was on this new route and after he had passed entirely by Lake Erie, that he met the two priests. From him they learned all that he could tell them of the water course he had passed over, and when they had separated, the priests prepared to ascend by the same course. Joliet[1] made a sketch of his travels which he gave to the priests.[2]

A few days after this the priests reached Lake Erie and, being overtaken by cold weather, wintered upon the north shore, and resumed their journey in the spring of 1770. They made a fairly accurate map of the shores of the lake, the Detroit and St. Clair rivers and Lake St. Clair. They narrate that at a distance of six leagues above Lake Erie they found, on the shore of the Detroit river, a stone idol that was held in great veneration by the Indians. This idol the priests broke in pieces and threw into the river. From the map made by them, it would seem that the idol was found not far from the site of the present city of Detroit. The exact date of this visit to the river is not given, but as the writer says nothing about the beauty of the scenery, it is probable that it was while the cold weather still held on in the spring of 1770. From this time travelers frequently passed through the river and some of them left records of the sights they witnessed.

In 1679, Father Louis Hennepin with LaSalle and a company of adventurers, thirty-four in all, passed through here in the Griffon, the earliest sail vessel on the lakes. Hennepin writes, "the 10th (of August, 1679) we came to an anchor at the mouth of the strait which runs from Lake Huron to that of Erie. The 11th we went further into the strait and passed between two small islands which make one of the finest prospects in the world. This strait is finer than that of Niagara, being thirty leagues long and everywhere one league broad except in the middle which is wider, forming a lake which we have called St. Clair. The navigation is easier on both sides, the coasts being low and even. It runs directly north to south. The country between

[1] Joliet kept a journal of this trip, but, it was lost before he reached Montreal, by the overturning of his boat in one of the rapids of the St. Lawrence.
[2] Ontario Hist. Soc., IV-47.

those two lakes is very well situated, and the soil very fertile. The banks of the strait are vast meadows, and the prospect is terminated with some hills covered with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit, and forests, so well disposed that one would think nature alone could not have made, without the help of art, so charming a prospect. That country is stocked with stags, wild goats and bears, which are good for food and not fierce as in other countries; some think they are better than our pork. Turkey cocks and swans are there also very common, and our men brought several other beasts and birds, whose names are unknown to us, but they are extraordinarily relishing. The forests are chiefly made up of walnut trees, chestnut trees, plum trees and pear trees, loaded with their own fruit and vines. There is also abundance of timber fit for building; so that those who shall be so happy as to inhabit that noble country, cannot but remember with gratitude those who have discovered the way by venturing to sail upon an unknown lake far above one hundred league."[1]

In 1687, Baron La Hontan, having with him Duluth and Henry Tonti and a company of French soldiers, passed over the same route as that pursued by Hennepin. His account of the country does not deviate much from that of the priest. He writes "September 6, (1687) we entered the strait of the Lake of Huron where we met with a slack current of half a league in breadth that continued till we arrived in the Lake of St. Clair, which is twelve leagues in circumference. The 8th of the same month we steered to the other end, from whence we had but six leagues to run against the stream, till we arrived at the Lake of Hurons where we landed on the 14th.

"You cannot imagine the pleasant prospect of this strait, and of the little lake; for their banks are covered with all sorts of wild fruit trees. 'Tis true the want of agriculture sinks the agreeableness of the fruit, but their plenty is very surprising. We spied no other animals upon the shore but herds of harts and roebucks, and when we came to the little islands we scoured them in order to oblige these beasts to cross over the continent, upon which they, offering to swim over, were knocked on the head by our canoe men that were planted all round the islands."[2].

These accounts and the accounts of other writers were published alike in France, England and the Low Countries and the beautiful scenery, the pleasant country and the fertile soil, would have induced

[1] Hennepin's New Discovery. Thwaites reprint 1903, Vol. 1, page 108.
[2] La Hontan's Voyages, Thwaite's reprint, Vol. 1, p. 138.

colonists to come to the Detroit at this time if the trouble between England and France, in which the Iroquois Indians took an active part, had not effectually closed the Lake Erie route and prevented access to this part of the world.

The Dutch at Albany and the English merchants there and at New York, were pushing their agents and traders forward among the Indians on both sides of Lake Erie and were threatening to obtain and maintain possession of the entire country which, until this time, had been in the exclusive possession of the French.

It was for the purpose of maintaining French possession that Antoine de La Mothe Cadillac was authorized to proceed to the Detroit river and establish a post at that point. Cadillac had, in 1696, been commandant at Mackinac (Michilimackinac), and, being familiar with the country and with the encroachments of the English, he had urged the establishment of the Detroit post as a protective measure for his government.

At the time Cadillac set out on his first trip to establish the post at Detroit, the troubles with the Iroquois Indians compelled him to proceed to the west by the Ottawa route. Starting out from Montreal in the spring of 1701, with one hundred Frenchmen and one hundred Algonquin Indians, his caravan paddled and drew itself wearily along the course of the Ottawa, around its falls and rapids and over its shoals until the eastern end of Lake Nipissing was reached. Thirty portages were made on the trip. Thirty times all of the boats were unloaded and the loads carried in the arms and on the backs of men, across the portage to the deep water beyond, and following these loads, the boats were borne on the shoulders of the men to the new starting point.

Skirting the shores of Lake Nipissing, for the lake is treacherous and dangerous to cross, and down the rivers that carry its waters to the bay, the cortege passed with but few more carrying places, and the eastern waters of Lake Huron are reached. Although this route passes through grand and picturesque scenery, the country is barren and almost devoid of vegetation. For miles and miles in every direction, little is to be seen but rock and water. So little soil has accumulated on these, almost barren rocks, that no trees of considerable size grow along the margin of the river or on its many islands. So too, the Georgian bay, when once reached, is beautiful and picturesque, but there is little to induce a colonist to locate if he expects to live from the products of the soil.

Passing along the shores of the bay and lake, Cadillac entered the River St. Clair in the first days of July and began the descent of that river and the Detroit river, on the continual watch for a suitable location for his fort and settlement. He passed through the entire length of the river to Lake Erie and then returned his route.[1] On the passage it was decided to locate his fort on Grosse Ile and some preparations were made for that purpose.

After some deliberation among the officers, it was deemed best not to locate the fort on an island as there might come a time when the timber would all be used up and it would be difficult to bring more from the mainland. After this objection had prevented the island location of the fort, further observations were taken with the result that the site chosen was a point of land in the river now occupied by Jefferson avenue and Wayne streets in Detroit. It is within the recollection of people still living that this location was a promontory and that just below this point the water of the river set back to a line somewhat north of the present Larned street.

Shortly after the village or post of Detroit was established, the commandant, Cadillac, was importuned by the soldiers in the garrison and the citizens in the place, to grant lands to them for farming and garden use. He readily complied with these requests and, as soon as the king would permit him to do so, he conveyed farms and garden lots and building sites within the enclosure, to such of the people as desired these places and could pay a small rental or tax therefor.

As for himself and family he wished for greater things. He already possessed the rights of higher, middle and lower jurisdiction, that is the ordinary rights that belonged to fiefs in the old country, but he wanted the further office of Baron or Marquis of Detroit. He did not succeed in getting this office, but in order to make a proper and suitable provision for his children, he granted to them large tracts of land that would have been sufficient if they had retained them, to provide for their future subsistence, and seignorial power. On the tenth day of March, 1707, Cadillac granted to his daughter Magdaline, "a stretch of land with three leagues frontage on the great River of Detroit, to extend from the River Ecorse inclining towards the Lake Erie with Grosse Ile and the other islets which are in the front of the concession, and in depth five leagues in a straight line; the right of hunting, of fishing and trading. The whole as a fief, with the right of intermediate and lower jurisdiction."

[1] N. Y. Doc. X.

In 1711, Cadillac was removed from Detroit and all that he possessed there, was taken from him. Such complaints were made against him by his enemies, and by those who sought to gain by his downfall, that the king set aside and declared void, all of the transfers of the real estate he had made in the Detroit district. One of the reasons for thus ruthlessly depriving these colonists of their property, was that they had not cultivated the grants made to them, and built houses upon these lands. This reason would not operate in all cases, for some of the lands were tilled. In order to avoid this objection, new grants were at once made to such persons as had cultivated fields or planted orchards and erected dwellings. In the case of Cadillac's children, however, the final order read as follows:

"Neither the eldest son of M. de La Mothe nor his other children can obtain any advantage from the grant made to them of the six leagues frontage by five in depth; for neither settlement nor clearing has been made there, and one of the chief conditions of concessions is to keep a hearth and home there within a year and a day, on pain of forfeiting them."

No effort of Cadillac or of his descendants could prevail upon the French government to do them justice for the years of labor and the money they spent in opening up to civilization the "Paradise of the World."

Now that the title to the island had reverted to the crown, others were seeking to possess it. Its fine location and fertile soil were sufficient inducement to farmers to choose this land as soon as any on the mainland. The island above the village—Ile au Cochon, Hog Island or Belle Isle, had very early been set aside as a commons for the community, but Grosse Ile was too far off and too large to be claimed for any such purpose. An official report of the lands in the neighborhood of Detroit, made in 1718, thus describes the islands in the Detroit river: "At the mouth of the Detroit river, which is very wide, are four islands, called Bois Blanc, L'ile aux poux, the island of slaves and Grosse Ile. This island is very fine and fertile and extensive, being six or seven leagues in circumference. There is an extraordinary quantity of apple trees on this island, and those who have seen the apples on the ground say that they are more than half a foot deep. The apple trees are planted as if methodically and the apples are as large as small pippins.

"Abundance of excellent millstones are found on this island; all around it are very fine prairies."

The next attempt at ownership or use of the island is in connection with the church, and this again brings us back to Cadillac's time. Cadillac, in common with very many of the able and influential men of his day, while a good Catholic, was a bitter foe to the Jesuits. He would not permit a Jesuit priest to establish a mission at Detroit or in its immediate neighborhood. The priests in charge of the church in the village were of the Franciscan or Recollet order. The Jesuits, however, established a mission at the Miami and several other missions were established in the interior of Canada between the Detroit and Niagara rivers.

In 1740, Father de la Richardie was in charge of a Jesuit mission among the Huron Indians. This tribe was more inclined to peaceful pursuits and less inclined to war than the other tribes, and at this time they were proposing to remove to the Illinois country to avoid a conflict with other tribes, particularly the Ottawas. As some objections might be made to the Indians moving so far and into, to them, a new country, Richardie proposed that he have leave to place them on Grosse Ile, where the Hurons claimed they would see no Ottawas and would be a little more at peace. Permission was given by the Superior of the Jesuits to make the establishment on the island, but when Richardie had gained his point, in this particular, he hesitated to accept it. The governor, Beauharnois, had not only consented to the request of Richardie that the Indians occupy the island for a home, but when the plans were changed he was disappointed and charged the fault on the priest. Beauharnois made the following report of the transaction, in 1742:

"All that I have been able to learn from the *voyageurs* who have come down from Detroit, is that the Hurons have again changed their mind, and that they wanted to settle at Bois Blanc island, I cannot conceal from you that they added that it was Father de la Richardie who made them play all these tricks; you can divine the reason for it."

As we all know, the tribe and mission were established on Bois Blanc Island, and remained there for some time until all removed to the mission established opposite Detroit at Sandwich.

Grosse Ile was considered government property, the same as all the other lands in the neighborhood, and would have soon been taken up and cultivated if the French ownership of the country had continued. The governor of New France in 1747, and thereafter sought to encourage western immigration and offered assistance to such of the Canadians as would remove to Detroit and reside there. A good many

families accepted the inducement in the following years and the settlement began to increase, but about this time the French-Indian war broke out and France was not only unable to grant the subsidies she had formerly given, but required the assistance of every competent man, to enter her armies.

The war terminated in 1760 by the surrender of Detroit and all of Canada to England. Before the final treaty of peace was signed in 1763, the Indian Chief Pontiac, had formed a plan, and put it into execution in several of the western posts, to drive the English from America, or at least to free the ancient French possessions from their control. During a portion of the period that Pontiac besieged Detroit, and in the year 1763, the Huron Indians under Pontiac encamped on Grosse Ile and here also were, from time to time, encamped the Indians who attacked the boats that came from Niagara to succor the besieged garrison in the village above.

When the Indians learned of the final treaty of peace between the English and French governments and ascertained that the king of France could no longer aid them, they abandoned the siege of the garrison and returned to their homes in the wilderness. They still claimed to own all of the lands around the fort, save only those parcels in the actual possession of the white people. The Indians in their constant association with the whites, were drawn into friendly relations and occasionally rewarded the latter by gifts of strips of land or farms, from the district owned or claimed by them. One of the earliest of these gifts was made by the Chief Pontiac to Dr. George Christian Anthon, the father of the renowned lexicographer, Charles Anthon. The consideration expressed in the deed of gift is the esteem and friendship which Pontiac had for the doctor, but it is supposed that the doctor, who was the surgeon at the fort, had rendered important services to the Indian chief for which no other adequate compensation could be made.

These gifts were at first made for friendly reasons only, but as time passed along the Indians were induced to part with their lands for a money consideration. Frequently the price was not at all in comparison with the value of the grant received.

The British government would not recognize the transfers thus made and refused to countenance the transactions and tried to discourage the men from taking the deeds. All this protesting was of no avail, however, for the deeds continued to be made and to multiply in number. From the year 1780 until the close of the war of the revolution,

and even after that date, hundreds of deeds conveying thousands of acres of land were made. It was not an uncommon matter for some trader to obtain an Indian deed to twenty thousand or more acres of land, and one Indian deed in my possession covers three millions of acres in the northern part of Ohio, including part of the city of Cleveland, west of the Cuyahoga river, while another deed covering nearly as many acres, includes the city of Toledo, and all of the lands on either side of the Maumee. Many, though not all, of these deeds were recorded in the registry office in Detroit that had been established by the British shortly after the conquest. The first Indian deed recorded is dated September 8, 1765, and is from Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas to Doctor Anthon, as above related. This deed was made with the consent of George Croghan, superintendent of Indian affairs, and conveyed a parcel of land on the south side of the Detroit river, with a frontage thereon of about 800 feet.

One of these conveyances, dated July 6, 1776, two days after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, transferred the title of Grosse Ile from the Indians to Alexander and William Macomb.[1] The grantees in the deed were, at that time, prominent merchants in Detroit and subsequently acted as agents for the British government in importing Indian goods and other articles used to keep the savages engaged on the side of the British government during the war. They formed, either under the firm name of Alexander and William Macomb, or of Macomb, Edgar and Macomb, the most responsible firm in the place and their trade, for government purposes, exceeded, in some years, half a million of dollars. They were Indian traders, general merchants, real estate dealers, and bankers, and probably carried on many more pursuits that were required in the village.

This deed is the first conveyance of the island to private individuals, and from this time it was owned either by the Macomb family, or some of the descendants of that family or some of their grantees.

The Macomb family were large real estate owners in and about Detroit and owned extensive tracts of land in the State of New York. The farms owned by them were so numerous that it became necessary to lease them to tenants in order to place them under cultivation. They owned all, or nearly all, of the islands in the Detroit river.

In order to make a proper use of Grosse Ile, they divided it into convenient farms and leased them to tenants who built houses and improved

[1] The witnesses to the deed were Isidore Chene and Pierre St. Cosme, both prominent people at Detroit. Chene was an Indian interpreter and was at one time chosen as a chief in one of the tribes.

the lands. From the records, the names of some of the early tenants can be ascertained. It is probable that the list is not complete, and it extends only till the year 1808. The names are as follows:

Thomas Williams,	Jacob Eiler,
William Serret,	Elias Horn,
Justice Allen,	John Jackson,
Jesse Hicks,	Henry Hoffman,
Edward McCarty,	Adna Heacock,
James Anderson,	James Chittenden,
Joseph Bariau,	Charles Monger,
John Johnson,	James Mitchell,
Robert Gill,	Michael Myers,
Jacob Stoffer,	Solomon McCulloch.

Judge Richard Butler, of Mt. Clemens, was born on Grosse Ile in 1797. His parents were farmers occupying one of the tracts then owned by the Macombs.

Some of these tenants were well known in connection with the other parts of Detroit.

Thomas Williams was a register of deeds under the British rule and father of General John R. Williams, the first elected mayor of Detroit.

Jesse Hicks was quite well known at Detroit and his name is frequently met with. A house and a horse mill were erected on the land occupied by him on the island.

Edward McCarty has given his name to one of the roads on the island.

Charles Monger was killed in the year 1794 and his wife remained on his farm until the following year.

Shortly after the formation of the State of Ohio and while Detroit still remained a part of the territory of Indiana, Charles Jouett, Indian agent at Detroit, made a report of all the lands about Detroit. In reporting the situation of Grosse Ile, he says,[1] "Grosse Ile is generally a mile wide and nine miles in length, running parallel with the western or United States bank, to which it approaches more nearly than to the other. Its lower end extends to the mouth of the strait, where it discharges itself into Lake Erie, and is immediately opposite Malden, the British garrison at Amherstburg.

"This island is now cultivated by ten farmers, who pay an annual rent to the estate of William Macomb, by whom it was purchased of the

[1] Am. St. Papers, 16, 191.

Indians in 1776, and settled at that time, or soon afterwards. The height of the situation, the richness of the soil, the quantity of valuable timber, consisting of oak and hickory, with which it abounds, together with its nearness to market, obliges me to believe that it is a spot holding forth as many advantages as any in this country."

Some time previous to this date, William Macomb had become the sole owner of the Indian title to the island and had continued to own it until the time of his death. He died April 16, 1796, just a few days before the Americans took possession of Detroit. The proceedings of the probate court, as established under British rule, were taken to Canada when Detroit was evacuated and Macomb's will was probated in Canada, the original will being now in Sandwich. Macomb had eleven children, but by the terms of his will, all of his real estate was given to his three sons, John W., William and David B. Macomb. In 1808, the United States government appointed commissioners to settle land titles in the Detroit district. The claims of the sons of William Macomb to the island were presented to these commissioners and their titles confirmed in that year. But one episode in the history of the island and we will leave it to be continued by some one conversant with its occupancy and ownership in more modern times.

In the year 1815 and within a few months after the close of the war of 1812, the Indians about Detroit had been perpetrating various crimes, such as burning dwellings, stealing horses and cattle and capturing and carrying off children for ransom. One of the places from which they had stolen horses and cattle was Grosse Ile and to this place a boat load of soldiers from the garrison at Detroit, had gone on the 4th of October, in order to prevent further depredations. The troops were under Corporal John B. Jones of the 5th United States infantry. They found a number of Indians on the island and one of them, Akockis, a Kickapoo Indian, drew his gun and attempted to shoot David B. Macomb, who was one of the party. Corporal Jones prevented the action of Akockis by shooting him. The Indian was not killed on the spot but was taken to Amherstburg where he died a day or two later. The matter was brought to the attention of Colonel Reginald James, the military commandant at Malden, and he complained to Lewis Cass who had recently been appointed governor of Michigan. From the spirited correspondence that immediately followed, between Governor Cass and Colonel James, one would think that hostilities would soon again break out between England and America. James threatened a general Indian insurrection if satisfaction was not at once accorded

MADELEINE MACOMB STANTON,

Great granddaughter of Alexander Macomb, unveiling the tablet at Grosse Ile.

to the British, and Cass issued a proclamation directing the citizens to resist by force, any attempt of the British officials to apprehend any person on the west side of the channel of the Detroit river.

Cass was right in his position, and the matter was smoothed over without further bloodshed and with few more harsh words.

GROSSE ILE.

BY MRS. CATHERINE WENDELL McLAUGHLIN.

My Friends—This island, Grosse Ile, is the Kitché-Minishen of the Indian, the Grosse Ile, or Grand island of the old French habitant. People of Grosse Ile—people of my home, for where the heart is, there is the home of the affections, as the representative of my mother, Catherine Macomb Wendell, who is the oldest native born citizen of Grosse Ile now living; the granddaughter of William Macomb, who, with his brother Alexander, July 6, 1776, met the Indians in council, under this treaty tree and purchased this and neighboring islands, I have a few words to say on the subject of the past.

We are meeting here to commemorate "this old treaty tree." As I first remember it on a visit here from New York some fifty years ago, this bass wood tree was grand in size and foliage despite its age and decay. Under its fluttering leaves eighteen chiefs of the Potawatomie nation with their eldest sons signed their totems on the deed placing in the hands of William Macomb, a clod of earth, island soil, to denote for themselves and their children their relinquishment of their Kitché-Minishen, Grosse Ile and neighboring islands, which sale was afterwards confirmed during President Madison's administration. Previous to this however, the Sieur de la Cadillac had deeded to his eldest daughter, Madelaine de la Cadillac, all land and islands lying between the Rivers Ecorse and Raisin, but the claims were nullified by France.

According to John Navarre Macomb and family tradition we know that Tecumseh signed his totem on the old deed. Tecumseh—the great Indian chieftain, the torch of the northwest—the Indian of intellect and prowess of deeds, whose foresight foreboded the extinguishment of his race, murdered on his way to Kaskaskia, Illinois, by his British allies. His body now lies on the site of the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Missouri. His memory is perpetuated by a bronze tablet on the outer

wall of said hotel, placed there by the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The first presentment of the "American Eagle" known to exist is one of the totems signed on the old deed. The eldest sons of the Indians (not yet warriors) signed their thumb prints on the deed.

In topography this island rises gently from the river, swells into hillsides, and passing over, is a plain with few depressions. This little ravine below us has often been the scene of savage life. My mother remembers well, the Indians coming from Canada and camping on these slopes, to interchange skins or pelts and mococks (bark baskets) of granulated maple sugar for the needs of their simple life, flour, pork, ammunition, but never for money. Here on this elevation just below the treaty tree was buried an Indian who aimed an arrow to kill William Macomb and was shot on the instant and was buried where he fell. In modern days when this hill was cut to level the road from the spot tradition had designated as his grave, the Indian's skeleton was dug with the bullet hole plainly to be seen through his skull. David, William Macomb's youngest son, saw this and told it to John Rucker.

Directly in front of Judge Douglass's house on the river bank in early days was a limekiln where was burned the lime that was used in building the old arsenal in Detroit. The lime was drawn to the river landing below us by ox-teams over a most primitive road.

From the brow of this opposite hill ran a tiny footpath to the fort now known as the Lowrie place. The Lowrie house today, stands on the southwest corner of the enclosure. The fort was established after the war of 1812. A company of soldiers were kept there for years. The soldiers' burial ground was in front of Dr. Shurley's home also the fort and officers' quarters and barracks for the men. A palisade of hand-hewn planks surrounded it, and on the bank was a cave for ammunition, a root house and ice house.

In the river a little north of the fort was a large flat rock under the water called Captain Gooding's rock, after the fort's commander. The captain met misfortune on that rock. Returning safely with a cargo of soldiers' clothes and provisions, from a trip to Detroit, an event of the year, he capsized the boat, lost his load and named the rock. That rock may still be there, so John Rucker says, and he should know, for when the troops were withdrawn from the fort which was on Macomb property, his father John Anthony Rucker, in 1818, brought his family here from New York, and lived in the officers' quarters, and our John

had to weed the flat stone walk, running from the door of the officers' quarters down to the very water's edge.

His father previous to coming here, owned a powdermill at Bellevue, New Jersey, and made the powder used by Commodore Decatur in our war with Algiers, where he gained swift, keen retaliation for insult, righted a wrong, and gained a prestige for our navy that placed it at once among the powers of the world. Mr. Rucker's powdermill blew up and he came west.

In later days and yet a long time ago, two men would meet in the evenings and stroll along that little footpath. Mr. Ballard who owned and lived at the fort, and a clergyman, Mr. Powers, who had bought at auction for taxes this section of land, 600 acres for sixpence an acre. Mr. Powers lived for years in a barn opposite this treaty tree, where later stood the first hotel owned by Mr. Bury, Mrs. Major Grey's father. Along this footpath Mr. Powers and Mr. Ballard would walk, talk and prophesy the immense traffic of the future along these great waterways which have since become the greatest traffic routes of the world along one pathway, and listen to the music of the band at old Fort Malden echoing across the water. Often they would cross to Canada to view the parade of the British troops and the magnificence of the British colonel in full regimentals. A sight to strike awe in those days.

On the roadside by the Wendell home, on Navarre Macomb's place, now Mr. Allen's, is the old Indian burial ground. For countless years, it may be ages, have they there buried their dead. Blue with violets in summer, it is a weird, solitary spot, sacred to the spirits of the past. In countless numbers they lie there thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, or snowflakes in the winter's storm.

I will give you the Indian names of the adjoining islands; the Ojibways called the Detroit river Wa-jot-i-no-ny. The Potawatomies' name for Grosse Ile was Kitché-Minishen; Hickory island, Ma-bi-gwa-broe-wee; Sugar island, Mat-ta-wa; Elba island was called Pi-na-ca-ya, Potato island and was also called Na-varreau; Celoron island, Tah-way; Fighting island, Des-ca-shas-ka.

Grosse Ile was first surveyed in 1808 by Abram Greely. In 1824 two cross-roads were laid out by Abram C. Truax, and Artemis Hosmer; the old mill road starting from what is now the Breevort corner, and the McCarty, now the church road. In 1819, Major John Anderson, surveyed the island. I have a photograph of his survey of a part of the island.

All the old surveys started from the corner of the Macomb Mansion

House in front of the old curly maple on the Macomb farm which is now the Wendell place. The Macomb Mansion House was burned by the Indians in the war of 1812. It was named after the Macomb Mansion House, 39 Broadway, New York, below old Trinity church, which was built by Alexander Macomb in 1786 for his residence. It was President Washington's headquarters in New York, where he received from LaFayette, through Thomas Paine, author of "The Age of Reason," the key of the Bastile.

There is a picture and description of the Macomb Mansion House in Harper's magazine of October, 1899. Across Grosse Ile on the west bank of the thoroughfare, close to what was later the horse mill road, was once the village of the Potawatomie nation. Other camping grounds had they, but this was their home. Here the campfires burned, here their young braves trained. Maize or Indian corn grew in the fields, food traveled by their wigwams, bees brought them honey sweet to the taste, the waters swarmed with fish, the air with birds, the vine of the grape hung from the trees. It was the land of plenty.

A *Coureur de bois,* or hunter of those days, describing this country to Cadillac said: "Game push aside, let canoe go by." It was the Indian's resting place. The *all* of home he knew. Now he has passed, swept away by the tide of civilization.

Grain sways in the wind where once stood the lofty forest. "The man of lofty thought, today commands the world of action. Romance attached to the virgin soil, lives in memory only. The Indian of the past is gone, *never* to return, and we tread on his footsteps." We speak of Indian warriors. We may not forget our own heroes. Grosse Ile should be great in her pride, as she has given generously to our nation's defense. Many have returned, and others are mourned. Honor to our warriors living and dead, and joy to the soil of their nativity and adoption. Land of my forefathers I love thee; island of beauty rejoice, for the sunlight finds you fair. You are crowned with earnest deeds, honest work, pure homes, faithful children. The smile of nature is upon you. This island charms the weary with rest, rejoices the heart with innocent delights. I am glad to have spoken to you today, and as Mr. C. M. Burton is present, I will thank him for the aid of his words and unique library, and thank also the old residents of the island.

I would say in conclusion to the president and ladies of the Grosse Ile Improvement Society, that they have won for themselves a meed of praise for their efforts and success in perpetuating an epoch, and

giving to us, the people of Grosse Ile, this bowlder, "in memoriam" of the old treaty tree.

THE ROMANCE OF GROSSE ILE.

BY WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE.

Come ye "Who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tone so plain and childlike
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken,"

let us smoke the calumet together "lest we forget."

When ten minutes was allotted to me for the subject, "The Romance of Grosse Ile," I was told I could not have longer, because immediately after my speech there would have to be a run for the train; otherwise Detroit people present on this eventful occasion would have to stay all night on the island—a calamity that must be averted at all cost.

Now if it were not a Grosse Ile train, I could imagine some reason in running for it; but I am sure that any one who knows a Grosse Ile train would be willing to endure twelve or even fifteen minutes of me and miss the train, rather than get the train and miss me. There is some chance, however, that after hearing me you may not be able to run, so perhaps the sprinting contest had better begin now.

There is one thing certain, there is not time, within ten minutes, for the weaving of any romances, of which the Grosse Ile air is full, because if I were to start upon one I am sure that at just about the point where the thrill comes, some one would shout "On your mark—Get set—Go!" and the sprinting match would be on, and I would be left alone to tell the tale and weep over the fate of the hapless lover.

This brings me to say that we are apt to associate romance wholly with the loves of men and maidens, the sweet cooings of lovers under the silent stars. But we should not. Long before man wooed maiden, romance had its heart in the depth of the forest; its voice in the rustling leaves, the opening flower and the purling stream; its goings and com-

ings in the flight of birds, in the eternal flow of deep waters, and in the breath of the winds in the treetops.

Romance had its beginnings on this island before ever the red man turned hitherward the prow of his canoe. When "the morning stars sang together" the hymn of creation; when the bird sang its first note of love in the forest primeval and was answered by its mate; when the first flower opened its tiny lips to kiss the first dewdrop—romance was here, queen of life.

In the first chapter of Genesis we find that when the Lord had created the earth and the waters, he looked upon his work and called it good. There are some who think his eyes then rested on Grosse Ile. I consulted Dr. Shurly, whose age and research into primeval conditions, and recognized familiarity with all things unknowable, makes him good authority, and he tells me this is doubtless a romance of Grosse Ile. Pressed further for answer, he says he has been so unsettled by higher criticism that he is unable to say whether the Creator's eye was on Grosse Ile, Bois Blanc or Dynamite island.

At least, Grosse Ile was "*good*." So thought Alexander and William Macomb when they went down into their capacious pockets and dug up the price of the island; to-wit, their good will, and handed it over in a large chunk to certain Indians of unpronounceable names, who evidently had more use for "good will" than Alexander and William Macomb had. At least these Indians did not seem to have much use for money—unlike some latter day Indians on the island that we could name.

Now, real estate deeds are very sober, respectable documents, and so was the one conveying the island to the white men, which says in the stilted language of the law that our ancestors gave their good will and affections and some other unmentioned and perhaps unmentionable things in return for this beautiful domain. I can imagine our friends William and Alexander folding their deed and stowing it away smilingly in their pockets, and then bidding a tearful farewell to the Indians as they set out from Gray's dock. Then I see these same Indians, each with a hunk of good will and affection in one hand and a jug of hard cider in the other, trailing up yonder ravine to their tepees, where they divided their new-found wealth with their wives, giving to their wives the chunks of good will and affection and keeping the jugs for themselves. I can imagine "Gray Gables" had the biggest kind of a time that night singing, "We won't go home till morning" and "For he's a

jolly good fellow," and celebrating a belated Fourth of July. But this is perhaps only another Grosse Ile romance.

If I were an artist of the idealistic school I would mix paints from the pink of the morning, the blush of the evening red, the green of the wild flower's bed, and the blue of the river-mirrored sky, and should with my brush portray "The Romance of Grosse Ile" as a maiden, tall and slender as a prairie lily, with hair like sunshine, tied with a knot of dandelions, a chaplet of choice vegetables on her brow, her draperies confined at her slender waist by a strand of switch-grass, her feet and arms bare and of a dusty brown, her breath a zephyr from the "thoroughfare," and her voice and accent a delightful mingling of River Rouge French and Jefferson avenue English. Her large, deep eyes would have the far-away look peculiar to the eye of one who has ever tried to fish in the Detroit river. Her cheeks would be ruddy with the health that human beings enjoy in a land where the doctors refuse to practice, and serenely ready for death and marriage, as becomes those who live under the shadow of Dynamite island. I would picture her with one foot in the stirrup on a typical Grosse Ile horse, and the other dangling in the sparkling waters of the Detroit, showing that she was ready either for a canter along the over-sprinkled highway, or a swim on the damp surface of the great river. Then I should woo this phantom beauty of Grosse Ile.

"I would woo her with caresses
Woo her with the smile of sunshine.
With my flattering words, I'd woo her,
With my sighing and my singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odors,
Till I'd drawn her to my bosom."

But—I am no artist.

Yet who is there that lives within the sight of the majestic flow of these waters who has not caught an inspiration and been in his soul at times an artist and a lover.

No one on this pretty isle has ever breathed the air from off the meadows and the river but has seen the phantom of chivalrous romance; has called to mind "the embroidered housings and quaint devices of the days of old; has dreamed of the haunted forests and the enchanted gardens; and pictured to himself the achievements of enamoured knights and the smiles of rescued princesses."

In this commonplace world every one is said to be romantic who either admires a fine thing or does one. That our ancestors before us and that we ourselves have sought the seclusion of these templed shades and storied banks is evidence of their romantic natures and our own. Every one on Grosse Ile is a romanticist. Here, excepting when the windmill fails to work, or the ice gives out and the milk sours, or the hens refuse to lay, we dwell in the region of fancy, where blends the heroic, the marvelous, the mysterious, and the imaginative. The romances of King Arthur find no readers here. We have our own Don Quixotes, our own Monte Cristos, our own Undines.

The romance of Grosse Ile! Who in ten minutes shall tell it! It is the story of centuries in these woods, along these banks. As truth is stranger than fiction, so history in some such place as this must be more romantic than romance itself. Of history, Grosse Ile has little that is written, save on the moldering tombstones, in the old, dust-covered Bibles, in the tear-stained letters, in the treasured locks of hair, in the dead hearts of generations gone.

Would that like Moses of old I could strike this rock and cause to flow streams of romantic story. Would that with the blast of a horn like that of Robin Hood I might summon from these woods and these waters the stately, solemn company of Indians, and the fantastic, convivial group of Frenchmen whose lives here ran romantic from the cradle to the grave. In fancy I see them in motley array coming down the path from out yon forest. I see them in canoe and batteau swarming hither from yon islets and the shore beyond—red-men, grave, taciturn, carrying with them the scent of the forest and the mystery of the ages, with their weapons and their war-gear, painted like the leaves of autumn, painted like the sky of morning—French *voyageurs,* skillful with paddle, gun, and sword, ever restless and ever picturesque —soldiers of the cross with martyr zeal carrying the crucified Christ into the trackless forests and by the shores of unmeasured waters—soldiers of fortune seeking, with chivalrous heart and hand, to plant the lilies of La Belle France ever and ever to the setting sun. I see the soldiers of Merrie England struggling to take and hold the land for King George. I see the sturdy American pioneer, with musket and ax pushing on the civilization of a new era like a great tidal wave against the receding shores of old world fanaticism and degeneracy, rearing a garden in the wilderness, content only when danger mocked and suffering barred the way.

Come, ye thousand Indian Minnehahas, tell your stories!

"How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly
Why the rabbit was so timid."

There were rivals for your dusky hands, and, perchance, poisoned arrows flew from out yonder bush and your hearts bled as the red life-blood of your Hiawathas mingled with the blue of the river. Then you sat on this very bank, beneath the grandsires of these trees—degenerate offsprings!—and watched over the waters for canoes that never came.

Come, soldiers of fortune, with your clanking swords! What stories rich in human interest linger on your lips to us untold? Far from La Belle France or Merrie England, what loves and hates filled your lives on these flower-scented shores?

And you, descendants of those doughty captains, you who hewed the walls of the cabins of which our homes are the lineal descendants, tell us your weird tales of Indian friendships and perfidy; your ghostly stories of war and rapine, of plunder and famine, in the days of the border wars; your peaceful idyls of the log-house life, before the open fireplace with the backlog burning bright and the musket close against the wall. Tell us of "the long and cruel winters." Tell us of the mirth and gayety that characterized your rich hospitality; your plantings and your ingatherings; your joys and your sorrows; your merry weddings and your lonely sicknesses and dyings. Come, take possession of our homes! Live again today!

See, they come! They fill the little valley! They crowd and jostle upon the water-slopes! The tavern yonder is ablaze with lights; music floats from out the open doors and windows; young and old mingle in the festal hall where hearts beat faster than the merry tune, eyes are restless, lips parted with eager joy, and round cheeks flush with the motion of the dance, and out upon the dark waters and in and out among the trees, the lonely red man sees with dim, prophetic eyes, the swift coming of the day when men and women, full of shadowy dreams and visions, shall on these banks erect a memorial, while in tones hushed and mysterious they speak of the phantom memories of long ago, and feel throbbing in their hearts what their lips cannot express —the romance of Kitché Minishen, the great island.

So now, farewell, ye shades of yesterday!

"Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Come not back again to sorrow,
Soon our tasks will be completed,
Soon your footsteps we shall follow
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the hereafter."

OLD DEED—1776—TO GROSSE ILE.

Kitché-minishen—Grand Island—or Grosse Ile from the Pottawatami Indians to William & Alexander Macomb.

"Kitché-minishen or Grand Island in the Wan-jat-i-mony, or Detroit river.

To William and Alexander Macomb from the Potteswatomy nation of Indians.[1]

Know all men by these presents that We, the Chiefs' & principal Leaders of the Pottewatamy nation of Indians, at Detroit, for ourselves and by & with the advice & consent of the whole of our said Nation, in consideration of the good will, love & affection which we and the whole of said nation have & bear unto Alexander Macomb and William Macomb of Detroit, Merchants, and also for divers other good causes & considerations, as the said Chiefs & rest of our nation hereunto moving, have given, granted, aliened, enfeoffed & confirmed, and by these presents do give, grant, alien, enfeoff & confirm unto the said Alexander Macomb & William Macomb all that Messuage or Tract of Land known by the name of Grosse-Isle & called in our Language Kitche minishen or Grand Island, situate lying & being in the mouth of Detroit River where it empties itself into Lake Erie approaching the North shore of said River and bounded by the waters of said River containing ..... Acres more or less with all & singular the appurtenances &c unto the said Island appertaining or in any wise belonging, & the Reversion & Reversions, Remainder & Remainders, Rents & Services of the said Premises & also all the Estate, Right, title, Interest, property, claim or demand whatever of us the said Chiefs or any one whatever of our said Nation of, in & to the said Island & premises, & of, in & to every part & parcel thereof with the appurtenances. To have and to hold the said Island, messuage, Tenements, Lands, Hereditaments and Premises hereby given

[1]Liber C of Deeds, page 18.

& granted or mentioned or intended to be given & granted unto the said Alexr & William Macomb their heirs & assigns, to the only proper use & behoof of them the said Alexr Macomb & William Macomb their heirs & assigns forever.

And the said Chiefs aforesaid for themselves & in behalf of the whole of their Nation their heirs, exrs & administratiors do covenant, promise & grant to and with the said Alex. & William Macomb their heirs and assigns by these Presents that they, the said Alex Macomb & William Macomb their heirs & assigns shall & lawfully may from henceforth & forever after peaceably & quietly, have, hold, occupy, possess & enjoy the said Island, Messuage or Tenement, Lands, Hereditaments & premises hereby given & granted or mentioned or intended to be given & granted with their & every of their appurtenances, free, clear and discharged or well & sufficiently saved, kept harmless & undemnified of, from & against all former & other gifts, Grants, Bargains, Sales, Jointures, Feoffements, Dowers, Estates, entails, Rents, Rentcharges, arrearages of Rents, Statutes, Judgments, Recognizances, Statutes merchant, & of the Staple, extents and, of, from & against all former and other Titles, Troubles, Charges & Incumbrances whatsoever had, done or suffered to be had, done or suffered, by them, the said Chiefs, or by any one whatever of the said Nation, their Heirs, executors or administrators or any other person or persons lawfully claiming or to claim by, from or under them or any or either of them. And by these presents do make this our Act & deed irrevocable under any pretence whatever & have put the said Alexander Macomb & William Macomb in full possession & seizin by delivering them a piece of said Island on the premises. In Witness whereof, we the said Chiefs aforesaid, for ourselves & in behalf of the whole of our Nation of Pottewatamies, have unto these presents set our hands & seals at Detroit this Sixth day of July in the Sixteenth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, George, the Third, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France & Ireland, King &c &c &c & of our Lord, one Thousand Seven Hundred & Seventy six, 1776.

In presence of
J. SIDORECHENE,[1]
L. ST. COSMETTE.[2]

(Below are given the "Names and Totems" of the Chiefs and principal men, and the eldest sons of the Chiefs of the Pottawatamy nation signed their thumb prints.)

[1] Isadore Chene.
[2] P. St. Cosme.

"The 'seals' are old time red wafers with piece of writing paper over them. The thumb marks of the eldest sons of the Chiefs run down each side of the Deed, the Chiefs and principal men signing their totems in the center of the page.

Names & Totems of the Chiefs & principal men of the Potteswatomie nation of Indians.

Thumb Prints.	Totems—"Seals" O	Thumbs of eldest sons of Chiefs.
O 1	Ke-wi-ta-na-wee—Fish	O
O 2	Micaro—Fish	O
O 3	Wi-sa-wa-na-qua—Bear.	O
O 4	Ma-qi-na—Doe deer.	O
O 5	Sagonebé—Faun with one leg.	O
O 6	Donaa—Little animal.	O
O 7	Mautewa—Apassum or limb of tree.	O
O 8	Nadase—Wild cat.	O
O 9	Wabatiatiagua—Tepee or tent.	O
O 10	Wawialia—Fish.	O
O	Hiakiba, son.	O
O 11	Areya—Fish.	O
O 12	Na-tu-at-a-loe—Large fish.	O
O	seal O	O
O 13	Wabo-ge-gua—Bear.	O
O 14	Pena-ku—Fish.	O
O 15	Wendigo—Fish.	O
O 16	Ba-na-ca-thaik—Fish.	O
O 17	Aboan—lake & hill.	O
O 18	Manaquang—Rude sketch of the American Eagle. (The first American Eagle ever seen portrayed on any occasion.) Statement of Commodore David Belton Macomb who now owns and holds the original Deed to Grosse Ile—A parchment of about 24 inches.	O

This Deed was acknowledged Voluntary and of the Chiefs of the Pottawatami nation before me in council.

1780 At S. De Peyster.[1]

Major 15—16 Rangs, Rodgers,[2] Commanding at Detroit Station.

[1] Gives his full name Arent Schuyler De Peyster.

[2] Major Robert Rogers commanded the first British regiment in command at Detroit called Rodgers Rangers. Major DePeyster succeeded him in command of the 15-16 Rangs. Rodgers (as the regiment was called).

ALEXANDER MACOMB, SR.

Born in Ireland July 27, 1748, died in Georgetown, D. C., Jan. 19, 1831.

Registered in the Register of Detroit No. 2, Folio, 18-19, 1819 by me T. Williams, Notary Public, in Vol. 6, Page 19.

Marginal Note. Delivered one copy to Macomb, 8 May, 1790. T. Smith."

HISTORY OF GROSSE ILE.

BY MRS. JULIA HYDE KEITH.

Grosse Ile is the largest of a group of islands situated at the mouth of the Detroit river extending into Lake Erie. It is about nine miles long and averages one and a half miles in width. It was originally two distinct islands, as a natural water course divides it running diagonally, nearly the length, which was navigable for the little batteaux of the early French settlers. This stream was and is still called the "Thoroughfare." The banks are high and rolling, interspersed with many ravines and gullies, and much of its length dense forests grow to the water's edge.

For many years only one bridge spanned the "Thoroughfare." As more settlers came, cross-roads were laid out, a mile apart, running from side to side of the island, more bridges were built, but primitive ones, of logs, as timber was plentiful, with only a crib in the center, for the flow of the water. That soon obstructed the current, consequently rushes and sedges in time filled the stream so that for many years in dry weather one could walk across on the bogs. This has now all been changed. The subject has long been agitated of dredging out the accumulated vegetation, which, ten years ago was accomplished, following all the graceful curves of the original stream. Bridges were built with long approaches, with draw bridges at the head and mouth. It now makes a beautiful stream for small boats.

Grosse Ile[1] has changed hands many times. First the Indians, then claimed by the French, then by the English, after that by Americans, again by the English and lastly again by Americans. It was bought from the Indians in 1776 by Alexander and William Macomb, broth-

[1] It is known from early records, that when Cadillac first came to the lakes, he decided to establish a city on Grosse Ile, but finally concluded there was not sufficient timber (as there is no pine) on the island. In 1707, he deeded Grosse Ile to his daughter.

ers, who were sons of John Macomb and Jane Gordon. They had one sister, Anne. They were born in Ireland and came to this country with their parents in 1755 at the ages of seven and four years and settled at Albany, N. Y.

Alexander Macomb, Sr., married, first Catherine Navarre in 1778, by whom he had nine children. Catherine Navarre was the daughter of Robert Navarre who was "subdelige and notaire Royal" of the French colony at Detroit on the first establishment of the colony. They were married by Major Barrett, tenth regiment, at Detroit. His second wife was Mrs. Jane Rucker, widow of John Peter Rucker, merchant in New York city, by whom he had seven children, sixteen children in all.

The seventh by the first wife, Catherine Navarre, was Major General Alexander Macomb, U. S. A., of Plattsburg fame, and to whom the memorial is soon to be erected in Detroit. William Macomb, Sr., brother and joint owner of Grosse Ile married Sarah Jane Dring, whose mother, Madam Gallant, descended from a Hugenot family who fled from France to England after the "Edict of Nantes" had been revoked. In England she married Mr. Dring and emigrated to Canada where two daughters were born, the oldest being Sarah Jane.

William Macomb, Sr., and Sarah Jane Dring had eleven children. William Macomb, Jr., was the sixth child and Sarah Macomb Rucker, a sister next younger. This brother and sister with their families are very closely identified with the early history of Grosse Ile and many are the thrilling stories I have heard from members of the families of early days.

There are now, residing on Grosse Ile, ten heads of families who are direct descendants of this brother and sister, also four others who are landholders. Mr. Robert Lee Stanton, whose mother Alexandrine Macomb Stanton was a daughter of General Macomb and fourth child, is the only direct descendant of General Macomb residing on the island, being a grandson. John Navarre Macomb the oldest brother of General Macomb was the grandfather of Miss Georgiana Macomb, the loved matron of St. Luke's hospital.

I have been thus explicit as many mistakes are made with regard to General Macomb's identity, which is quite confusing as, in nearly every branch, there is an Alexander, four of whom are generals.

The original deed of Grosse Ile, written on parchment about twenty-four inches in length is in the possession of a descendant of another branch of the Macombs residing in Philadelphia. Two descendants

MRS. WILLIAM MACOMB.

CATHERINE NAVARRE, 1757-1789.

Married Alexander Macomb in Detroit, 1773.

on the island have photographic copies of this old deed or patent. It is very curious, parts of which I will quote.

"Kitche Minneschon (Grand Island) in Warojati Mooy (Detroit river) to William and Alexander Macomb from the Pottawattamy nation of Indians," etc.

Then names and totems of the principal men of the tribe. The chiefs and principal men sign their totems down the center of the page and their eldest sons make their thumb marks along the edges. There were eighteen chiefs in all. Among the totems are several fish of different sizes, several bears in different positions, a doe, a fawn with one leg, a possum, a wild-cat, a tepeé, an eagle, the latter, said to be by Commodore David Belton Macomb, who holds the original deed, "The first American eagle portrayed on any occasion." The patent closes as follows:

"In witness whereof we the said chiefs for ourselves and in behalf of the whole of our nation of Pottawattamies have unto these present set our hands and seals at Detroit this sixth day of July in the sixteenth year of the reign of our Sovereign good George the Third by the grace of God, Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, and of our Lord one thousand, seven hundred and seventy-six."

In presence of

J. SIDORECHIEN (Si-dor-shein),

L. ST. CORSNITTE (Cors-neet).

This deed was acknowledged the voluntary act of the chiefs of the Pottawattamy nation, before me in council, 1780.—Schyler DePyster, Major 15, 16 "Rogers Rangers," Commanding at Detroit Station.

Major Robert Rogers commanded the first British regiment in command at Detroit called "Rogers Rangers." Major De Pyster succeeded him in command. He was a close friend of General Alexander Macomb, U. S. A., and married his sister, Sarah Macomb.

In 1812, a deed or patent was given by the United States signed by James Madison, president, confirming the title of the island to the Macombs. It would seem that the Macomb brothers disposed of much of the land on the island, as many of the early pioneers bought large tracts at a public sale of lands in New Jersey. Still much was retained by William Macomb, Sr., and after him his three sons, John, William and David.

William Macomb, Sr., seems to have been a man of wonderful business ability. He was a merchant, doing an enormous business not only

in the colonies, headquarters in Detroit, but in Canada as far east as Montreal. He was often referred to as the "Merchant Prince." He also served in the Canadian parliament at one time. Extracts from his will dated April 11, 1796, prove him to have been a man of great wealth as well as a kind husband, father and son. Aside from providing well for his own family he leaves an annuity to his father "as long as his natural life." He died in Detroit, April 16, 1796, aged but forty-five years.

William Macomb, Sr., although he built a fine residence called the Mansion House on the island seems, with his wife, Sarah Jane Dring Macomb, to have been more closely identified with the early days of Detroit. Mr. Macomb left his land principally to his three sons John, William and David. In 1815, Mrs. Macomb is mentioned as being one of seven charter members of the first Protestant society in Detroit, established by a Methodist missionary named Hickox. A room in a government building was given where services were held. Afterwards a Presbyterian clergyman had charge and this little society became the First Presbyterian. Mrs. Macomb was also much interested in the earliest charitable societies of Detroit.

William Macomb, Jr., occupied the Mansion House on Grosse Ile until 1812, when at the surrender of Detroit he was taken to Montreal among the prisoners. During his absence a band of Indians crossed the river in canoes and, in revenge for some fancied wrong, planned to burn the Mansion House with its inmates. It was in the twilight but the young wife of Macomb (Monique Navarre) seeing the Indians coming caught her three weeks' old babe, called her servants and fled from the back of the house into the dense forest, undiscovered. The Indians surrounded the Mansion House lest any should escape and burned it to the ground. This revenge satisfied they returned to their village on the Canadian side. Mrs. Macomb reached Detroit after some days but she and her babe both died soon after from the exposure.

William Macomb, Jr., married a second time Jennette Marentate and lived many years on the island, building north of where the Mansion House stood. They had three daughters, afterwards Mrs. Jane Macomb Brevoort, Mrs. Archange Macomb Brodhead and Mrs. Catherine Macomb Wendell. The latter is still living on her farm, which was her birthright, a lovely old lady just eighty-one, who loves to tell of incidents of early days. A devoted daughter and grandchildren are with her. Two daughters of Mrs. Brodhead still occupy the Brodhead homestead, part of which was the second house built by William

Macomb, Jr., after the burning of the Mansion House. The old home makes a delightful gathering place for children and grandchildren of Mrs. Brodhead during the summer. The birthright of Mrs. Brevoort is still owned by her son, Judge Henry Brevoort, only remaining son of three. William Macomb, Jr., was kicked by an ox, from which blood poisoning set in and he died soon after. He was buried near his home on the island.

About three miles below the Mansion House stood the old stockade. It was situated on the bank of the river a little north of what is now the Lowrie homestead. It extended from the river some hundred feet running west, then south to the northeast corner of the Lowrie house, then back to the river, inclosing several acres. The palisades were formed of second growth sapling, cut in certain lengths, split once, sharpened at one end and driven into the ground close together. There was an entrance to the barracks on the north and another leading down steps to the river on the east side. There were seven log houses in the inclosure, one large, with hall through the center running east and west, three rooms on each side.

These were the officers' quarters and faced the river. There were two smaller buildings in the rear, two north and two south. These six were the soldiers' quarters. All these seven buildings were put together with wooden pins, even the "hangers on the doors." Adjoining the large building west was a frame part, used for a kitchen. Wrought iron nails, made by a blacksmith, were used for this addition. A "root house" stood in the northeast corner and in the southeast a building for the animals. Five poplars stood along the front on the bank. John Rucker, Jr., who is still living and recollects the old barracks well, says one of the first tasks he remembers to have been given him, was to dig the tufts of grass from between the cobble stones in the steps leading to the river, at the old stockade.

Mr. Robert L. Stanton has kindly allowed me to copy from letters written by his grandfather, General Alexander Macomb, to several commandants of the garrison at Grosse Ile.

19th Fifth Michigan Infantry,
Head Quarters Detroit,
May 5th 1817

Capt. Wm. S. Foster,
Sir:

By the department order of the 4th instant you are appointed to the command of the Post on Grosse Ile. This Post was originally established to check the marauding disposition of a band of Indians which inhabitated the opposite shore and which has been very insolent to the inhabitants of the Islands at the mouth of the river whom they also plundered of their cattle and other property. In consequence of the establishment of the troops on Grosse Ile the Indians have desisted from their mischievous conduct and are now apparently conducting themselves as they ought to do.

You will punish any that you may find injuring the inhabitants of your vicinity without provocation and will give them no encouragement to visit your Post. As long however as they conduct peaceably no molestation will be permitted toward them. If you observe an extraordinary number of Indians passing and repassing from our side to Malden you will note the circumstances and state if possible the tribe and probable numbers, the cause of passing and their general conduct. As you are near to Malden, it is probable the British officers may visit you, if so, you will show them such civilities as their conduct toward you may merit. Always supporting the dignity of your station and the respectability of the service.

You will allow no person to settle on the publick lands or to destroy and cut the trees, particularly on the small islands around Grosse Ile, or to take stone from Stony Island without written permission from me. The troops must be employed in their professional duties and be strictly drilled in the established system. They will be permitted to cultivate for their own use and that of the officers the land about the quarters. The part of the Island on which the Barracks are built being private property, the wood in its vacinity should be cut with care so as not to destroy more than is actually necessary for the comfort of the garrison. No rent is paid for the permission, to the propriator in consideration of the protection the troops afforded them, consented to a free use of the wood for all reasonable purposes. Duty must be done according to the custom of the army and a small guard must never be dispensed with day or night. You are permitted to send over to

Canada for necessaries, but you will always take care to send trusty and well behaved men and this permission must be used as seldom as possible.

Should any British deserters come over to your Post you will order them instantly away and show them no protection. They are generally great villains and have been a great pest and trouble to us.

Relying on your judgment and experiance I deem it unnecessary to be more particular and will now only add my best wishes for your health and happiness in your command.

(Signed) ALEXANDER MACOMB.

Major Marston[1] was court-martialed, (but evidently an unjust accusation) just before being given command of the Grosse Ile garrison, as the following shows:

Head Quarters, Detroit,
Sir: Sept. 21, 1816.

The proceedings of the general court marshal in your case have been handed in and I have to inform you that you have been honorably acquitted by the court. You will therefore consider yourself released from arrest and proceed to Grosse Ile and take command of that Post as early as possible as your presence is much required there.

With respect
Dear Sir
Your obedient
(Signed) ALEX. MACOMB

Major Marston
5th Regt. Com.

The following was obtained from the Adjt. General's office at Washington by Gen. Henry Rucker:

Capt. James Pratte who inspected the troops at Grosse Ile reports from Detroit under date of Jan. 15, 1817, "1st. Bvt. Major Marston's Company stationed at Grosse Ile commanded by Lieut. Geo. Gooding, 5th. Infantry was in excellent order and is conducted with the most judicious accuracy. The police excellent, exercises, marching, facings, & executed in masterly style."

Soon after this large numbers of Indians came annually for payment of lands, gathering silently at one particular place, a beautiful, par-

[1] Major Marston was the second in command.

tially wooded tract on the bank a little below the Stockade, where now the fine residence of Mrs. Atchison stands. There they encamped and waited. Among the articles provided for them were beautiful white blankets manufactured expressly for the purpose in England. Across the ends were colored stripes called "points." One point for a child or young person, two point blankets for a squaw and three points for a "brave."

Other articles were guns. There were two kinds, one called "squaw," guns were inferior, but the other called "Brave pieces" were fine. Mr. Rucker, when a boy, owned one, bought of the Indians, of which he was very proud. After this payment many of the Indians scattered as silently as they came. On Stony island there was a sort of general store where many Indians exchanged articles they did not want for things which they did, and too often it was whisky. "Then there was a pow wow." The man who kept the store, then a young man, gained his first start in life there and his wealthy descendants still reside in Detroit.

There are many proofs that the island was a favorite haunt of the Indians for ages; perhaps, before white men appeared. Not always a peaceful resort as innumerable Indian implements of warfare are annually plowed up; such as arrow-heads, hatchets, crude celts, showing great age, as well as curious charms in the form of animals and reptiles, still worn by Indian children, west, to keep off evil spirits.

Many Indian graves have been discovered in excavating. Eight skeletons were found at different times, two supposed to have been females, and two of enormous size. Out of the skull of one of the latter fell a huge bullet, which had evidently caused the death of the owner.

With these bodies were found many valuable relics, two pipes of fine workmanship, an old knife, number of silver armlets and bracelets, finely ornamented, two silver rings with gems, a steel tomahawk of fine workmanship, and two silver crosses. These skeletons are supposed to have belonged to Tecumseh's band.

We can imagine with its primeval forest, high picturesque banks and sheltered ravines, the paradise it must have been for friendly tribes as well as a "happy hunting ground." The mainland was infested by many wild animals which drove the more timid deer to seek refuge on the island by swimming across the river. Mr. Rucker remembers when a small boy, standing on a bridge crossing a deep ravine near his father's home on the west side of the island and counting eighteen deer of different sizes browsing on boughs of trees just felled. At another time

JOHN MACOMB,

Father of William and Alexander. Born in Ireland 1717; came to America in 1745.

two of his young sisters, Catherine and Eliza, later Mrs. Whitall and Mrs. George Truax, seeing a deer swimming across from the mainland jumped into a canoe with their paddles and corralled the deer until their brothers came in from the field and shot it.

There is a stone quarry at the foot of the island. For many years it was owned by Mr. Thomas Lewis. There were two primitive lime-kilns, one in a ravine on what is now the Ballard farm, another on the bank in front of what is now the Judge Douglass home. Lime was shipped by sailboat to Detroit "according to contract" for the arsenal, which was built on Jefferson avenue.

In 1825 the roads running north and south on each side of the island were surveyed and laid out by Abram Truax and Artemas Hosmer. There were but two crossroads, running east and west, for many years. The upper one called the Horse Mill road, as in very early days a horse mill stood on the bank at the east end of the road. The second a mile below was called, on old deeds, McCarty road. Old residents remember that name but not the family from whom it was named. Among sketches of early Detroit mention was made of "William McCarty and Maria his wife" who were two others of the charter members of the first Protestant society in Detroit. Also mentioned that "William McCarty was born on Grosse Ile" and that a child of William McCarty was baptized the day of Hull's surrender. His parents were undoubtedly among the pioneers of the island.

This road above mentioned has for many years been called the Church Road, as a church stands at each end. The third is called the Ferry Road, as the ferry to Trenton is at the west end. Next below is Macomb street, opened but half the width of the island, but will in time extend through. Many pretty cottages have been built along this street, also the largest general store on the island kept by Coleman Bros. now, and their father before them. Mr. Coleman has a handsome house opposite the store and his two sons reside near. In summer one of the brothers is proprietor of the Island House. On the two corners at the entrance of Macomb stands the handsome house of Mrs. Guy Hinchman on the north, and the double house of the brothers Orvill and William Allen on the south.

The next street is Bellevue, which has been opened the past year and which will be a beautiful drive when more improved, as it is very rolling and picturesque naturally. On the two corners at the east end are the houses of Dr. Shurly and Mr. Robert Hosie, the latter just bought by Mrs. Smedley. Dr. Inglis has bought a beautiful lot next

to Mrs. Smedley and will another year build on ground once occupied by the old Stockade.

A little below, the road turns back from the river joining what is called Lover's Lane, which is a bower of beauty indeed. Great forest trees are on either side, their branches interlacing overhead, a perfect tangle of the native vines and shrubs doing their best to enhance the beauty of this drive. Suddenly in the midst of this wild beauty you come upon the broad driveway, passing between great stone pillars up to the beautiful residence of Mr. Scott. Lover's Lane extends on and joins the lower road, the Groh Road, a branch extending on to the old stone quarry, across a long bridge to Hickory island, about which much could be said but space will not permit. Will only say Mrs. Ashley, youngest daughter of J. P. Clark, has a lovely home there opposite "Sugar." There are forty-five cottages beyond.

Mr. John Anthony Rucker who married Sarah Macomb, sister of William Macomb, Jr., came to the island from New Jersey, January 20, 1819, on the second trip of the "Walk-in-the-Water." Mr. Rucker resided for a time in the old stockade and one little daughter was born while there. He bought a farm on the west side, on which stood a large log house, built by Mr. Chittenden in 1816. The house was remodeled and modernized still retaining the wide old-time fireplaces and wide rooms with low ceilings. It was for many years a delightful home for the large family of nine children, four sons and five daughters. The old house still stands, although vacant, and is the oldest house on the island. Two sons of John Anthony Rucker, Sr., still live on the island, Louis D. and John A., Jr. To the latter we are indebted for many reminiscences. An older brother, General Henry Rucker, lives in Washington, D. C., with children and grandchildren. Among the latter are the children of General Phil Sheridan, who married his daughter Irene.

Miss Jane Rucker, the oldest daughter of this family, deserves more than a passing mention. All the other children married and left the old house but she stayed on with her mother, caring for her most tenderly, managing the farm and making home for the widows and orphans of the family and this she continued as long as she lived. She had a strong forceful character, was not afraid to declare herself and had the courage of her convictions. She loved Grosse Ile and was an important factor in its social and church life. Others came and went but Miss Jane rarely left the island even to make short visits. She was exceedingly bright and witty. Once when going down on the

boat, a party of gentlemen sat near and she heard one remark, "This island was once owned by the Macombs but I believe they have all gone to pot." Miss Jane immediately retorted, "Sir, if you visit the island you will find a good many Macombs there who are not gone to pot and I am one of them." She was a perfect hostess and enjoyed entertaining. The little wine and cake closet was never empty and no guest went away unrefreshed. She laughed and talked and danced with enthusiasm, but above all, she was a good, true, faithful friend. When she died the whole island mourned.

Catherine Macomb Rucker (the baby born in the garrison) married Captain John Whitall. They had five children, the oldest Colonel Samuel Whitall, is now commandant at Fort Sheridan, Chicago. Another son, William, died on the island at the age of twenty. The third son, F. D. Whitall, still resides on the island and an only daughter, Sarah Whitall, lives in Detroit.

Captain William Keith came to the island in 1819, buying also of James Chittenden. He was born in Paisley, Scotland, and came to this country when a boy. He sailed many years on salt water, according to his old log books in the old Keith home attic. He was master of "Ship Sampson" from England to Norway, "Ship Cincinnatus" from England to Baltimore, "Ship Industan" from Baltimore to Madras. He married at Washington and while there assisted in fitting out the "Wasp" at the navy yard and sailed it until he came to the lakes. He commanded the first revenue cutter on the lakes and was sent with the expedition against Mackinaw, which was held by the English, but upon reaching there found it had been evacuated. Upon returning he assisted, inadvertently, in the naval battle of Lake Erie. After the war he sailed the "Queen Charlotte" one of the boats which Commodore Perry sunk, also the boat which carried prisoners from Detroit to Montreal at Hull's surrender. The "Queen Charlotte" was raised by parties who bought it from the government. Captain Keith sailed it some years. It ran from Buffalo to different lake ports.

In 1819 Captain Keith brought his family from Alexandria, built a log-house where the family dwelt some years. Three children were born at Alexandria and five on the island. In 1829 a new house was built modeled after old southern homes, with many fireplaces, wide and roomy. Captain Keith sailed until 1838, his sons working the farm, then gave up on account of ill health and died in 1840 only fifty-six years of age.

About 1850, his widow, to her surprise, received from the govern-

ment a "land grant" for her husband's services during the war of 1812, which grant was sold, and an addition made to the house which has always been called the "Historic Part." The old home, in good repair, is still occupied by the widow of Edward L. Keith, fifth son of Captain William Keith, and their daughter, Mrs. Jessie Keith Whitall, and grandchildren, Laurence and Margaret Keith Whitall, which children are also great grandchildren of Mrs. Sarah Macomb Rucker on their father's side. Two sons of Edward Keith grew to manhood, the oldest, Charles Angus Keith, was killed in a mine several years ago. The youngest resides in Denver, Colorado.

This old home is the third oldest house standing on the island.

Alexander T. Keith, another son of Captain Keith, bought part of the Keith farm after his brother Edward's death, built a beautiful house where his only daughter still resides. Alexander Keith and John W. Keith were promient business men in Detroit for many years. Two other sons of Captain William Keith, Angus and William, Jr., sailed.

Colonel Richard Smith also bought of the early pioneer, Chittenden, a farm joining the Keith farm. Colonel Smith with his wife were very hospitable and extremely kind-hearted people, and after their own five children were married and away befriended several families of orphans including three little mulatto children. I have heard many merry parties described by members of the Rucker and Keith families, given by Mrs. Smith, tea and quilting parties. Hallowe'en was a gala time and tricks innumerable were played, the young Macomb sisters, cousins of the Rucker's, always participating. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were very fond of visiting and made their regular round of calls on horseback, both on one horse usually, when the roads were too rough for vehicles. Colonel Smith sold his farm to four of the Keith brothers sometime in the fifties. Mr. Cameron Waterman now owns the place, called the Lilacs. The old house has been remodeled and beautified, still retaining much of the old-time appearance. This is the second oldest house standing on the island.

Mr. John Anthony Rucker bought a farm below his father's, built a commodious house to which he brought his bride, Jane Keith, youngest daughter of Captain Keith. Two sons were born to them, both of whom grew to manhood. His wife died early, after which he sold his farm and later marrying Miss Fanny Truax, he resided in the city for a time. After his mother's death he returned to the island, built a pretty cottage on the east side of the island on a tract which was his

birthright where now he resides. A son, Macomb Rucker, and a grandson, Keith Rucker, live in Denver. His oldest son, Louis, died two years ago. Mr. Rucker has a wonderful memory, is a very kindly, hospitable old gentleman, with whom it is a great delight to converse, especially about pioneer days.

In 1832 Mr. Hentig, who married Sarah Rucker, bought what is now the Lowrie place, on the southeast side of the island, it is called in the old deeds the "Hawthorne Farm." Mr. Hentig built a fine large house and laid out the grounds in English style, a beautiful lawn, filled with rare trees and shrubs, many of them brought from England, extending to the river, a deer park in the rear, and fine hawthorne hedges each side of the grounds. Much of the interior woodwork of the house, including the fine old winding staircase was brought, at great expense in those days, from the east. Two very heavy doors leading from the kitchen to the servant's rooms were taken from the old barracks. Mr. and Mrs. Hentig had four sons and one daughter, Miss Jane Hentig, who resides in Detroit.

In 1837 Mr. James Ballard bought this place of Mr. Hentig. Although so beautifully situated, with fine lake view, it was very lonely and isolated, the nearest neighbor being a mile away. At one time Mrs. Ballard being confined at home with a family of little children and not having seen a woman's face for six months, heard a knock at the door, and upon opening it stood face to face with Mrs. Rucker. Mrs. Ballard threw her arms about her friend's neck and shed tears of joy.

The nearest market was Amherstburg, and the postoffice was Trenton, where the stagecoach brought passengers and mail from Detroit. When Mr. Ballard bought this place the old fort had disappeared, but a little cemetery, where a number of officers and soldiers, their wives and children, were buried, was just above the Hawthorne Farm, near where the Island House now stands. Mrs. James Lowrie afterwards bought the Hawthorne Farm, which her only daughter and youngest son still own.

Later, in 1849, Mr. Ballard bought a farm farther up the island, where now his two daughters reside in their pleasant old home.

Rev. Moses Hunter came to the island in 1847. What is now the Island House was his home and the fine grove of forest trees back was a favorite picnic ground for Detroit people as, by this time, a boat ran regularly to and from the city. Mr. Hunter was an Episcopal clergyman, a Virginian by birth and a graduate of Yale and Princeton.

Soon after coming to the island he opened a school for boys which was continued until 1861, when he received the appointment of chaplain in the third Pennsylvania cavalry. After the war he returned to the south, where he died several years ago. Many of the island boys attended Mr. Hunter's school as day scholars and many prominent business and professional men in Detroit, now "grey haired boys," vividly remember the kindly manners of this old friend and teacher. Among his early pupils were Elliot T. Slocum, Theodore H. Eaton, Judge Frazer, Dr. Henry Lyster, William Hanna, Mr. William Biddle and others. Mr. Hunter's pupils in 1855 signed an agreement that all who were living should meet on Grosse Ile twenty years from that time, which agreement was kept. After that ten years was decided upon and later five, which reunions were continued during Mr. Hunter's life.

Mr. James Biddle bought the Hunter place where he resided a short time. When the Canada Southern bought the right of way through the island this, with two other delightful homes, were sold; those of Mrs. John Norvell and her son Dallas, who married a daughter of Mr. Thomas Lewis, a half sister of Madames Brodhead, Brevoort and Wendell. There were many regrets when these two families left the island as they were most delightful, social and hospitable families.

Mr. John Norvell was at one time United States senator. His home stood on the exact spot where the pretty new station now stands. Mr. Dallas Norvell's old home still stands, the little stone cottage, just south. The next three beautiful places I will mention are Mr. Dudgeon's, Mr. Samuel Lewis' and Judge Douglass'. The judge's home was completed a little before the others, but the three families united in a general house warming. Old and young were invited, a platform was erected on the lawn among the trees for dancing and fine music in attendance. Refreshments were served at the three houses and the steamer "Pearl" brought many guests from the city. Altogether it was a most enjoyable gathering. This was the summer of 1862 and probably many remember it. All remember Mr. Anthony Dudgeon as a jovial, kindly gentleman, the sad death by drowning of his only son, Fred, who, with K. C. Barker and two sailors were on their way to Gibralter in a yacht, which capsized. K. C. Barker bought the Samuel place, now owned by Mr. Frank Osborn. Mrs. Dudgeon and daughter soon after left the island, their home being now owned by Mrs. Taylor.

Judge Douglass lived many years to enjoy the companionship of his

dear wife. A son and daughter own beautiful homes of their own on either side, his youngest daughter living in Ann Arbor.

The Biddle brothers came later, Mr. James Biddle bought the Hunter property and his brother farther up the island, which place is now owned by Mr. George Balch. Mrs. J. T. Sterling's cozy home comes next, Cloverly, then Mr. G. O. Robinson's with the Central school in between.

Sometime in the thirties a Rev. Mr. Powers came to the island to claim land which he had bought at an auction sale of Michigan lands east at the nominal sum of six cents per acre. It proved to be the farm now owned by Mrs. Horace Grey and Mrs. Lyon. Mr. Powers came with his wife and several children and as there was no dwelling on the place, only a barn, the family "boarded around" until the barn could be made habitable. Mr. Powers was asked to preach, which he did for some time. His wife was a very estimable and cultured lady and soon made many friends, but Mr. Powers was not so popular. He would often be away from home for days when Mrs. Powers would give the most delightful tea parties in their barn home, which barn still stands.

In 1846 Rev. Richard Bury and his son-in-law, Mr. Horace Grey, bought this farm, a section and a half. Mr. Bury built a hotel on the hill, north of what is now Grey Gables. The hotel burned sometime in the fifties. Grey Gables is still occupied by Mrs. Grey and her daughters. Mrs. Lyon owns the north part, which was owned successively by Mr. Chittenden (grandfather of Judge Mandell of Detroit), Mr. Barstow, and later by Mr. Edward Lyon.

There were several French families who were among the very early pioneers, among them Mr. Reaume and Mr. Charles Boucher, whose descendants are still occupying parts of the old farms. The old Reaume house is still standing, retaining much of its old-time appearance and was the home of Mr. Mark Stevens, now of Mr. William Sprague. There were several Reaume brothers, one of whom kept a sort of wayside inn. In front of his home, and extending across the road, attached to two large sycamore trees, was this hospitable sign, "This gate hangs high and hinders none, walk in, refresh, and travel on." The old inn is now replaced by a fine new house with beautiful grounds owned by Mr. William Gage, whose wife is a granddaughter of Rev. Richard Bury. One of the grand old sycamores still stands.

Mr. Charles Boucher, was one of the very earliest pioneers, having bought his farm of the Macombs. He was a member of the McKenzie

expedition, organized by the Astor Fur Company, and returned from the Pacific coast in 1816 and decided to locate in Michigan and soon after bought a farm on Grosse Ile. Many grandchildren reside here. One son living in Detroit has, with his wife, recently celebrated their golden wedding.

Just above the Horse Mill road is one of the most beautiful tracts of land on the island. There is a magnificent view up and down the river for miles. Several low islands are opposite, Fighting and Turkey. Wyandotte to the north and on clear nights the electric lights of Detroit make a fine display. This farm has passed through many hands; one sad and unjust incident is connected with a very early transfer. It was once owned by Judge Abbott whose son brought his bride there. She was the daughter of William Macomb, Jr., who in after years married Colonel Brodhead. In 1853 Mr. William Ives bought the place and also brought his young wife there, remodeled the quaint old house and lived there many years.[1] Six daughters were born to them. In 1873 while surveying a lot for a school building some distance from home he was caught in a violent rain storm, causing pneumonia, resulting in his death soon after. He was in many respects a remarkable man. He had followed the profession of surveying in early life, both in northern Michigan and Oregon.

His manners were always retiring, yet few men impressed themselves more indelibly upon all who came in contact with him. Though a man of more than ordinary decision of character, he probably never had an enemy. The secret of his influence was his excellent common sense as well as genuine kindness of heart and straightforward honesty. He was devoid of political ambition and yet places of trust were constantly being thrust upon him. He was always the first man to be selected by his neighbors for the adjustment of any matter of difference between them. He was always interested in anything which was for the advancement of the island and all educational enterprises. He and Judge Douglass were always warm friends, and one of the objects of their ambition was the opening of the Thoroughfare. Mr. Ives was often called the model farmer, and what was better, known among his home people as a model husband, father and neighbor.

After Mr. Ives' death his farm was bought by Mr. H. C. Parke, platted and a number of beautiful houses built. Mr. Margah, Mrs. Albert Ives, Sr., and Mrs. Albert Ives, Jr., Mr. Baubie, Mrs. Dunlap,

[1] Mrs. Ives died in 1864—four years after Mr. Ives married a younger sister of his first wife. They were also sisters of Mr. Edward Keith.

Mr. Clark, the Misses Young, Mr. Horace Avery, Mr. John Avery and Mr. David Johnson, now owned by Mrs. Blanch Hayward, adopted daughter of Mr. Johnson. The two youngest daughters of William Ives occupy, in summer, this cottage on the Ives farm. The home on the site of the old one, built in 1863, is now owned by Mr. Howard, whose wife is a granddaughter of William Macomb, Jr. The regular boat landing is here.

The Alexander farm lies next to the Ives tract. Mr. Archibald Alexander came to the island in 1833. A substantial log-house accommodated a large family for some years. I well remember the cozy old log-house, vine-covered, situated on a sightly point just at the head of the Thoroughfare. It stood back under the sheltering branches of great willows, with a fine orchard in the rear. There were almost regrets as the family moved "out of the old house into the new" which was built in the fifties. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander were extremely hospitable, and as all the family were musical, their home was a general rendezvous for the younger people of the neighborhood. After the death of the parents the farm was divided between the children, only two sons holding their shares. Mr. Archibald Alexander, wife and only son, still occupying the homestead.

Mr. George Alexander had the site of the old log-house, built a pretty cottage, into which a part of the old house was brought, which is still the home of his wife and three children. Early in the seventies Mr. George Alexander formed a stock company, built a $40,000 hotel which was well patronized for some years, but finally burned, and later, Mr. Alexander built several cottages on the site. Mr. George Alexander died two years ago.

Mr. Voigt owns the last and upper farm and a distance down the west side, the latter consisting of dense forests one of the "beauty spots" to lovers of nature. Mr. Voigt has platted the extreme north end, a wide avenue, circles about following the curve of the land, bordered by two rows of elm trees set out at great expense. Several lots have been sold and fine houses built on this plat. This farm has passed through various hands in past years. It was very early called the "Campbell farm," then owned successively by Messrs. Skinner, Bacon, Savage and Farnum.

Next to the Voigt, on the west side, is a farm which once belonged to Captain Angus Keith. This land has been platted along the river, and pleasant homes have been built, surrounded by beautiful lawns sloping to the water's edge. As the road turns back from the Horse

Mill road on the north, on the corner, stands the Captain Angus Keith home, belonging to Mrs. Theodore Wormer, north of which are the summer homes of Mr. John Williamson, Mr. Herbert Bowen and several small cottages farther up. On the northwest corner of the old Keith farm is the home of Mr. Thomas Williamson of the "Free Press" staff, a summer home with beautiful grounds. On the west side of the island just below the Rucker farm, formerly owned by John Rucker, Jr., is the home of Mr. Robert Stanton and family. This is one of the most beautiful sites on the west side. The banks are very high and picturesque, along which juniper trees, the one native evergreen, grow in the greatest profusion. Many native forest trees grow upon the lawn; a deep glen south of the house (the same ravine where the deer were seen by Mr. John Rucker when a small boy), adds much to the beauty of the location.

In this pleasant old home resides Mr. Robert Lee Stanton, wife and three children. A large farm next below extending beyond the Ferry road formerly belonged to Rev. Charles Fox. He was an English gentleman of fine family, and a clergyman. Mr. Fox married a daughter of Mr. Rucker and preached in Trenton and on the island some years. Through his influence and with the help of English friends as well as the island people on the west side, St. John's church was built in 1850. This was the first church edifice built on the island. Mr. and Mrs. Fox had four sons. While they were small Mr. Fox died, and after his death Mrs. Fox built the large house still standing (the former house having been burned), where she lived until her sons were ready for college, then, according to her husband's request, moved with them to Ann Arbor, selling her farm to her brother Louis Rucker, who still occupies it. A little family cemetery was reserved upon selling where Mr. Fox, wife and three sons are laid. Just north of the little plat on a rise sloping to the river, stands the pretty modern little school building called the "Charles Fox" school.

There are many other beautiful places down the west side which I can but just mention, Dr. Lang's, one of a group of three, near the ferry. Judge Douglass' farmhouse and buildings, (his home is on the east side) but the land extends through. Mr. Charles Groh, S. K. Stanton, (half brother of Mr. Robert Stanton) Michell place, then a beautiful row of cottages owned by Mr. Kelsey, called Holm-Croft, which need not be described as many Detroit people have enjoyed its delights as a country resort.

Just above the Charles Groh farm is the little station Sunnyside

where the west people take the train, as the Michigan Central Railroad crosses the island here. Each morning and evening in summer the trim little Holm-Croft omnibus brings and takes a goodly load of passengers for the train.

The farm at the extreme southwest of the island is one of the largest on the island, consisting of about five hundred acres and was owned by Mr. Louis Groh, brother of Mr. Charles Groh; parts of it have passed through many hands, among them, "John Macomb and Isabella his wife," "Sarah Macomb, widow," Morris Miller, Edward Brush, Moses Ramsey, Oliver M. Hyde and George Jerome. The farm extends down the west side and around to the lake shore, including several small wooded islands. Mr. Groh died several years ago and the property is now divided between his wife and five daughters and a son. One of the daughters married a prominent young lawyer in the city, Mr. Swan, and they have built a pretty cottage on their portion. A little more than a year ago a company in boring for oil which they thought could be obtained, struck, at the depth of 2,200 feet, a splendid flow of mineral water, a flowing well which is a beautiful sight, spouts up about six feet and runs off in a swift gurgling stream to the lake. The flow of water has not lessened since first starting. Great sanitariums loom up in imagination as the possibilities seem great.

This farm lies along the Groh road, the most of the land for which was given by Mr. Groh. Mrs. Groh and her daughters occupy the commodious homestead.

There are still many large farms along the west side of the island consequently it is called the country, while the east side is more like the city. The farmers have organized a farmer's club with Mr. Robert Stanton as president, in which the farmers take great interest, expecting to hold an island fair next summer.

CHURCHES.

St. John's Church (Episcopal) is mentioned as the first church edifice, although services were held in schoolrooms and private houses for many years. An old log building on the Fox place, standing until recently, did duty as school and church for years. An old prayer book found in the old Keith attic was marked "Trinity Church, Grosse Ile," and upon inquiry was found to have been used in the old log building which was called "Trinity," as three large trees stood near the building.

St. James,' on the east side, was built in the sixties. An old colored "Mammy" who had been in the families of the Biddles for several gen-

erations, upon her death left $3,000 to be used toward a Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. James and Mr. William Biddle contributed an equivalent sum and the pretty church was built on a corner of what was Mr. James Biddle's property, formerly Mr. Hunter's, and is sheltered by grand old forest trees. Several years ago Colonel John Biddle, Mr. William Biddle's oldest son, gave a most beautiful chancel window in memory of his mother, who was ever an enthusiastic church woman. When St. James was consecrated by the late Bishop McCoskry, there was a very delightful gathering to commemorate the event. Mr. Biddle sent invitations to all families requesting them to give the names of two friends in Detroit to whom he also sent invitations. The little steamboat "Island Queen" brought the city guests, and after the services at the church, all resorted to the grove near, where a bountiful repast was served under the great trees.

At the east end of the Church road stands the little Roman Catholic church, called "Church of the Sacred Heart." It was remodeled from a school building and made very comfortable, but a new building is contemplated. Services are held in the two east side churches regularly. Mr. Locke who is a resident clergyman in St. James, and Father Command has charge of "Church of the Sacred Heart." This building was the first one erected especially for school purposes. It stood in the center of the island on the Church road, but when the Central was built it was sold to the Roman Catholic society and moved to the east end of the road. A little cemetery lies in the rear.

Services are held only in the summer at St. John's, Dr. Thomas of Trenton officiating. This first church stands on the west end of the Church road on a corner of Mr. Robert Stanton's farm. It was built after the plan of an old English church as Mr. Fox desired. In their auxiliary work St. John's and St. James' unite, in fact all three of the churches are very united and in all social functions work together.

SCHOOLS.

There are two public schools, the Central on the east side and Charles Fox on the west. I would like to say more of our schools and their methods but space will not permit.

Two years ago an improvement society was organized for the purpose of preserving old landmarks, and improving neglected places. A committee was appointed of ten ladies of the island each to raise ten dollars, making one hundred, with which to erect a memorial tablet to commemorate the transfer of the island from the Indians to the

Macombs, ground for which has already been broken. The spot chosen is on a high point, on the bank overlooking a ravine between Mrs. Lyon's and "Grey Gables." On the point stood an immense basswood tree, which has always been called the treaty tree or council tree, not positively known to be the former, but that spot was known to have been a favorite place of gathering, when the ravine running back was filled with the tents of the Indians. An old resident, sister of Mr. John Rucker, and the baby born in the old barracks, who recently died, often used to speak when passing this point of seeing in imagination, as she saw them when a child, groups of Indians gathered about the old tree, and often numbers of squaws with their bead work and baskets, sitting under the friendly shade.

The old charred tree has fallen but a small one has grown from the roots which has been protected. William Macomb, Jr., narrowly escaped being shot in this ravine at one time. The Indians had been troubling the islanders by crossing the river and carrying off cattle after slaughtering them. Mr. Macomb reported them and a "posse" of soldiers upon reaching the spot found numbers of Indians just loading their canoes with some carcasses. An Indian, seeing Mr. Macomb, raised his gun and fired at him, but timely warning from an officer caused Mr. Macomb to drop, just missing the bullet. Then the officer shot the Indian who was buried under the old basswood.

A casino has been erected at a central point with gallery, dressing rooms, a kitchen, which will hold about five hundred. Many social functions are held there.

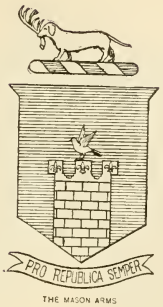
I will mention but few of the early amusements. There was a perfect chain of relationship among the earlier pioneers, as families had married and intermarried, consequently there was very little formality, and all seemed like one large family. Even in the sixties there were but eight families outside of the chain. Each winter quite a number of large parties were given, attended by old and young. Fine music was provided, usually from Amherstburg or Detroit, for dancing. Substantial refreshments were served and all had a merry time. As years passed the homes were too small to hold all the friends, so large gatherings were held at the casino.

"Open house" was always kept on New Year's day, hanging a basket outside was unknown, and all were welcome. Numbers of gentlemen dressed in their best came in farm sleighs covered with handsome robes; often I have known twenty in a load. Light refreshments were served and music often followed. Skating was a favorite pastime and

there were many fine skaters among the young people. Two middle aged ladies I could mention, daughters of pioneers, still on the island, usually carried off all the prizes, even in competition with Detroit friends, as was often the case. Horseback riding was much indulged in and most of the islanders were fine horsemen and women. This has been continued down to the present time, as even our little folks are fearless riders as well as most of them good swimmers.

We have always considered our island very healthful, and of late years we have had our supposition confirmed by a number of very prominent physicians from the city buying and building handsome homes, and there are reports that others are coming. We welcome them all.

There are still several large farms, mostly on the south and west parts, but it will not be many years before these too must yield to the tide which is steadily setting in that direction, and old Grosse Ile will not know herself any more.



THE MASON ARMS

MASON LINEAGE AND ARMS.[1]

GEORGE MASON, "THE FATHER OF VIRGINIA," AUTHOR OF "THE BILL OF RIGHTS."

BY JANE GRIFFITH KEYS.

The Mason arms are: Argent, a point with three battlements charged with as many fleur-de-lis; on the middle battlement a dove with wings displayed proper. The crest is a talbot passant regardant, with a stag's horn in its mouth. The motto of the family in England was *"Pro Patria Semper."* George Mason, of Gunston, changed it to *"Pro Republica Semper,"* and he had the Mason arms quartered with the arms of the Thomsons of Yorkshire. His mother was Miss Anna Thomson. He had the arms thus combined engraved upon a service of silver that he ordered from London; but it would seem that his brother, Thomson Mason, probably retained the original motto, for it is still found among many of the Masons of the present generation who are not lineal descendants of George of Gunston.

Everyone will agree with me, I think, when I make the rather broad statement that to the Anglo-Saxton race belongs the honor of producing the largest number of great statesmen that the world has known. Of course, there are isolated cases among the other nations; in the Teuton race, for instance, we have Bismarck; Talleyrand in the Latin race, and last, but by no means least, our late minister from China, the

[1] This article was received too late to be placed with the Mason papers.

inscrutable Mr. Wu. But who could compare an Oriental statesman, no matter how deep and subtle his mind, to the all-round greatness of an Anglo-Saxon? The wretched fact that Mr. Wu had forever hanging over his head a veritable sword of Damocles must produce an inward ferocity and sense of injustice, to say nothing of dissimulation and insincerity, which is not conducive to great statesmanship and lofty elevation of character. Mr. Gladstone, the great Anglo-Saxon, easily stands foremost in the list of statesmen for the nineteenth century, while in the eighteenth century our American statesmen form an honorable array. Not the least among this group of really wonderful men stands George Mason, the "Father of Virginia," as he is styled, the author of the "Bill of Rights of Virginia," which is "the foundation of the Declaration of Independence." General Fitzhugh Lee, in his introduction to "The Life of George Mason," by Miss Kate Mason Rowland, says: "The harmonious working of the component parts which enter into the life of the country is today the result of the intelligent labors of a small group of men more than 100 years ago."

The following sketch of the Mason family is contributed by Miss Louise Pecquet du Bellet:

The Virginia family of Masons is very distinguished. The immigrant was Colonel George Mason, an officer in the army of Charles II, and after his defeat at Worcester in 1651 escaped to Virginia, losing all his possessions in England.

His great-grandson, of the same name, about 1726 married Annie Thomson, a favorite niece of Sir William Temple, and had by her two sons and a daughter.

George, the eldest son of George Mason and Ann Thomson, was born at Doeg's Neck, in Stafford, now in Fairfax county, Va., in 1726 and died in the autumn of 1792. In 1769 he drew up the non-importation resolutions, which were presented by Washington and adopted by the Assembly of Virginia in 1775. The convention of Virginia made him a member of the committee of safety, charged with the executive government of the colony. In 1776 he drafted the Declaration of Rights and the Constitution of Virginia, which was adopted by a unanimous vote. He brought forward and carried through, in connection with Jefferson, a measure for the repeal of the old Disabling Acts and for legalizing all modes of worship. In 1777 he was elected a member of the Continental Congress and ten years later was a leading member of the Federal convention to frame the Constitution of the United States, in which he took decided ground against all measures tending to the perpetuation

MARY ARMISTEAD VA.,

Daughter of Robert Armistead. Married Stevens Thomson Mason in 1783. From a colored crayon by James Sharpless, probably in 1794.

STEVENS THOMSON MASON,

Of Raspberry Plain, Va., 1760-1803.

of slavery. He was dissatisfied with the instrument when completed and declined to sign it, declaring his apprehension that it would result in a monarchy or a tyrannical aristocracy. Returning to Virginia he was chosen a member of the convention called to ratify or reject the Federal Constitution, and in conjunction with Patrick Henry he led the opposition to the Constitution in that body, insisting on about twenty alterations, several of which were afterward adopted by Congress and the States. He was elected the first United States Senator from Virginia under the Constitution, but declined to accept the office. His statue stands with those of Jefferson, Henry and other illustrious Virginians at the base of Crawford's colonial statue of Washington, in front of the capitol at Richmond.

Thomson Mason,[1] younger brother of the above, born about 1730, died in 1785. He studied law in the Temple at London. He took strong ground against the aggressions of the British government, and as early as 1774 published a series of papers, in which he maintained the duty of open resistance. The first numbers of the papers appeared under the signature of a "British American," but in the concluding one he made known his real name.

In 1778 he was appointed a member of the first supreme court of Virginia and was soon after, with his brother, nominated by the senate revisers of the laws of Virginia. In 1779 he was elected a member of the House of Delegates for Elizabeth city. He was again a member in 1783 and served as chairman of the committee on courts of justice.

Stevens Thomson, eldest son of the preceding, born in Stafford, Va., in 1760, and died in Philadelphia in 1803. He was volunteer aide to Washington at the siege of Yorktown. He was a member of the Virginia convention of 1788 and of the United States Senate from 1794 till his death. He was distinguished for wit and eloquence.

Armistead Thomson Mason, son of the preceding, was born in Loudoun, Va., in 1787, and was killed February 5, 1819. He served during the war of 1812 as colonel of cavalry, and was subsequently a brigadier general in the Virginia militia. He was a member of the Virginia legislature, and in 1815-17 of the United States Senate. As it was supposed that he alone, on account of his great personal popularity, could defeat the Federal champion, Charles Fenton Mercer, he resigned from the Senate to become a candidate for the House of Representatives

[1] Anne Thomson Mason, born in 1769, died August 29, 1817, married Richard McCarty. She was the daughter of Hon. Thomson Mason, of Stafford county, Virginia, and his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Barnes, of Tudor Hall, Md., and granddaughter of George and Anne (Thomson) Mason.—Hayden's Genealogies, page 108.

in the Loudoun district, but he was defeated by a small majority. The contest was bitter and resulted in several duels, and among them was the famous conflict in which he himself was involved with his cousin, Colonel John Mason McCarty, and in which he was killed. He left an only child, Stevens Thomson, who volunteered in the Mexican war and, as a captain of Mounted Rifles, he was mortally wounded at Cerro Gordo.

Richard Barnes Mason, a grandson of George Mason, an officer of the United States army, died in Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, in 1850. He served in the Mexican war as colonel of dragoons and was brevetted brigadier general in 1848 for "meritorious and distinguished services." He was the first civil military governor of California.

James Murray Mason, also a grandson of George Mason, was born on "Mason's Island," since called Analostan Island, opposite Washington, November 28, 1798. He died at Alexandria, Va., November 28, 1871. He studied law and in 1820 commenced its practice in Winchester, Va. In 1826 he was elected to the Virgina House of Delegates and was twice re-elected. In 1837 he was chosen a member of the lower house of Congress. He declined a re-election and returned to the practice of law. In 1847 he was appointed to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy, and in 1849, and again in 1855, he was re-elected. He took a prominent part in the Senate for several years as chairman of the committee on foreign relations, and drafted the fugitive slave law of 1850. He took early part in the secession movement, and in July, 1861, was expelled from the Senate. He was appointed confederate commissioner to England and France, and November 8, 1861, with his colleague, John Slidell, was captured in the Bahama channel on board the British mail steamer Trent by Captain Wilkes. He was confined in Fort Warren, Boston harbor, till January 2, 1862, when he was given up to the British government. During the remainder of the war he resided mainly in Paris, as the representative of the confederacy. After its close he went to Canada, where he remained three years, and then returned to Virginia.

Stevens Thomson, grandson of Stevens Thomson Mason, born in Loudoun county, Va., 1811, died in New York, January, 1843. His father, John T. Mason, removed to Kentucky, where he was educated. In 1831 he was appointed secretary of territory of Michigan, and on the translation of Governor Cass to the war department at Washington became the acting governor. He held the office during the Ohio and Michigan boundary controversy, which excited intense interest and bitter feeling. Thousands of troops were marshaled to the line with prospects

GEN. JOHN THOMSON MASON,

Of Raspberry Plain, Va. 1787-1850. Secretary Michigan Territory.

of a sanguinary conflict. When Michigan organized itself as a State in 1835, he was unanimously elected her first governor and was re-elected for a second term. Retiring from office in 1839, he withdrew from politics and removed to New York, where he practiced law.

John Young Mason descended more remotely from the same stock. He was born in Greenville, Va., April 18, 1799, and died in Paris, October 4, 1859. He graduated at the University of North Carolina, studied law, was for ten years a delegate in the Virginia Assembly, filled several other offices in the State. He was representative in Congress from 1831 to 1837, when he was appointed judge of the United States court in Virginia. He was secretary of the navy under President Tyler and successively attorney general and secretary of the navy under President Polk. By President Pierce he was appointed minister to France, in which office he remained until his death.

Rev. John Ambler, born at Morven, Fauquier county, Virginia, April 3, 1821, married August 5, 1847, Anna Mason, born 1826; died 1863; daughter of Hon. James Murray Mason and Eliza Chew; son of General John Mason, of Anacostia island and Nancy Murray, of Maryland. General John Mason was son of George Mason. George Mason, captain in the revolutionary army, was the last that ever lived at Gunston Hall. Son of George Mason, of Gunston Hall, who married Ann Ellbrick, of Charles county, Md. She died at the age of 39. After many years he married a lady named Brent, but of this union there was no issue.

HONOR MISS EMILY MASON.

Hosts of Friends Remember Birthday of Distinguished Woman.[1]

REPRESENTATIVE OF FAMOUS FAMILY AND DAUGHTER OF CONFEDERACY, CELEBRATES NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Miss Emily Virginia Mason celebrated her ninetieth birthday on Sunday, and her home, 2805 P street, was transformed into a bower of loveliness by flowers sent by hosts of friends. She was at home all the afternoon to callers, hundreds of whom paid their respects.

Miss Mason is known all over the south, and is probably one of the most widely known southern women in the district. Her home in Georgetown is characteristic of her southern birth and tastes, and the most delightful hospitality is dispensed there. Miss Mason is charmingly cultivated, and has lived abroad much, having crossed the ocean many times. The faculty of Georgetown university called in a body to congratulate Miss Mason on her distinguished years, and to wish her as many more. She was handsomely remembered by friends with beautiful gifts.

Miss Mason is a member of a prominent family of the Old Dominion. She is a daughter of the late General John Thomson Mason, of Leesburg, Loudoun county, Va., where she was born. At the outbreak of the civil war she was a grown woman, and was of great service to the confederacy. She was the first one to found any hospitals, and actively engaged in the work of attending the wounded and caring for them.

President Davis gave into her hands all authority for organizing the hospital work, and she established many hospitals. At the close of the war she wrote the first life of Lee published, and was the editor of "The Southern Poems of the War," and one or two other works. For fourteen years she lived in France, where she was interested in educational circles, and returned to America three years ago, and took up her residence in Georgetown.

[1] The Washington Post, Tuesday, October 17, 1905.

P. B. LOOMIS, JACKSON.

PETER B. LOOMIS.

BY EDWARD W. BARBER.

Hon. Peter B. Loomis was born in Amsterdam, New York, April 14, 1820, and passed from earth at his home in the city of Jackson, Michigan, December 30, 1905, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. For a longer period than any other of its prominent citizens he was intimately identified with the history, growth and progress of the city which for sixty-two years had been his home, and in the welfare of which he took a laudable civic pride. Among those who were the makers of Jackson he was an acknowledged leader. It is a notable fact that most of the men to whom this city owes its largest debt of gratitude were from the State of New York. From the Empire State came its first settler, Horace Blackman, in 1829, and later nearly all the men who took the lead in railroad building and were instrumental in the construction of the various lines that were built, after the Michigan Central was opened under the ownership of the State, also came from New York. Among the men who were especially connected with local railroad enterprises at the turning point in Jackson's history, about forty years ago, Mr. Loomis was conspicuous. The others were Amos Root, Moses A. McNaughton, William D. Thompson, Henry A. Hayden, Hiram H. Smith, Jerome B. Eaton, William H. Withington, Eugene Pringle and Enoch Bancker, the two last named being now the only survivors. While not all of these citizens were from the State of New York, the same enterprising spirit that made that State, from the time of DeWitt Clinton and the Erie canal, the foremost American commonwealth, gave to Jackson an early impetus that has made it what it is. In this work Mr. Loomis bore a conspicuous part, and as one of the leaders in the making of the city was the last to pass away.

During all of his life Mr. Loomis was a business man and he always took an interest in public affairs. When a few months old his parents moved to Rochester, New York. That flourishing city was then a small village. Five years later the Erie canal was finished and modern western progress began. There he received a fair education, and at the age of sixteen years opened a general store in a village near Rochester. This was the early beginning of his business career. Disliking the

credit system he closed the store the next year. Then he decided to accept a position offered him in the government survey of Texas, at that time belonging to Mexico. On his way there, having reached Little Rock, Arkansas, he was recalled to Rochester by family interests, and at the age of eighteen became a dry goods merchant in that city.

After an experience of seven years in business for himself, in 1843 he came to Jackson and has resided here ever since. From that year until 1850 he was a member of the dry goods firm of Loomis & Dwight. In the latter year he became sole proprietor of the Kennedy flouring mill in Jackson, which he operated until 1854. In 1856 he became the senior partner in the private banking firm of Loomis & Whitwell, and has been prominently and continuously identified with banking interests since that year, almost half a century. Later the firm of P. B. Loomis & Co. was organized and continued in business until merged with the City Bank, Jackson's oldest and most prominent financial institution, a few years ago. Through all vicissitudes and panics the Loomis banks retained public confidence to a marked degree. Taking a leading part in the movement to supply the city with gas, a company was organized in 1857, and Mr. Loomis was the incorporator and first president of the Jackson Gas company, a position he held for many years. In 1868, at a citizens' meeting, Mr. H. H. Smith and Mr. Loomis were requested to take charge of the project to build a railroad to Fort Wayne, Indiana, a distance of one hundred miles. They organized a company, of which Mr. Smith became president and Mr. Loomis treasurer. The men of the present generation know nothing of the persistent work that was required thirty-five or forty years ago, of the diplomacy that was needed to combine the efforts of communities that were strangers to each other, and of the showing that was demanded to obtain financial assistance from established companies, to achieve success. No other movement in the history of Jackson more thoroughly attests the ability of its pioneer citizens than their successful efforts to make it an important railroad center for all future time. A little earlier start in these enterprises would have resulted in failure; a little later would have been of no use. In this work Mr. Loomis was an essential factor. The Fort Wayne road was completed in 1871 Mr. Smith retiring to take charge of the construction of the Detroit & Bay City railroad, Mr. Loomis succeeded him as president, and also became general manager, holding these positions until the lease of the road to the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. Before engaging in this enterprise he had been a director of the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw, and

was a member of the financial committee and treasurer of the Grand River Valley company. Earlier he was active in obtaining the extension of the Jackson branch of the Michigan Southern into the city in 1857, which was the real beginning of the careers of several of our citizens as railroad builders.

An incident that occurred in 1877 indicates the good sense, fairness, foresight and justice which characterized all of the business methods of Mr. Loomis. During that year of intense labor troubles a meeting of prominent railroad presidents and managers was held in New York City. With them Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, requested an audience and interview. At first there was a disposition to refuse this reasonable request, but Mr. Loomis, who was present, openly advocated the wiser policy of compliance, with the result that the railroad presidents and managers held a conference with Chief Arthur, and the first working agreement with organized railroad employes was entered into. Strikes were frequent among railroad men that year, but there were none on the Fort Wayne road during the presidency of Mr. Loomis.

In 1878 or 1879 suit was brought against him as president of the Fort Wayne & Jackson railroad company, by the trustees of the bondholders, upon what was practically a charge of mismanagement. The case was tried in Chicago in equitable court by Justice Harlan of the United States supreme court. Eugene Pringle of Jackson and Judge Morris of Fort Wayne were attorneys for Mr. Loomis. The case was decided off-hand in favor of the defendant, and Judge Harlan paid Mr. Loomis the high tribute of saying that never in his experience had he known a railroad managed so absolutely in the best interests of its owners.

Only a brief outline can be given of the career of a man whose business life extended through the average duration of two generations of the human family. In all spheres of activity, as a merchant, a manufacturer, a banker, a railroad president, and in official life, he was clear-headed, efficient and painstaking. Business principles with him were one thing, and charity another. In 1858 he was elected the second mayor of Jackson, Hon. James C. Wood having been chosen in 1857, the year the village became a city, and in his message to the council he advocated the improvement of Grand river, then the city's only sewer, a work which at the time of his death, forty-seven years later, the municipality has fairly entered upon. In the fall of 1858 he was elected a representative in the State legislature, and was an influential

member of that body. The same thoughtful attention that he gave to his private affairs he devoted to the details of legislation.

About 1880 he retired from the active management of business, entrusting its details to younger men who were familiar with his methods, and relieved the monotony of life by making a trip to Japan in company with his friend Robert Harris of Connecticut; served a term on the board of state charities and corrections; was a member of the city board of public works; edited a daily newspaper—the Daily Courier, predecessor of the Daily Press; devoted much time and thought to projects for the benefit of the public; devised plans for advertising the many business advantages possessed by Jackson, with which no citizen was more familiar, and was the promoter and leading factor of the "General Welfare Association." Earlier he served for several terms as a member of the city council, and for one year was chief of the fire department. Every public office he accepted as a public trust. His latest benefaction was the donation to the city of the beautiful tract of land widely known and greatly appreciated as "Loomis park," which will carry his name down the long annals of the future until some mighty cataclysm, or another ice age, shall obliterate all present records and monuments of the work of man.

The possessor of a retentive memory, an extensive reader and an independent thinker, Mr. Loomis was an excellent conversationalist. Many a delightful social hour has been spent in his presence. Socially he was a general favorite. Shams and false pretenses of all sorts were his special abhorrence. The same liberty of thought he claimed for himself he tolerantly conceded to others. His mind and his methods were practical. As a merchant, it has been said of him, he made his store attractive; as a mill-owner and manager he made a competence with the poor steam machinery of the early fifties, and was the first to use private telegraph reports in the business; as a banker he was prepared for such emergencies as those of 1857, 1873 and 1893; as a railroad manager he operated locomotives at less than half the average cost per mile; and as his crowning act in that capacity, which originated in his sense of fairness to all men, he secured a hearing for Chief Arthur which resulted in peace between the railways and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and as a public speaker he was forcible and direct on all occasions that called for an expression of opinion or the elucidation of matters that were under consideration. Yet, with all of his public service, he never was a politician; for he followed his convictions into whatever new associations they might lead him. With an independence

as absolute as that of the Scotch laird who asserted that "Where McGregor sits is the head of the table," he awarded to others all the rights that he claimed for himself. His conversation was always clean, and in his social life he was as successful as in his business associations. In public matters, especially in the conduct of city affairs, he was always a consistent advocate of economy, of permanent improvements, and of civic righteousness—the righteousness of right conduct. He never used public office to promote private gain. Possessing the courage of his convictions, ever unwilling to accept any mere makeshift policy, and admiring integrity of character and purpose, explain why he has never been, in the ordinary sense of the term, a politician; and yet no prominent citizen of Jackson was better qualified to serve the public and promote the general welfare.

In the field of literature, Mr. Loomis was a wide gleaner, and was a forcible writer. Probably he admired Thomas Carlyle more than any other author of the past generation. Certainly no man in Jackson, whom it has been our good fortune to meet on familiar terms during the past thirty years, was so great an admirer of the rugged and vigorous Scotchman as was Mr. Loomis. Carlyle's strong and graphic language and his hatred of shams made him a great favorite. In Sartor Resartus, for example, a book that Ralph Waldo Emerson caused to be introduced to American readers, he saw the revelation of a deep religious experience. In Japanese life and literature he also felt an abiding interest, and his estimate of Japanese character and courage, formed from personal observation, has been fully verified by recent events.

Any sketch of the life of Mr. Loomis, in the opinion of one who was intimately associated with him for many years would be incomplete without reference to the central, governing faith that held him. In all phases and vicissitudes of his experience he recognized the One Power, and his own spirit accorded and was at peace—deep peace—that no troubles could disturb. Troubles sometimes made stormy the surface, but never reached the depths of his soul.

At twenty-one he was the leading dry goods merchant in Rochester. One day during a season of revival meetings in that city, a lady called at the store and urged him to join in the work going on—to come and "bring his soul to Christ." He was awakened by the call to a remembrance of a pledge he had earlier made to himself that "when he was twenty-one he would look into this matter of religion."

The most direct step appeared to be to unite with St. Luke's Church

(Episcopal), where by inheritance he naturally belonged, which step he promptly took.

Intensely aroused, he asked questions which the rector was unable to answer to his satisfaction, and he carried them directly to the bishop with the same result. These questions were of vital importance and must be answered in one way or another before he could go on with his ordinary life. He closed out his business, and literally "retired to his closet," a room in an office building. Here, for about two years, he read his Bible, pondered, and struggled. He said "it seemed in all his efforts as if he were groping in the dark to find an opening in an impenetrable wall, until, exhausted and despairing, he fell down powerless.

"When he got to his feet he was on the other side of the wall, in the light. By grace was he saved. Henceforth, forever, he rested in God."

It is not surprising, in view of this experience, that Mr. Loomis was, in the best sense of the term, a self-centered man. As such he performed his life-work well. It is finished here, and burgeons in the hereafter. By his friends he was held in high esteem. In his home, his family and his library he found great satisfaction. He was first married, in 1848, to Miss Harriet Kennedy, with whom he celebrated a silver wedding in 1873. A few months later she passed away, having borne three children. Irene Kennedy, who married Nathan S. Potter, and who died in 1892, and two sons, George E. and Peter Burr, both of Jackson.

In 1874 he married Miss Emma S. Gilbert of Rochester, New York, who with her three children, Edna, Allen and Gilbert S., survive him.

LETTERS FROM GENERAL WAYNE[1] AND GENERAL WILKINSON[2] TO THE QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

Pittsburgh 28 June 1796.

Sir

It will be necessary to have a quantity of corn ready to meet the army at the rapids of the Miamis river— There is a probability that some can be procured from the Indians, and the British Settlers on Lake Erie. You will take immediate measures to procure a supply of corn from those posts, and have it transported so as to meet the army at the rapids of the Miamis of the lake.

Interim I am
Your Hum Ser't
Ant'y Wayne

Gen'l Jno. Wilkins Jur.[3]
Q Master Gen'l

Cincinnati 10 July 1796.

Sir

You will purchase without delay ten horses for occasional Servise, and also procure additional Means of transport from this place to the army, for the Quarter Masters Stores and Indian Goods

Ant'y Wayne

John Wilkins Jun.
Q Master General

Head Quarters
Ft Washington[4] 14 July 1796.

Sir

You will please to complete the necessary arrangements of your department at this place, the soonest possible and put every thing in train for forwarding the Indian Goods as fast as they arrive to Greeneville.— You will also give directions for purchasing Two thousand

[1] The following documents were not secured in time for publication in Gen. Wayne's Orderly Book found in Vol. 34, pp. 348–733.
[2] For a sketch of General Wilkinson, see Vol. 34, p. 348.
[3] John Wilkins, Surgeon's Mate 4 Penn., 1780; served to close of war; Quartermaster General June 1, 1796; discharged June 1, 1802; died April 29, 1816.
[4] Present site of Cincinnati, Ohio.

weight of Tobacco for the Indian department, which must accompany the goods out—

As a considerable Sum of Money will be necessary for defraying the contingent demands of your department, and there being no certainty of procuring it at Detroit, I would advise you to direct the business to be negotiated at this place and in Kentucky, by drafts on the Secretary of War, at as long sight as circumstances will permit— Say to the amount of Twenty Thousand Dollars—

As your presence will be indispensably necessary with the army, I would request that you follow and Join Me without loss of time—

I am with much esteem

Your Most Hum Serv

Ant'y Wayne

G'r. Jn'o. Wilkins

Q Master General

Head Quarters

Sir Detroit 5 Septem. 1796.

Having last evening received the final orders of the Secretary of War, to detach a complete troop of dragoons to the frontiers of Georgia with all possible dispatch, it will however require some immediate and necessary arrangements with great industry, to carry those orders into effect, particularly as the cavalry of the United States, has been nearly or quite annihilated, by battle, age, starvation and other casualties, and the bugles saddles and other furniture furnished in 1792 generally useless from time and hard service, and never replaced—

You will therefore please to make out an estimate of the sum of money, absolutely requisite for the purchase of Seventy hardy and proper dragoon horses, and ten pack horses, together with the proper and necessary accoutrements: and send a Judicious and Confidential Agent immediately into Kentucky, to procure the horses, and such of the accoutrements as cannot be furnished from the Public Stores

I think it probable that a number of Pistol holsters, and Valices May be found perhaps, sufficient for the troops, which will save both time and expense. As to Saddles, Bridles etc. I believe there are none in Store fit for use except a few lately arrived from Pittsburgh

You will enjoin the strictest attention to economy and Judgment, in the purchase of the horses, and particularly that they are sound Wind and limb, and not to exceed One hundred or One hundred and twenty

dollars per head for the Cavalry, and Thirty or Forty for the Pack horses.—

The troops will March immediately from Ft. Defiance[1] where they now are, for Lexington on foot, it will be a desirable object, should the horses and accoutrements be ready, by the time the dragoon, arrives at that place, where there is a recruiting rendezvous from which the troops will be supplied with rations during their forage can be procured for the cavalry at a moderate price in that Quarter

But it will be necessary that you furnish the Commanding Officer with One thousand dollars to procure provision and forage on his route from Lexington by Knoxville to Fort in Georgia say for a March of thirty days: for which you will take duplicate receipts holding him accountable for the proper expenditure I am Sir

Your Most Obed Serv

Anty Wayne

Gen. Jno. Wilkins Jun
Q Master General

Head Quarters

Sir Detroit 30 Septem. 1790.

The Clothier General Col'o Meigs[2] will call upon you or your deputies at Fort Washington and Greenville, for the proper and necessary means of transport for the clothing for the respective Garrisons, from Fort Washington to this place and inclusive, as well as for Forts Steuben[3] Knox[4] and Massac[5] and will also demand of you (or your deputies, duplicate receipts for the clothing which he will deliver to you (or your deputie's for transportation, which you will please to give (or direct to be given.

You in turn will take or direct to be taken duplicate receipts of the same, at the destined ports, enjoining them to take like duplicate receipts from the Commandants of Garrisons, or the sub legionary Pay masters (as the case may be) to whom the said clothing may occasionally be delivered by them, to the end, that the whole may be properly accounted for: You will also demand (or direct to be demanded) proper and necessary escorts, from the Commandants of Fort Washington and Greeneville as the case may be

[1] In Defiance Co., Ohio, so named by Gen. Wayne.
[2] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 642.
[3] Present site of Jeffersonville, Ohio.
[4] At Vincennes, Ind.
[5] On Ohio River, 11 miles below Paducah, Ky.

The clothing for Forts Steuben Knox and Massac may be sent in the boats with the Contractors Stores for those ports, but at all events, they must be forwarded in time together with such Quarter Masters and Military Stores, as May be wanted for the use of those ports—you will give the necessary orders accordingly

I am Sirs
Your Most Hum Ser
Ant'y Wayne

Gen'r John Wilkins
Q M General

Sirs Philadelphia 16 March 1797

You will be pleased to direct the purchase of Sixty five horses in the State of Kentucky conformably to the inclosed description, for The purpose of Mounting a troop of Dragoon. These horses must be had in readiness to be assembled at Fort Washington on the shortest notice, where they will be accountred and Mounted. You will therefore order the necessary equipments from Pittsburgh to that place if on hand I must advise that every species of Public Stores which may be destined to the lakes, should be pushed forward to Lebeuf[1] during the vernal floods, as I am strongly opposed to the Circuitous and expensive route by the Miami of the Ohio; the summer heats which obstruct this channel of communication, will facilitate the portage from Lebeuf to P'Isles,[2] after which all difficulties cease.

You will observe I speak of stores indefinitely, and this is unavoidable, because I lack information of army affairs in every essential relation you must therefore until I have the pleasure to see you, exercise your own judgement, upon such instructions as you have heretofore received.—

The 4th regiment, one company of Artillery and a troop of horse, are destined to the frontier of the State of Tennessee: To abstract the detachment from the profligacy of Cincinnati, it is ordered to rendezvous below the big Miami, from whence it is my intention, that it shall fall down the Ohio near to the mouth of Cumberland river, and ascend the same to Fort Blount, which is about One hundred Miles from Knoxville: by this route we save near two hundred Miles of land transport, and five cents per Ration

The troops will descend to the vicinity of the mouth of Cumberland in Chatons, where they will land and commence their March, while

[1] LeBoeuf, Fort near Waterford, Erie Co., Penn.
[2] Presque Isle. Fort at Fort Erie, Penn.

their baggage will be pushed up that river on barges or batteaux, which you must also provide for the occasion

It is contemplated to break up the Chain of posts from Ft. Washington to Wayne, or Defiance, it is therefore very important that we should make every use of the vernal floods, to remove the Mass of Public Stores from Greeneville at least to Ft. Wayne; to this end I have instructed Major Buell[1] Commandant of the former place, and have ordered Captain Shaumburgh[2] to cooperate with the Major Be pleased to direct your deputy to take orders from either of those officers, for such aids of your department as may be required, keeping incessently before his Eyes, the imperious necessity for economy in all things.—

I wave further details until I see you about the beginning of the ensuing month. In the mean time you will be so obliging as to have a flat bottomed boat or a barge, if it can be spared from the transport to Lebeuf, to be made Comfortable for my passage to Fort Washington; to which place I shall expect your company—

With much Consideration & Esteem

You will please stop all letters for me at Pittsburgh until I see you

I am Sir
Your most Obed Serv.
Ja. Wilkinson
Brig. Genl.
& Com. in C.

John Wilkins Esq.

Pittsburgh 8 April 1797.

Sir

It is essential to the Public service that you report to me the most precise information on the following heads Viz 1st A Return of Public property of every species on hand the 1st Instant, at this place, and its immediate dependencies.—

2d. An exact enumeration of the persons employed in the Public Service, at the same period and places, their Several Stations, dutys, and daily or monthly pay and subsistence.—

3d Contingent disbursements, permanent and incidental, to include rents and forage per month or year, at the same period and places.—

4 The average rate of Water transport, per hundred pounds, from this place to Fort Franklin[3] and Lebeuf, and the seasons during which, this channel of communication May be depended on.—

[1] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 374.
[2] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 478.
[3] On Ohio river, near Cincinnati, Ohio.

5 Estimate of the expence of land transport to the same places, and from Lebeuf to P'Isle

I must request you to be full and explicit on these Several propositions, and will expect your answer with the utmost promptitude. The nature of the Case may permit, as my Continuance here is limited to four days—

Ja. Wilkinson

Brg. Gen Wilkins
Q M General

Pittsburgh 22d April 1797

Sir

Your letter of the 20th is before me and has received due consideration. I approbate your ideas generally, but conceive some Variation may be made to Public advantage

The propriety of dismissing the Citizen Artificers, Boatmaker, Pack horsemen, Waggoner, and the Quarter Masters at Fort Randolph and Cassewago, is too obvious to be doubted: and the retrenchment of any expence for house and ground rent is equally expedient

The proposition for meeting every necessary Public Service, by contract is in perfect unison with my own Opinions, with this exception, that all Public Work transport excepted, to which the troops are competent, should be performed by them, and that the several Garrisons should cut, and when practicable raft their firewood to the posts which they may respectively occupy

But I can see no occasion for a Quarter Master at Fort Franklin, which being a place merely for repose and accommodation, in the line of communication to Presq' Isle, will be subject to no issues or appropriations, and of Consequence the opening of accounts at that place will be unnecessary. The same objections would apply to Lebeuf but for the transport over the portage which must unvolve you in expence for drivers, forage, implements and repairs—I take it for granted however, that all cases where business is done on so diminitive a Scale, Your Subordenates at their respective Stations, will be compelled to perform every duty of Waggon; Pack horse and forage Master.

The Commanding Officer here will have orders to furnish, the necessary Store houses and Offices in them the walls of Fort Fayette, for the accommodation of your department—With respect to the Public building which have been erected on private ground, I am somewhat at a loss how to advise, as I fear the legal title will be found in the proprietes of the soil. I would however recommend that you try the effect of three

propositions—Viz to Sell the buildings at an estimation—to purchase the ground on the same terms—or to remove the buildings to the Public lots—And that you advise the minister of War of the result.

Until General arrangements can be made, I agree with you that the continuance of the Deputy Quarter Master will be necessary

You will be pleased to observe for your Government that the Public property of every Species destined for the North Western fronteeir, is in future to take the route from hence to Presqu' Isle, excepting such articles as may by order from the Minister of War bear a different direction.

The Public service will require five Strong Ox teams on the portage from Lebeuf to P' Isle, which may I expect be furnished from those now on hand, otherwise you must direct the purchase—

It is essential to the proper distinction between past and succeeding expences, that your Deputy should close all existing accounts on the 1st of the ensuing Month, on which day I do expect, the proposed retrenchments will take effect; after which period it will be necessary for him to Open a new Set of books.—

I must request that you may regulate the business of your department, so as to be able to lay before me quarterly a statement of your disbursements, and an estimate of accruing expenses for the quarter ensuing; the first report will be expected on the 1st of September

Fort Randolph[1] being an useless hold the Garrison will be withdrawn immmediately You are therefore to attend to the stores which may be there

All the Public Stores now at this place, with respect to such exceptions as may be hereafter taken, are to be sent forward without delay to Presq' Isle, there to remain for further orders

The teams and horses here are to be sent to Fort Washington without delay, as they will be found necessary in the removal of the troops to their permanent Stations—

To complete these arrangements I leave you behind me, in confidence that you will join me at Fort Washington as soon as possible, where the Public Service Commands my presence

With due consideration

I am

Sir

Your Most Obed Serv

Jas. Wilkinson

Jno. Wilkins, Esq.,

Q. M. Genl.

[1] At the mouth of Great Kanawha.

Ft Washington 19 May —97

Sir

Please order the purchase of twelve able large pack horses, to be here on the 27th Instant

Jas Wilkinson

Q M General

Ft Washington 20 May 1797

Sir

You will purchase as many boot buckles, after furnishing what is in store, as will be necessary to equip Capt Van Ransalears[1] troop of Dragoons

Jas Wilkinson

The Q M General

Lorimies[2] 13 June 1797.

Sir

You will furnish fifteen pack horses to Lieu't Strong and his party, escorting the Surveyors who are to run the Indian boundary, also five Men who are to be employed in cutting and Marking the line; the expences of which you will charge to the Indian department.

Jas Wilkinson

Jno. Wilkins Jr.
Q. M. Gen'l.

Ft Wayne 17th June 1797

Sir

As my engagements to the Indians will detain me here Several days, and the duties of your Station require your presence at Detroit, you will be pleased to repair to that place without delay

You have received a list of sundry articles of your Department in Store here, which are wanted at the posts of the lake, and have Enclosed an Invoice of other articles, in store at Detroit, which are wanted here; You will be pleased to take measures for the transmittal of these several Articles, in season, to avail the Public of Water transport if possible

[1] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 394.
[2] Fort Loramie in Darke Co., Ohio.

Lieut. Colo. Hamtramck[1] being ordered to this place, you will direct the necessary transport for his accommodation, and also for the removal of a quantity of Public clothing to Fort Miamis

The barge and a Shallop will suffice for my baggage, and my personal accommodation and that of my suite, these vessels must be at the Miamis on the 25th.

As the damaged Arms are ordered to be collected to this post for repair, you must employ three or four good armourers, and are to provide the necessary tools and implements.— You will also send forward for the use of this place a ton of Iron assorted, a considerable portion of it in faggots for Nails of different sizes & fifteen hundred pound of this article, was ordered from Pittsburgh to P'Isle.—

The Public Service will require at this place, Several skilled and expert boat builders, whom you are also to employ—Waggoners are also to be hired, to take charge of the Public teams, as the thiness of our ranks, and the hostile aspects in the west, forbid their being taken from the line of the army, which must be improved in the use of arms, and kept as strong as possible.—

the letter for Captain Bruff[2] delivered to you, must be sent to him as speedily as possible, and a vessel must be employed to transport a detachment of about forty Men and Officers, from Fort Schlosser to Detroit without delay—

In making the disposition of your teams and pack horses, you will keep an eye to the stores at Greeneville, the property of Lorimies and its dependencies, and the clothing which is progressing from Fort Washington to the last place; all of which is intended for this post in the first instance—

The Public service will require four good teams and ten pack horses to be stationary here, and one team and two pack horses at Lorrimies, this by making the labour light, will enable the Oxen and horses to keep in good plight on grass only— But this establishment may not take place, until the business of the season is completed, and the residue of our transport, may be then disposed of in manner most for the Public interest; though I am of opinion, four good horses should be stationed at the Miamis for express riders.

You will perceive that we have no stationary at any of the posts, this

[1] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 372.

[2] James Bruff, 2 Lt. 6 Md., 1776; Captain 1781; wounded and taken prisoner at Camden 25 April, 1781; exchanged and served to close of war; Captain engineers 1794, Major Nov., 1803; resigned 30 June, 1807.—Heitman's Register.

Circumstance makes it necessary you should provide a partial supply for this place, Lorrimies and Defiance; to suffice until you can receive the stock required from Philadelphia

With great respect
I am
Sir
Your Most Obed Serv
Jas. Wilkinson

John Wilkins Esq.
Q M General

Head Quarters
Detroit

Sir

Having completed the several arrangements of your department, immediately Material to the Public Service, you are to make Such arrangements to meet future exigencies, as may be found effectual, and have liberty then to repair to Pittsburgh, to give your attention to the Public Service in that quarter

On your arrival at that place you are immediately to report to the Minister of War, and express your readiness to attend him, should the views of Government render your presence necessary in Philadelphia

I can prescribe no rule to govern your Estimates for the ensuing year, because they must be regulated by the Operations contemplated, and the force to be employed. It is however a subject which has indispensable claim to your attention, and must be submitted to the Minister of War, in such form as circumstances may recommend, as soon as possible; because your observation must have taught you that the appurtenants of your department on hand, with a few exceptions, are deranged, damaged and worn out.

In making your calculations for Camp Equipage, you should require for the present establishment per company, three horsemans tents, ten common tents, and fifteen Camp Kettles, this calculation may be deemed extravagant because it is not conformed to precedent, but it is to be Justified by the consideration, that crowded tents are distressing in Wet weather, always expose the Mens arms and accountrements, where bell tents are not used, and are ever baneful to health—the extra Horsemans tents, will go to the accommodation of the Field Officers, adjutant Pay Master and Surgeon; and the kettles are barely sufficient, to enable all hands to cook at the same time, which is necessary to prompt Move-

ments.—Exclusive of this requisition the General Staff is to be provided for

The movement of the Detroit must depend on circumstances, the Indian goods is the Chief object of the present voyage, and she must not return without them, therefore, if they have not reached Presq' Isle, you must employ extraordinary Means to push them forward; every other species of property destined for this quarter, which has reached Presq' Isle, will of course be embarked—

Your particular attention must be given to the army clothing, which must be hurried on at every expense, as the season for navigating the lake is wasting apace— You will be pleased to attend carefully, to the distribuation of this article as heretofore directed, and if you can discover that the three companies of the third are ordered to Massac, their cloathing should be directed to that place.

Stoves and pipes for the accommodation of our quarters, and to save the consumption of fuel: paint and Glass for the repair and preservation of the barracks and Public buildings: Machanies in wood and stone and teamsters, should be procured and employed on the best terms, and sent forward as soon as possible.—

It is proposed to build a schooner during the ensuing winter, which will be a measure of great economy to the Public, as she will cost little but the articles imported, and will save much expense of freight; Should the idea meet no objection from the Secretary of War, you will order forward the necessary Materials, a suit of Sails and rigging, to reach this place before winter—

Notwithstanding these instructions, your conduct must be qualified to the views of Governmeng, for instance should you discover that a detachment of the troops on these waters are ordered for the Ohio, You will regulate the direction of the Public Stores and clothing accordingly—

Captain Curry will call at Sandusky on his return, and deposit there the annual donation of the Wyandots,[1] for which duplicate receipts of particulars are to be taken from the acting Chief, by himself or such other person as may be appointed to perform this business—

I shall take care to notify the nation that they may be assembled on his arrival, to prevent delay.

I request from you the most precise attention to my dispatches, and shall expect that they will be hurried forward with the utmost celerity compatible with their safety: You are sensible of the injury to the

[1] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 47.

Public service and the personal anxiety we experience, from the long Silence of the administration at the present

You yourself will not fail I trust to communicate to me freely and fully by every opportunity

I wish you an agreeable voyage and a happy sight of your family, being with unfeigned respect and esteem Sir

Your Most Obed Serv

Jas. Wilkinson

Jn'o Wilkins Jnr. Esq
Q M General

Detroit 9 Sept. 1797.

Dear Sir

After feasting on the trout of Macanac, I eat the white fish of the Saut of the St Marys, drank water from the father of the lakes, and returned to this place the night of the 3d Instant in rosy health

I here met my reported Spy Power with a letter from the Baron Carondetel, on the old score of objections to the exacution of the treaty, and urging that no more troops should be sent down the Mississippi, until our respective Courts had adjusted all difficulties. I replied to the Baron, and have refuted all his objections, he must therefore take new ground, or give up the contest and with it the Country. I have advised him to the latter very earnestly, as the only Means of preserving his Masters dominion, in that quarter

Power was urgent to return by Cincinnati and Kentucky. I however informed him that my answer was of such importance, as to require his return by the nearest route, and that for his safety, I would send an Officer with him; he kicked like a horse, but I told him I considered him a mere messenger, and not a pec agent altho' Secretary to the Commission for running the line of demarcation, and early on the 6th he went off by water in charge of Shaumburgh, who had orders to prevent his communication with any person, and will use force should he be refractory; they will proceed by the Wabash and the Ohio to New Madrid, where Shaumburgh will in turn make observations upon the Fort and Garrison. Power while here was kept Close or watched by an Officer, of course whatever may have been his views, he has done no harm.—

Agreeably to my predictions offered to the Secretary in June, the people of Kaskaskias are in rebellion, and will oblige me to weaken my feeble force in this quarter, and repair thither with the utmost

dispatch— I shall make a post there of about One hundred Men, and if the secretary duly respects my representations, the Garrison of Massac Will be reinforced by three companies from the state of Tennessee

I must request of you to vary the former arrangement for the disposition of the clothing, so far as to send a sufficiency to Massac, for two complete companies of the 1st regiment One of the Second, and a detachment of two Corperals and Eighteen Artillerist & Engineers and you will be pleased in the disposition of the appurtenants of your department, to observe the same proportion and direction

I wish you to send a couple of Garrison flags to that quarter, with some Stationary— I will endeavour in order to save expence, to pick up the essentials for erecting the part contemplated, from the refuse of old Stores at Washington and Wayne

My visit to Macanac has been greatly satisfactory to myself, and deeply interesting to Government; the present work does not admit of repairs to render it tenable against a single twelve pounder; or a ten inch Mortar, the situation is as much commanded as that of Fort Pitt, but it will be made tenable against small Arms, by the erection of two Block houses, and this important pass must be secured to the Nation, by a new Work and different ground; £100,000 spent on the present works, would be unavailing

The movement herein referred to, blows up my schemes of happiness for the Winter I fear and may secure me a seat in the regions of unceasing joy— It is therefore impossible for me to conjecture fairly, what may be my situation in December—What Sacrifices of Domestic transport, do I make to preserve the Public tranquility, and for What? Bread barely.

You may calculate on four Companies at Massac I think, and two Companies and the detachment of Artillery at Kaskaskias, with probably One hundred Militia Riflemen, in actual Service

I am informed Guion[1] passed near Madrid on the 18 July, colours flying and without impediment.

I shall labour assidiously to leave this place in fifteen or twenty days, after which let letters for me be sent to Massac

Pray hurry on the winter Clothing—Curry will go for Presq' Isle in a few days, and will there wait for it as long as May be prudent

[1] Isaac Guion, 2 Lt. Nicholson's contl regiment, 1776; Capt. 1780; brigade inspector 1799; Major 1801; honorably discharged June, 1802; died 17 Sept. 1823.

I shall write you shortly by Major of Brigade Lovell,[1] who will go to Philadelphia with dispatches—with sincere friendship

I am yours truly

Jas Wilkinson

Jno. Wilkins Esq.
Q Master Gen'l.

Detroit 22 Sept. 1797

Dear Sir

You have enclosed a duplicate of my last dispatch which was Sent by a Canoe to Presq' Isle This will be handed to you by Lieut. Lovell, who bears dispatches to the executive, and must be accommodated with horses.

After I had determined to encrease my detachment for Kaskias, by a company from this post, I received the advice contained in the enclosed extract of a letter, the authenticity of which may be relied on, this circumstance will induce a change of plan, and I shall now proceed with the force mentioned in my last

Howards precipitate and unexpected Movement, may be ascribed either to the clamour of Blunt's conspiracy, the apprehension of Maritime invasion, actual domestic insurrection, or a cautionary attention to the movement of Captain Guion; whose well formed Detachment, has doubtless been magnified into a little army Whatever may be the real motive or the real motion, it does not affect my plan of operations, as I am now determined at all events to guard that exposed and too long neglected quarter, in order to exclude foreign machinations, to support the Government & protect the virtuous Citizen My person is also Necessary there, preparatory to any exigency which may occur, for that has certainly become the point, where the greatest vigilance and counteraction is necessary—

Should I find things in a state of composure there, I shall make the proposed establishment, shall return to Fort Wayne and proceed thence direct to Pittsburgh; it is therefore necessary that all dispatches for me should be subjected to the direction of the Commanding Officer at Fort Washington, who will have occasional orders from me for his Government

If you have not made your engagements for Artificers for this post, the shortness of the days and the intemperance of the climate to make it advisable, that these engagements should be suspended until the Spring,

[1] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 598.

as we can rub through the Winter, with the assistance of drafted artificers, and without material injury to the Public Works and buildings.

The Stoves, window Glass and putty, are the articles most needed for comfort and economy— I have Judged proper to reduce the extravagant allowance of Wood, adopted from the British, as you will perceive by the enclosed, which will make a saving of a thousand Dollars per annum in that Article.

Should I find things at the westward in the state which I expect, I promise myself without fail to eat my Christmas dinner with you, and therefore it may be expedient you should delay your estimate of Stores for the ensuing year until my arrival; We must endeavour to rub through the winter with the least possible expence. The returns of your department, and your own Judgement will apprize you, of the articles of necessity in which we are deficient, and these only are to be purchased at the present Moment.

I shall write you again from Ft Wayne for which place I shall leave this on Monday

The Cloathing for our Company of Infantry of the 2d regiment, ordered down the Ohio must be stored at Ft Washington, there to be held for my further direction

With respect & Esteem
I am
D'r Sir
Your Most Obed Serv.

Jno. Wilkins Esq.,
Q M General

Camp on the Wabash 30 Oct. 1797.

Dear Sir

Your favor of the 30th Ultimo reached my hand a few minutes ago with the several packages which accompanied it. My instructions to Captain Harrison[1] gave them this direction.

I have laboured every effort to make my passage to the Ohio, until my men and myself are Exhausted, and the lowness of the water, obliges us to halt, and wait for a change of weather.

Letters from Kaskaskias announce to me from authority, the restora-

[1]William Henry Harrison, Ensign 1791; Lieut. 1792; Captain 1797; resigned 1798; Brigadier-general 1812; Major General 1813; publicly thanked by Congress, and medal given him for defeating General Proctor and Indians; President U. S. 1841; died 4 April, 1841.—Heitman's Register, p. 506.

tion of order and government in that quarter, my presence there of Consequence becomes unnecessary at this moment, and the lateness of the season and nakedness and the enfeebled Condition of the troops, make it so difficult and expensive, to establish a post there this autumn, that I shall decline it.

Major Cushing[1] will be left in command of the detachment, which forms this camp, and will descend with the first water to Massac, where the troops will go into Garrison; Say one hundred and ten, in addition to the present Garrison of Seventy, unless the secretary should agreeably to my request, order the three compánies of the third from the State of Tennessee.

I wait the return of my horses from Ft Vincennes, and I expect to leave Fort Wayne (about forty miles from Camp) on the 13th or 14 Instant for Pittsburgh, via Lorrimies and the Tuscarawas.[2] I think I shall smell the Coal hill about the 1st of December.

In the hope that this may find Mrs. W. in Pittsburgh, I send you a letter for her, but should I be disappointed, you will be so good as to transmit it to Col'o Biddle.

The final arrangement of cloathing to descend the Ohio follows Viz—

Companies complete

1st regt.	Harrisons & Pasteurs[3]	Fort Washington
Ditto	Martins[4] Tinsleys[5]	Ft Massac
3 Reg.	Pikas[6]	Ditto
	Guions & Heths[7]	Natchez

Artillery — Demlers[8] Ditto

[1] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 374.
[2] Tuscarora Valley blockhouse in Pa., opposite Mexico, Juniata Co.
[3] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 373.
[4] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 373.
[5] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 481.
[6] See sketch of Zebulon Pike, Vol. 34, p. 375.
[7] John Heth,. Ensign 1790; Lt. 1791; Captain 5 March, 1792; honorably discharged 1 June, 1802.
[8] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 478.

And cloathing for two Serjeants, two Corporals, and eighteen privates, a detachment of Thompsons[1] artillery at Massac. The residue to be sent to Presq' Isle, the whole will however I am persuaded arrive too late for the season, so you must be careful not to expose it to be frozen up, as damage and peculation is under such circumstances, the certain Consequence

The Secy's. Acquesecnce in the building of a vessel, and your provision of Stores, Glass & Paint, for the accommodation of the troops and the repair of the Public buildings, are arrangements of Sound economy.

My advices from the West, Public and private, convince me that Guion is, or will be soon in possession of the fortifications at Natchez.

With much consideration and Esteem
I am Dear Sir
Your Most Obed Serv
Jas Wilkinson

Brgr. Gen. Wilkins
Q M General

Order my baggage from Presq Isle and desire the Commandant to send it in charge of an Officer, as all my Public papers are there be particular in receiving the trunks, boxes Casks and packages—a barrel of Maderia is included J. W.

Sir Philadelphia 24 March 1797.

I shall leave this place for Pittsburgh on Monday, must therefore repeat my request, that all letters for me May be stopped

I omitted in my last to forward a description of the horses to be purchased for the dragoon Service, in truth I expected instructions from the Seat of War, and was disappointed, it is now Material barely to Mention that those horses must be sound in limb and Wind, active and Justly formed, five feet high at the least, and between four & eight years of Age, uniformity in Colour is desirable, and bays to be preferred. It will be necessary you should Accompany me, as well to give attention to the movement of the detachment, destined to the State of Tennessee, as to reform abuses, and introduce system throughout your Department.

[1] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 600.

Your expenses for the three ensuing months will necessarily be heavy, your funds must of Course be proportioned.

You will please to assemble the Cavalty Horses at Ft. Washington on the 1st of May.

With much regard & Esteem
I am Sir
Your Obed Sv.
Jas. Wilkinson

Gen'l. Wilkins
Q M G.

Pittsburgh 20 April 1797.

Sir

I am pleased to observe in your letter of this date which is just received, a coincidence of Opinion, relative to the conduct of your department, at this place and its dependencies; being myself disposed to make every Consistant retrenchment, in the expenditure of the Public treasure, I have to request your ideas on this subject, and of such specific arrangements as May in your Judgment, be Substituted in place of the present extravagant System, without injury or hazard to the Public Service.

With Consideration
Your Obed Serv
Jas. Wilkinson

Genl. Jno. Wilkins
Q M General

Head Quarters
Pittsburgh 2 June 1798

Sir

The Public service requires that you should follow me down the river in the course of two or three weeks.

In the meantime your attention should be carried with effect to the following objects Viz

1st To provide Materials necessary for building the Galleys, which have been ordered and to see that essential work pushed with Industry—

2d To provide for carrying into Effect the improvements ordered for the Public ground and the erection of a Wharf.

3d To forward (by water if possible otherwise by land) the Public property of every species, which may arrive here for Presque Isle, or the lakes without delay.

4 To see that the contract for Shot and Shell, be carried into full and prompt effect.

5th. To have the order for the intrenching tools completed.
6th. To provide Sheet Iron for Two hundred and fifty Camp kettles, for the use of the Troops on the Ohio and Mississippi.
7th To hold boats in readiness for the transport of a company of recruits, expected here, and for the Mecicine and Hospital Stores clothing & which may arrive during the Season.

Having made the necessary arrangements for the execution of these orders, and instructed your deputy accordingly, you will be pleased to Embark whatever Public property destined for the Ohio and Mississippi may be then on hand, and with it are to fall down the river with all convenient expedition with much consideration

I am

Your Obed Serv

Jno. Wilkins Jnr. Esqr. Jas. Wilkinson.
Q M Genl.

NB. The twelve pound cannon brought from Presq Isle must be mounted equiped and Sent down the river as Soon as possible—

J. W.

Sirs Head Quarters
Ft Washington 28 June 98

We arrived here on the 14th Instant without accident, and having made the necessary exchange of Goods, One flotilea led by the Galley sailed on the 17th for Massac under the conduct of Leut W. P. Smith,[1] and I have strong hopes the water has sufficed to carry the whole safe over the rapids.

I found here the Turtle[2] and the head Chiefs of the Delawares & Shawanore, and after a council of three days, in which they urged several Serious Complaints (particularly the murder of Nine of their people by the whites since the peace) I dismissed them on friday apparently content & satisfied; and this day their donation goods have followed them in the Public teams.

F Jones is or has been in Lexington, and altho he brought me no letters, but knew I was here, declined coming; and is I am informed bending his course towards Pittsburgh; I consider this conduct, injudicious, improper and disrespectful, and cannot suffer it to pass over unnoticed. I therefore wish you to regulate with him accordingly

To my surprise I have not a line from Guion since last October, and

[1] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 612.
[2] Shawnee chief.

that Mr. Jones should have returned without his reporting to me is incredible

Mr. Nicholas has delivered his Shot, but as his furnace is out of blast you should Complete the Contract made on the Monongahela, and should forward the Shot and Shells as soon as possible.

It is necessary the General order left with Major Craig[1] should be served upon every Officer who may arrive at Pittsburgh, and I shall rely upon you, that no detection will obstruct the rapid movement of whatever may be destined to this Quarter. The Hospital Stores in particular should be carefully shipped and well secured, in charge of Some Character of Consequence.

The reforms which must ensue at this place, and the establishments to be made elsewhere, claim your presence, which I am persuaded will not be unnecessarily delayed.

It is absolutely necessary the Ross Galley should be furnished with a round House, the Climate will oblige us to alter the Adams in that respect, as it is impossible to live in her present Quarters. The rigging too is inconvenient, and inapplicable to the Service to be performed

The Corn Contract at this place will turn out a most extravagant business I fear.

With consideration I am
Respectfully
Sir
Your Most Obed. Serv
JA: Wilkinson

Jno. Wilkins Jnr. Esq
Q M General

Sir

Head Quarters
Pittsburgh 6 July 1798

It has become essential to the service that the Public ground should be enclosed and that work Shops and stables should be erected thereon You will therefore be pleased to provide the Materials for these objects on the most reasonable terms, and as it is indispensable to the preservation of the Site of Fort Fayette,[2] from the Wash of the river, you will be pleased to provide timber for the erection of a pier, to counteract the effects of the current; leaving you to exercise your Judgment as to the most practicable, Economical and Effectual plan, I will Offer the

[1] For sketch see Vol. 34, p. 347.
[2] At Pittsburg, also called Fort Lafayette.

Opinion, that a pier thirty feet by sixty made of pine logs strongly attached, and filled up with stone and gravel would answer the purpose Sought

I will request you to employ dispatch in this business and am very respectfully

Sir

Your Obed Serv

Js Wilkinson

Jno. Wilkins Esq.

Q. M. G.

INDIANS OF BARRY COUNTY.

BY HENRY A. GOODYEAR.[1]

My recollections of the band of Indians who made their home on the banks of the Thornapple near this place date back to 1840, when I first settled in the little hamlet of Hastings. This was a small band compared with those farther north.

The Ottawas and the Potawatomies (close friends and allies) occupied the middle and lower portion of the State. These tribes belonged to one family, the Algonquin. The Potawatomies ranged over the southern tier of counties, and part of Indiana.

I remember going to the eastern part of Baltimore township in the spring of 1841, with a view of trading for furs, where the Indians were engaged in making maple sugar. On my way there I came across an old Indian cornfield of the Potawatomies, as I was informed by my Indian guide, thus showing conclusively that this tribe must have occupied at least the southern part of Barry county. The Potawatomies were removed by the government to a reservation beyond the Mississippi river in 1837-8.

Each band of the Ottawa tribe, and there were many of them, had their own separate chief. The name of the chief of the Hastings' band

[1] This article was written by Mr. Henry A. Goodyear, and read before the Pioneer society of Barry county. Mr. Goodyear came to Hastings in August, 1840, and was the pioneer banker and merchant of the town. He identified himself prominently with all the varied interests of the county, occupied many positions of trust and responsibility. He was the first president of the village, and first mayor of the city after it was organized as such. He was twice chosen representative, and once elected to the State senate. He discharged the duties of these different offices with fidelity, showing ever a hearty interest in everything that would benefit his town and county—such were the pioneers.

was Pecitiac, than whom no nobler looking Indian could be imagined. He was perfect physically, and the grandeur of his carriage and demeanor could not but make a deep impression upon the most careless beholder. Fully six feet tall, very erect, he showed the type of the ideal Indian we read about. I never saw him in public without a band across his forehead, and from the upper part of his nose reaching to his eyes, ornamented with bright buttons. This was worn by him, I supposed at the time, as an insignia of his office. This chief was remarkable for his integrity and trustworthiness, and the uniformity of his urbanity and good habits. He enjoyed the respect and confidence of his subordinates and followers, as well as the white people who knew him. This band was regarded by some outsiders as the scalawag band of the tribe, but why it was so regarded I never could discover, nor in any way comprehend. It certainly was not justly entitled to that ignoble distinction. It is true, there were a few bad Indians in the band, and I presume that was the case in all other bands; but this being a small band the few bad members might have had the effect on outsiders of smirching its character in this way, or it might have been caused by their unwillingness to submit to the restraints of the missions in Prairieville, Barry and Allegan counties. I cannot account for this false and unfounded stigma in any other way. The overwhelming number of the band was what we then esteemed as good, straightforward, honest Indians, as a rule worthy of credit and the confidence of the white people. A remarkably good test of their integrity, not only of the band but the whole tribe, was the prominent act of theirs, adopted at a general council held in Grand Rapids in the fifties whereby they agreed to pay the debts of all dead Indians. As a result of this action about one thousand dollars came to the traders of Hastings. In order to have a better understanding of this action, I would state that heretofore all the debts were considered closed and liquidated by death. Here we see a nice sense of honor on their part that goes to show that the Indian, when well treated, is not the treacherous savage the public, as a rule, are made to believe.

Several of the Indians of this band were polygamists, notably the Chippewas, whose home was on the little Thornapple and Sambie domiciled on Sambie lake, one of a chain of lakes that constitutes the head of Mud creek. Each of these had two wives, and both men were called well off as far as Indian wealth was estimated. They were good hunters and trappers, hence their ability to indulge in a plurality of wives. As it is today with white people, there was then a certain

element among the Indians, those who were shiftless—too lazy to hunt or trap—consequently were always poor, dirty and squalid, without credit and respect from either white people or members of their tribe. Many of this band run accounts with the traders, in some cases, up to fifty dollars at a time, and generally managed to pay them. They, however, had to be reminded of their debts, dunned as we call it nowadays, and when government pay day came around, traders had to be on hand to secure part of the annuities to apply on accounts. I attended them for that purpose for many years. Grand Rapids was generally the place for making these payments. Bradly was designated once or twice for the payment of the Hastings and Bradly Indians. They, however, did not like the plan and asked to have the place of meeting changed to Grand Rapids. All annuities were the same per capita, hence the larger the family the more money the head of it would draw.

Indian women were exceedingly fond of dress, and whenever they could afford it, arrayed themselves in rich-looking blankets and fine broadcloth skirts, and jackets made of calico; these were trimmed with taffeta ribbons of various colors. They had many strings of beads to adorn their necks, and frequently had finger rings, earrings and many other ornaments. Some of the maidens were extremely good looking, and showed good taste in the arrangement of their hair and garments. Among strangers, especially before the whites, these maidens were shy and retiring, and in many ways showed the same signs of modesty characteristic of the young girls in civilized life.

Pow-wows were held by the Indians generally once a year. I remember some of them when held here. The usual place for these gatherings was immediately north of the iron bridge on Creek street. Here also was one of their cemeteries. These pow-wows were held soon after the maple sugar season. Some one may raise the query—What is a pow-wow? My answer is, it was a conference for business ending in a carnival of drunkenness, debauchery and savage excesses of all kinds. The Indians were not accustomed to restraint and under the influence of fire-water, brawls and fights, even to the death, were indulged in—squaws at such times formed themselves in a body of peacemakers, and anticipating the dethronement of reason in their lords and masters would secrete every instrument of carnage they could find, and throughout the carnival would constitute themselves a guard of protection. The only time I ever saw the squaws the worse for liquor were on the government pay days; they might have indulged at other times for aught I know, but not to my knowledge. It was very rarely that an Indian

would betray an act of viciousness towards the white people. In one instance, however, Saint Domino attempted it with Mrs. Cooley of Rutland. Mr. Cooley was obliged to go out into the world, as it was called, to procure eatables for his empty larder; Mrs. Cooley, not feeling safe to stay alone, invited Mrs. Hayes, who then was a young wife, to stay with her. One morning Saint Domino called at the house and demanded a breakfast, knowing that Mr. Cooley was away. The frightened woman put before him what she had, but he was not satisfied and insisted upon a hot meal. He became violent, and Mrs. Hayes hearing the racket promptly appeared upon the scene wielding an ax handle. That, with a very vigorous protest and the determined mien of Mrs. Hayes, succeeded in quieting the savage and driving him from the house. Although appearing so brave Mrs. Hayes was really very much frightened, and while she unwittingly enacted the role of the heroine in this case, the Indian on the other hand showed himself the coward and villain that he was. This Indian never forgave Mrs. Hayes for this treatment. He frequently expressed his dislike by denouncing her as "cowin-nees-heen Jim-na-tow squaw," meaning "no good Hayes squaw."

Another instance vividly in my mind was this: After a prolonged orgie at one of their pow-wows some of the viciously inclined Indians moved toward the corner of State and Creek streets, then the business center of the little village, and attempted to create a disturbance, giving their war-whoop and shooting off their guns promiscuously. Then it was they made my store their target, but fortunately no damage was done save a few bullet holes in the building. The effect of the liquor soon disappeared and then they became quiet, peaceable Indians once more. The prominent Indians in the Hastings band who gave character and stability to it were Pee-i-tiac, the chief, Kish-wa-bah, As-quiab-a-noo, Ka-ka-coose, As-quei-sa-ke, Lund-a-go, Mish-wa-gen, alias Chunk, Saint Domino, Con-de-eau, alias John Jones, Chick-ak-quo, Mag-quah, and many others whom I cannot now recall. Chippewa, who was classed with this band, did not make his home on their grounds. It was the same with Sambie. Pomebego divided his time with this band and the Slater Indians. Pomebego was a very old man when I first became acquainted with him. He was one of Tecumseh's veterans and accompanied him in all his battles. He often said that when he was a boy the big marsh in Hope township was then a lake. He also stated that the Indians planted corn where the poor farm is now, which possibly accounts for it having been a prairie in the thirties and forties.

It was a general custom of the Indians to give the white settlers

names taken from their own language; for instance, A. C. Parmelee, who was very blond, was named Kes-see, meaning god or sun. William Hayes, Jim-na-tow, meaning devil—this name was given him on account of his long, heavy beard, which imparted to him a stern, determined look. The rest of the whites being closely shaved. H. J. Kenfield, Jr., Wap-a-kee-sick, red fox, from the color of his hair. Heman Knappen-Schneep, meaning sleep-nap-napping. It would seem from this that they understood the definition of the word napping. Mr. Turner was called Skee-to-bon, thunder, De-up-john-skikee, medicine man. Daniel McLellan, a very old man, was called Mo-ka-mish, grandfather. There were quite a number of the McLellan family, and each member had a name given by the Indians, suggestive of some personal trait. I had the name of Mo-quah, this means black bear, and was given to me because of my heavy, dark, curly hair. The Indians, after having christened me with the name of their choosing, always after this accosted me by it; I suppose this was their usual custom. In after years in coming across Indians elsewhere, by announcing my Indian name, they recognized me at once by greeting me in their usual way, Bush-ue Ma-quah, and if the whole family were present the refrain, Bush-ue Ma-quah would be carried on by squaw and children in succession.

Another peculiar custom of theirs was this, they never knocked at the door for admission; the first intimation of their presence would usually be a copper-colored face pressed closely to the window, which in many cases frightened the women and children, until they became accustomed to the Indian customs and found out there was no harm intended. Their mission generally was to trade or "swap" as they termed it.

These Indians domiciled themselves in rude and primitive huts or wigwams as they were called. In winter these were made of bark of several thicknesses, with an opening at the top for the escape of the smoke. Their fires were built on the ground in the middle of the wigwam. Here the cooking was done in the winter, other seasons, when the weather permitted, this was done outside. They slept upon mats placed upon the ground, the family arranging themselves in a circle, their feet to the fire and their heads to the walls of the tent or wigwam —these were always built round, the better for sleeping purposes.

The Indians, in the division of labor, imposed upon the squaws the major share. It was theirs to plant, afterward harvest the corn, erect the wigwams, with the assistance of the bucks at rare intervals. They had the cooking to do; they cared for the children, the little babies being strapped to their backs and carried from place to place, as hunt-

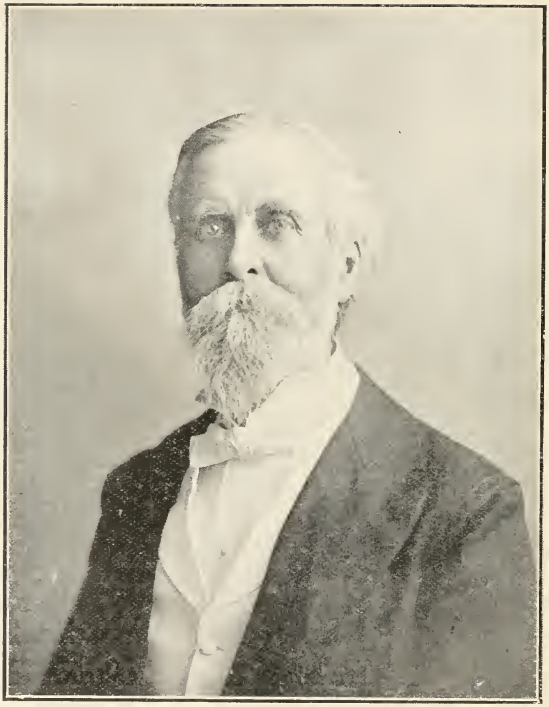
ing and trapping required—the men did the hunting and trapping, and the rest of their time was divided between lolling around and eating the savory stews that the squaws provided. The squaws also tanned the skins of the animals, made the moccasins, leggings, and in fact all the clothing for their families. The squaws' work was never done, while the bucks were at leisure as soon as the game was brought home. They all, however, had their time of play and frolic. The little Indian boys with their bows and arrows, tiny girls playing in the sand making images of dolls, the squaws gossiping and indulging themselves in the ringing laugh peculiar to the race, and the men bragging over some huge fish story or hunting expedition, just as white folks do now, and so their time went on.

Their boats were what we call dugouts or canoes. These generally were made of white wood. Logs of the desired length and thickness were shaved to a point at both ends, the body part cut or scraped out to correspond with the size of the log. With these they floated on the waters of the lakes and rivers while trapping and fishing, and used them for the transportation of their families and household goods whenever it was possible to do so. The propelling power was a paddle in the hands of a buck or squaw; either could manage it with deftness and safety.

Today gorged with plenty, tomorrow nothing in store for hungry stomachs. Such was Indian life in the early days. They were like children, and never gave a thought for future needs, and why should they? The woods abounded with game, and in their seasons, the hillsides were red with strawberries, and other berries grew in profusion along the wayside. Never was a State more favored by nature than this one—for the lakes surrounding it are filled with fish, and I doubt whether there is a locality anywhere more thickly inhabited with wild animals; even in 1840 it was in verity the Elysium for hunters. Those good old times are now with the past. The mission of the Indian is ended; his happy hunting grounds are supplanted by the white man's fields. Henceforth, the future welfare of the few remaining Indians must depend upon their assimilation of the manners and customs of the white. He, too, "by the sweat of his brow" must earn his bread.

I presume there are some, I know there are, who will cherish and hold with me sympathetic remembrances of the red men and women who trod these grounds long before the sturdy pioneers came to drive them from their homes and lands.

Where is now the noble Pee-i-ti-ac gone? Where are his faithful fol-



HARVEY J. HOLLISTER, GRAND RAPIDS.

lowers and associates? All gone. Some of them died in the fullness of years, but the mass of them in the prime of life. They quickly faded away as they came in touch with civilized life. Their simple natures, only too rapidly, took up the vices and ignored the virtues of the white man. And the one great source of evil, the demon, Scatawaabeo—fire-water—why was it brought into contact with them to debauch and hurry them to untimely graves? Lo! the poor Indian.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Events in Grand Rapids from 1850 to 1860.[1]

BY HARVEY J. HOLLISTER.

As one seeks to recall the scenes and occurrences of his earlier years, how delightful are the remembrances that arise when, as a young man, the faces and expressions of those now gone forever come before him! My own experience, brought out in some degree by the preparation that I have given to this imperfect paper, assures me of this fact.

It was a bleak day early in May, 1850, when I first came to Grand Rapids. The town had already taken on some of the city airs, for it boasted a population of 2,500 and was about to organize as a city. I think that in the following June it did take on the name and whatever honors attended such a step. It was a small beginning, but quite large enough to satisfy the men who helped to place it in that list.

At that time it was four days' journey from the town of Pontiac, where I had resided for two years, to this place, one day from that place to Detroit, one day from Detroit to Battle Creek and two days from that little town to Grand Rapids. I came through from Battle Creek with Mr. Fisk, of Fisk's lake, whose hotel has recently been changed into a most commodious barn, purchased by Mr. West, who has also erected a beautiful home near by.

A young man, just out of my "teens," it seemed like a long way from my humble home in the town of Romeo, where my father and mother settled in 1827.

Having traveled but little at the time—Detroit being the only city of any size that I had ever visited (at that time inconsiderable), it was not strange, after all, if Grand Rapids should have seemed to me at

[1] Paper read at annual meeting of Old Residents' Association and published through the courtesy of E. A. Stowe of the "Michigan Tradesman."

that time as quite a remarkable town. Indeed, it was, for the people who made up the place were energetic, full of courage and filled with the spirit of progress which has marked the principal people of the city ever since. Every man had ideas. All were intent upon making of our city that which it has become, "no mean city," one of the fairest and most beautiful of our western centers.

My brother, Dr. Hollister, had preceded me by a year, so that my acquaintances were easily made, and in circles that have proved of lasting benefit to me and my family.

As I have already stated, 2,500 people comprised our population fifty-six years ago. Shut off from the outside world, without public roads, with no railroad this side of Kalamazoo, with unbroken forests all about, it seemed sometimes as if it would be a long period before there could be any perceptible change. But changes came and came rapidly. The men who were then on the ground were young men, and as I have already stated, with energy and courage sufficient for any emergency.

When I place before you such names as Dr. Penney, Rev. James Ballard, Father Vezosky and Dr. Cuming, as among our first clergymen; with George Kendall, Ransom Luce, James Lyman, W. D. Foster, William H. McConnell, A. Roberts and Son, Tanner Taylor, Jefferson Morrison, John Kendall, the Rathbones, the Peirces, W. A. Richmond, George Cogshall, Daniel Ball and Mr. Henry, with Mr. Squiers and Mr. Sweet as our millers, you will readily understand that our affairs could not remain at a standstill.

Added to the good will and ambition of these men you might always anticipate the will of our lawyers, such as Mr. Church, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Champlin, Mr. Eggleston, Judge Withey, Mr. John Ball, Mr. A. D. Rathbone and others. Then came the physicians, such as Dr. Shepard, Dr. Platt, Dr. Hollister and Dr. Henderson. These men with one mind sought to create a spirit of enterprise and enlargement.

Among our old residents at that time was our greatly respected friend, Mr. Butterworth, who passed away at a good old age not many years ago. He was a man of great courage and perseverance. He worked on with his old white horse and limited means to make a place for himself and those who were to follow him. He, with those already mentioned, and many more, were the men who turned over the soil and made the beginning of the place that had now become my permanent home. The Campaus and the Godfroys were here in their strength and were called the early settlers at that time.

It is hardly to be expected that in a paper of this character one can

tell of many things that you would love to hear; of the scarcity of money, of the low prices of provisions, of the barter and exchanges, of the issue a few years prior to my coming of the sum of $300 as village currency; of the difficulty of making payments in the East for goods purchased; of the haste with which any drafts on New York were picked up; of the great pleasure it gave to learn of a fresh arrival—some one who would be liable to invest.

Among those who had left, or were about to leave, for the gold field of California, then attracting the attention of the world, was Mr. Bostwick, whose home, as many of you know, was situated where now is the almost deserted and yet beautiful Morris home. He left a lovely wife behind him and many who respected him, and set out upon a trip which was the means of causing so much of sorrow to many and so little of enjoyment to the few. He perished by the way, like many others. In my journeyings across the plains in more recent years, where his life went out, I have always thought of him and of the early ending of a life that seemed to have so much of enterprise, ability and character. His death prevented others from going upon a long and perilous journey. I can hardly think of any more positive lesson. We did not have any other which seemed so imperative until we lost our old and true friend, Captain Gunnison, who, at the head of a surveying party, was sent out by the government and cut off by the Indians, or the Mormons, who had settled in Utah some few years prior to his demise. His death, and that of his entire party, roused the government so that in 1857 General Jackson, with 1,200 men, left the Missouri river in May of that year with instructions from those in authority to proceed to Utah and exterminate the Mormons.

Some of you will remember the results—how that after passing over long, weary miles of plain and desert the supply train of 200 was cut off by the Indians and Mormons and utterly destroyed, only one person of the 200 ever reaching the Missouri river; how the struggling army, bereft of their supplies, almost starved, finally encamped at Fort Bridgen for the winter, subsisting as best they could on dried buffalo meat; and how, when spring came, they gradually found their way down to Salt lake through Echo cannon, where Brigham Young stood ready to buy their outfits for a song. To many of you who have had the privilege of visiting that noted spot it may now seem strange that anything so revolting and so barbarous could have been enacted, but so it was.

In regard to the Mormons, I have this to say, knowing something of their history, somewhat of their interior workings, that the spirit of

the old days is not extinct. They are a disloyal people. They occupy one of the fairest portions of the country. They have no care for this government—the church first, country last. I have been among that people many times, and some of my relatives have lived there for a quarter of a century, so that I know what I am saying. Their principles are bad, and if they can have their way they will with Smoot, and others far more shrewd than he, continue to be a stain upon this fair country. They are a stain, how long to continue who can tell? Under the cloak of religion they are working in the territories and states adjoining, until they control, by their votes, in an emergency, some half dozen states and territories other than Utah. You will find their advocates everywhere. Over 2,000 missionaries are now abroad teaching and influencing. Every train bound westward carries a carload, or less number, who are bound to that beautiful country. They go not by their own will, but by the will of the church and to do its bidding.

Pardon me for so long dwelling upon this matter, but they killed our dear Captain Gunnison—a man so fine in his personnel, so modest and so brave, that one who knew of those years can hardly refrain from telling some things that he knows so well.

From 1850 to 1860 the years went swiftly by. The town grew, the public offices were well served, the mayor received one dollar per year and the aldermen not much more. It was a period during which many improvements took place. The brick stores of Mr. McConnell and Mr. Luce, the banking office of Mr. Daniel Ball, and other new buildings went up, and the town had grown to have a population of some 8,000 when the United States census was taken in 1860. The churches had grown in number and spirit. Men had grown. Their plans and purposes had all enlarged. They were ready to take on larger plans, to do more work. Men like W. D. Foster, Henry Martin and his brother, George Martin, who had been chief justice of the State while Henry was the partner of W. D. Foster; Daniel Ball, M. L. Sweet, Judge Withey, who had become United States judge very soon after the war broke out; the Gilberts, Mr. Comstock and W. T. Powers could not be held back. The country was all aflame. Fremont had been nominated and some of us had cast our first presidential vote in 1856. He was almost elected, but not quite, Mr. Buchanan succeeding.

We were all young men. There were no doubts as to the future that dominated us. There were no gray hairs. All was expectation, hope, willingness to do and to suffer, if need be. It was the spirit that ac-

tuated many of our young men—forty-six years ago—in the making of a young and enterprising city. Many of our best young men and even youths, responded later to the call when it came from Mr. Lincoln.

Better days none of us have ever seen. One can hardly look back upon those ten years without a great feeling of thankfulness as he sees how our country has passed on and on to larger and even larger possibilities than any of us even dreamed of. Still, the world was a large one even then, although we were without gas, electric lights, telephones and, until 1859, without any connection with the outside world except through the woods or by the river, the latter being the way that most of our shipments were made, either to or from our place. Many strangers from the east and from other sections of the country came to us. Only a few went away. Today it is a splendid place to come to—a hard place to get away from.

The prices of our forest products were improving. When the price of pine lands went up on Grand river to ten dollars, then those who had large holdings came from the east, willing to sell all. They felt that the money was worth more than the lands at ten dollars per acre. Indeed, it was a question with early settlers how to go on and pay for the little farms upon which they had settled from scant earnings. I think some are present who will bear witness to what I say. If the Baileys and the Pattersons, the Allens, the Burtons, and the Chubbs and others were to tell their experiences of the early days, they could tell much more—of the privations and hard times of the forties and the early fifties.

I was appointed treasurer of one of our churches in the early fifties, at a time when it was difficult to collect the $500 which we had agreed to pay our minister and when the donation party was a necessity. Those were days when a little went a long way and when banks and bankers were hardly known. Some of you will remember that the State or National bank was not known in our midst at that time. Indeed, the latter had not been heard of. Not until the civil war was it intimated or even dreamed that we might have a National bank with a national currency that would be as good in one part of the country as in another.

You will remember well those early days and the difficulties we had to overcome when one desired to make a journey to the east—the exchanges that had to be made in our currency in order to get something that would be current there.

In the midst of a growing community like our own there were many things to which I can only briefly refer, and some events in our courts that may be briefly spoken of.

Some of you will remember the case of George Mills, an older brother of Warren Mills, who was convicted of the burning of the Taylor tannery; the trial and conviction of George Evans for manslaughter, and others that I might speak of, but will not.

As I have said, many men came to us and a few went away to the larger cities, like Chicago and New York, some with great expectations, that were realized in part, while others came back after a while disappointed and ever after seemed unable to pick up the tangled threads of their broken lives. It is always so, for there are some unwilling to be satisfied with moderate returns and are forever reaching out for greater. It is well for us who still remain of the company of fifty years ago—I say it is well—that we should be very thankful that we were permitted to remain, to hold on and grow up with the place and not be carried away by any deceptive light, although at the time it might seem very alluring. I am very thankful personally that there were such men as I have named, and others with them, who stayed on and held the ship steady. These men were my friends and yours. They planted deep the foundations of a good society. They were not not for the large or wonderful things that they did, but they were faithful honest, true hearted.

We can not let these occasions go by without at least thinking of them, praising their faithfulness, emulating their deeds and seeking to enshrine their memories in our hearts.

Some of you will remember the home of Colonel Roberts—a palatial mansion for those days, situated where is now the Penin[illegible]ar Club building. Dr. Shepard's home was next adjacent on the [illegible]ill, then came Deacon Haldane's and his noted grapevine, from which was produced the wine that supplied the communion tables of the town. Near by these homes were those of George Martin, A. D. Rathbone, W. D. Foster and Daniel Ball, all situated on the higher ground which overlooked the town and where the occupants felt [illegible]re against encroachments.

I remember well the difficulties which the authorities encoun[illegible] when the grading of Pearl street was pushed through, letting down passageway to those homes. How changed is the topography of the city at the present from what it was at that time!

Much of the time upper Monroe street was damp and wet, Canal street proved to be a slough of despond in the early spring, [illegible] to the farmer and the citizen who attempted to work his way from the Sweet or Squier mills on to higher ground. Also Canal street some

of our enterprising citizens had erected high board walks, on which the pedestrian could travel, provided he watched his steps carefully, avoiding by so doing the mud and water that were a part of the street below.

I well remember a farmer whose wagon became mired just opposite the Old National Bank building. Exasperated by the efforts which he made to extricate himself and his team, he denounced the town and those in authority, calling upon one higher in authority to denounce also.

I remember also, the sloop that came sailing down Canal street during high water, loaded with flour, which was deposited on the sidewalk just opposite the bank. Canal street has been raised several feet since those days.

Quite a number here will remember the feeling that existed between e people on the east side and the west side of the river. During the ly fifties there was much effort put forth to make the west side the al city, and for some years the county jail and county offices were a the west side. It was the time when Dr. Penney, Lawyer Patterson, . Turners, the Chubbs and others on that side were prominent and n their influence was felt throughout the whole city. There are dly any representatives of those old families living. Fifty years more is a long period to those who are starting out on the journey, only a brief period to those who have passed over the way.

was during this period that the citizens began to enlarge their s. ndings. The three-story modest bank building that Mr. Ball bu was started—a model of its kind, also his stone home on the hill, the residence of Mr. Ransom Wood—quite out of town—and Mr. Foster's as well. The fine store building erected by Mr. Luce was admired. It became a mass of ruins a few years ago and was replaced by the elegant building occupied now by the Herpolsheimers. I recall wo-story double store building owned and occupied by William H. nnell, whe the writer spent a little time during the first two of his residence here. Those days in the dry goods business—I t forget them, nor will I extol them. Entirely unacquainted w e trade, all previous experience being connected with the drug business, it was taking up a new life; and the ways of things, the ideas proprietor, the difficulties with customers—some native, some some Dutch—were anything but pleasant. Some of you will ren ber that in 1850 the Dutch were settling in Holland and that Grand Rapids was their only trading post. Quite at a loss to under-

stand anything they said, knowing very little of the Indian language, you will readily understand that a young man of those days—fifty-six years ago—had a perplexing time of it.

In 1855 my brother, who for some years had practiced as a physician here, moved to Chicago, where he now lives. He is the only physician left of the many who were in that city at the time that he moved there. Chicago was a small city, but a vigorous one. Although its streets were principally mud and dust, without pavements and with hardly any sidewalks, it was a western pioneer city, indeed.

I remember being in that city in 1852. The hotel where I stopped—a small white building close by the lake—was the best hotel there. In company with several gentlemen, we attempted to come across Lake Michigan in a sloop. After getting out about twenty miles, the captain induced us to turn about and make port. The sea was very heavy and our ship unseaworthy. The passengers were delighted to know that the views of the captain were in harmony with their own.

I was at that time in the store of John Kendall, with Hudson Patten and Young Hurd. I had worked my way up, as I then thought, to a better position than any hitherto occupied by me.

All goods were purchased elsewhere and shipped in by the lakes and so up the river.[1] Those were great days for river boats. They were

[1] Mrs. F. A. Hyatt of St. Johns, Mich., writes of the early times in the following manner: My mother came to Michigan with her parents about 1846, and for several years taught some of the young ideas of Kent county how to grow. Grand Rapids was where she spent the few dollars of her scanty income, and often in speaking of it called it a "shanty village." The stores were few and mostly built of wide boards with the ends reaching from water-table to cornice. The widow Tawnley who furnished the millinery, lived in a little cottage which did duty as salesroom and residence, it being built on piles over the river on Canal street. It had a bridge from the door to the street. The stock consisted of three bolts of ribbon from which to make a selection. One spring she brought from the east a parasol and placed it on exhibition with fear and trembling it being the only one in the city. Mother being young and endowed with a goodly amount of pride, became the proud possessor of this rare piece of merchandise. I believe the river was afterwards straightened, and the old bed filled in, giving a firmer foundation for the widow's little cottage. From this small beginning a business grew which resulted in two or three brick blocks. Somewhere about 1853, my parents lived at Muskegon, father being head sawyer in Martin Ryerson's mill, which, together with the boarding-house, the company's store and a few rough cottages made up the city. Often mother entertained me by telling of watching the masts of the sailboats as they came in quest of their cargo of lumber, and also of how she was lulled to sleep by the howls of the wolves as they stood at the edge of the clearing, with their ugly forms outlined against the moonlit landscape. Indians were numerous in those days, and many of them often took on too heavy a load of fire-water. The squaws had an original method of promoting sobriety, which was accomplished by two squaws taking hold of a tipsy Indian and dragging him to the lake and sousing him in, and after two or three dips he was laid on the shore to dry, and in a short time he was able to get about with a clear brain and steady legs. The usual mode of travel between Muskegon and Grand Haven was by rowboat, or on horseback, following the edge of the lake and winding in and out around the sand dunes, at times the horse being obliged to wade some distance in the water. Land that father would not pay one dollar an acre for, saying "that white sand would never amount to anything," is now in the heart of the city of Muskegon.

good river steamers and every morning one or two moved off for Grand Haven loaded with freight and passengers. This was before the days of railroads. Those were fine days for the river boats. The river has long ceased to be the avenue through which Grand Rapids has procured its goods. They were accustomed to tie up immediately behind where the Old National Bank now stands.

It was the time when slavery was an established institution, when anti-slavery ideas and anti-slavery men were held in abeyance, for although there were some outspoken men, the Missouri Compromise had apparently settled that question for years to come. Not as yet had Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Davis prominently made their appearance. The nomination of Mr. Fremont did not take place until 1856, fifty years ago this year. The south was anxious even then, but her anxiety was hardly felt by us up here, nor were parties divided upon the question of slavery and anti-slavery. We were busy during those early years in finding each his place and in doing day by day the work laid out for us.

An uncle of mine, a planter, would not come north even at that early day. He would not come among his northern relatives because he said and believed they were all anti-slavery in their feelings. Another uncle of mine, a planter, came from Mississippi to the north in the summer of 1856. He was traveling with his little family for rest. He said to me, "It is the earnest hope of the south that Mr. Fremont will not be elected. Should he be elected, it will cause great disturbance in our country." I replied that it did not seem to me that it should make that difference, that there could not be any such thing as separation for the two sections, although the line was being drawn sharply along the Ohio river between the north and the south. In 1860 another uncle, a minister, came north and said the same thing to me—that, in case Mr. Lincoln was elected, it would be very unfortunate, that the south would stand up for its own rights as against the claims of the north, and that the future of our prosperity and liberty depended largely upon whether he was elected or defeated. These uncles of mine were northern men who had lived long enough in the south to become thoroughly southern in their feelings.

We could not appreciate their position nor understand the spirit that moved them to say what they did. Subsequently the spirit of the south revealed itself in the action of South Carolina, and we are all well acquainted with what occurred during the first years of the sixties and the long struggle of four years or more for a united country. The little

home, the fireside, the next-door neighbor, the church, the town, engrossed us. We seemed to have no fears. There would be no war—that was the farthest from our thoughts. Our friends, our relatives were there. How could there be any war?

Do not some of you remember when $400 was an extraordinary amount to expend for the head clerk? That sum was paid to George Luther, who was bookkeeper for John Kendall during 1851 and 1852. When he took up the venture of opening a store at Lamont with Mr. Kendall, I was admitted to his place. How careful we were of expenditures in those days! How long we considered the expense for a new suit of clothes; how careful lest the clothes should not prove worthy; how long we made them last! I shall not forget the scanty supply of furniture in our little cottage on Fulton street. A shilling then seemed to go as far as a dollar goes now. Vacation? It was a word hardly known at that time. There was no two weeks' absence from his work for a clerk in those days, hardly two days. We had scarcely time enough to get married. I remember so very well that in 1855 my employer, Mr. Ball, could scarcely give me two or three weeks for that most important duty, although I had been with him two years and more —patient man that he was with me. Every person who was capable was expected, of course, to be ready for work every week day, and Sundays were full and running over.

There were two or three men at that time considered to be worth from $50,000 to $75,000, although, undoubtedly, they were overestimated. In my native town it was stated that the man most wealthy—the richest man of the place—had not over $20,000, and he had accumulated that in the east. Mr. Richmond and Mr. Ball were possessors of the sum named, but, alas, the days were not long enough, or too long, it may be, in which to hold it securely.

Among the personal incidents that occurred during the early years of my experience in banking I vividly remember this one: One afternoon in 1855, in the course of business, I received a deposit from Aaron Dikeman, the old jeweler of the town. I had then been in the employ of Mr. Ball about two years. I had by this time become quite expert in the handling of money and could usually detect any counterfeit bill. In the deposit of Mr. Dikeman there was a five dollar note which I threw out, claiming it to be counterfeit. Mr. Dikeman immediately said to me that he had received it only a little while before from one Cook, who lived in the Bailey neighborhood. I thought no more of the transaction until later in the afternoon, when I was subpœnaed to appear before

Justice Sinclair at his office. On arriving there—it was a two-story wooden building located where now stands the structure occupied by the Herpolsheimer company—I found that the court was in session. Mr. Dikeman was there, as was the man Cook. He had been arrested by the constable, who was present. I had not seen the man Cook before, but had heard of the family as one that was often in trouble, one of the brothers being at that time in prison for some crime, similar, if I remember correctly, to the one committed by the man who had just been arrested. I was immediately called upon by the court to testify as to the genuineness of the five dollar note in question. I gave my evidence, the bill being before me upon the table. As I was stating that, in my judgment, the bill was counterfeit, I was suddenly seized by the prisoner and nearly strangled, and when the court room—filled by a number of men interested in the case—was turned into confusion by the act, the man seized the bill and escaped down the stairs, got into his wagon, the horses being hitched at the door, and started for the open country. The constable, the court, indeed, all who witnessed the affair, were so upset by the suddenness of the man's performance that no effort was made by any one to prevent his getting away. Indeed, not until the following morning was any effort made to arrest him. When the posse did arrive at Cook's house, he had left the place and no word could be obtained regarding his whereabouts for several months. Some time after we were informed as to the location of the man, but there arose the difficulty of apprehension, as it required some seventy-five dollars in money to hire any one to make the attempt. At last the money was raised, the constable went off, and, as we supposed, would return with the criminal. He did return, but without any prisoner, his claim being that he could not be found. Whether true or not, no one could tell, although it was currently reported that the constable had been bought off.

Such was the state of society in those days of the early fifties. No protection for the one who suffered, no effort to find or punish the criminal! A third brother threatened to take my life if he ever got a chance. For two years after that time I carried a pistol constantly by me. I never have had occasion to carry one since.

You who are younger can hardly imagine such a transaction to have been committed on the main street of Grand Rapids in the middle of the day, but it was done at a time when the laws were not so protective as at present. It would be impossible for any person to perpetrate such an act at this time and go Scot free ever after. You can well

understand that the act was long remembered by me, and the event is as fresh in my memory as though it occurred only last week, although fifty years have passed away. There were not many breaks so daring as this one, but our society was in its formative period. We did not at that time pay out more than $100,000 each year for police protection. I think $100 would have been nearer the sum.

You will remember the people living on the river and the families that seemed to make up the principal part of that scattered population. There was Dominie Ferry and family at Grand Haven, and the Gilberts, who moved to this town about 1836, and C. B. Albee. There were Rix Robinson, at Ada, A. F. Carr, at Ionia, Mr. Hall, Judge Lowell—all men of capacity and courage and force. Down the river were the Harrises, the Whites, Richard Roberts, the Jenisons and John Haire and Dr. Eastman. At Plainfield were Harry Smith and the Richardsons and John Hopkins. Most of them were busily engaged in lumbering. At Muskegon may be named such men as Martin Ryerson and Robert Morris, Mr. Davis, T. J. Rand, the Hackleys, Mann & Moon, and George Roberts, and at Newaygo John Brooks and Jacob Cummer. These men I used often to meet in business and had respect and esteem for them all.

It is quite possible that there are some present who will remember it was in 1850 that Daniel Webster uttered those words which inflamed New England and gave consistency to those motives that were already beginning to be felt by our fellowmen, that there was a higher law that must be observed. It was in 1852 that the effects of that great speech, uttered by the great man, reacted upon him, when he received but thirty votes for the presidency out of a total of 293.

Until the 7th of March, 1850, Daniel Webster was the oracle of New England. He seemed to dwell at every fireside, mingling with every discussion where the power and glory and authority of this country were in question. The shock of amazement, of consternation and of grief that went through the north has had no parallel save that which attended the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. There were those here who were grieved, sadly disturbed by his utterances.

It was about this time when Mr. Turner, of the "Eagle," raised the flag of freedom in his paper, and only a little later, in 1854, when those men of Michigan who did not believe in the things that Mr. Webster uttered, assembled at Jackson, Under the Oaks, and gave to this country the first words of an organized party in behalf of the colored man, which has endured to this day.

New England was stirred. The states in the west were stirred. Gradually but surely those forces were gathering in the north that would settle the question by force of arms. Still, we did not think it would come to that. Little did we dream, as we held our evening drills on Campau Square, that we would ever be called out to fight for the Union. Yet it was just this that happened, for, as I recall the names of the young men who, under Colonel McConnell, went through the ordinary army drill by the light of the moon, I know that most of them enlisted in the Michigan Third and only a little later were summoned to meet their brothers in deadly conflict. Some came back, some did not. Among those who gave their lives were Benjamin Church and Samuel Judd.

During the ten years from 1850 to 1860, being the period I am trying to cover, our western plains were filled with romantic as well as tragic incidents. At the time that our army passed over on their way to Utah, under General Jackson, when nearing the North Platte, some 290 miles west from Omaha, they came in contact with immense herds of buffalo. This incident was related to me by General Heath, of the regular army, as we traveled together westward. "We had just passed the North Platte river in 1857, when the buffalo were all about us for a number of days, and our soldiers shot many of them. So great were the numbers that they could not be counted. An estimate was made, however, and the records gave a total of 400,000."

The general in 1861 went into the confederate army, being a Virginian. At the date when I met him—twenty-one years ago,—he had again assumed his old place in the United States army and was on his way to San Francisco in the service of the government. He is not living now, having died but a little while ago. He was a splendid gentleman and I remember the interview with pleasure. His stories of that passage across the plains also gave great pleasure to other gentlemen in the car. His memory of the trip was very fresh and the incidents related were of great interest.

A few weeks ago I went over the ground again and, as always before, I thought of Mr. Bostwick and Captain Gunnison and their sad ending. There may be some of you who have other friends in mind who died as they did. To me they stand out particularly as men who gave their lives in the service of the ones left behind.

I do not mean to enlarge upon the deeds that filled the days of the first ten years of my life here. So much was gathered up during that time, and so brief the time one has here in which to speak, it would be im-

possible. Most of the men and women who were residents of our city during the decade mentioned have passed on before. They have fought their fight, they have finished their course, there is but a corporal's guard waiting. Gray hairs have come in great abundance, whereas fifty years ago there were hardly any; today, well, look about you.

The Grand River valley was then an almost unbroken forest and western Michigan was undeveloped. Now, with the forests removed, the fair landscape of farms and homes and prosperous towns and cities is before us as we pass rapidly through the State. How strange, how mysterious does it seem that at that time it required sixteen hours to reach Kalamazoo by quick stage; now one hour and a quarter by rail. Not only this, but everything else corresponds. Then it took from four to five months to go to California, and privations and death were often a part of the trip; now it is an easy, luxurious trip covering only three or four days; then three days to Detroit, now four hours. So much has the world, or at least this part of it, progressed. The dreams of the fathers have been far more than realized. Did they even dream of such things? No, they were so busy caring for the flock that was about them, seeking to plant good seed, even though they might not reap the harvest. The fathers were accustomed to go slowly and reap sparingly, but how much of true enjoyment was realized! Men were looking forward, not backward. They were, however, fast approaching momentous days—days when the bugle call would summon them to war—a war of brother against brother. Those were days when it required all the patriotism that a man possessed to leave home, wife and children for fifteen dollars a month to serve his country where health and life were to be imperiled. It seems hardly possible at this time that so many should have been willing to go, this State alone sending nearly 100,000 men during the four years of fratricidal war that ensued. We see, at this time, at the Soldiers' Home, some of those who returned to tell the story of the hardships, the homesickness, the privation suffered. Nearly all of us had friends or relatives at the front and some of us had dear relatives in the south.

A relative of mine from a southern state, who had served his state in the confederate service, said to me at one time in Washington, where he was living at that time and where he had been sent as a representative from Louisiana, "Oh, it was, indeed, a most righteous war. I did not think so at the time, but the bonds that held the slave never would have been sundered except by the sword. It was a terrible lesson, but we had to learn it. We will arise from its effects, but it will take

many years. There are those who today reason that the war could have been avoided, that the south would have been willing to accept payment for their slaves. Some of them undoubtedly would, while others would not. They were wedded to the system. A confederate soldier, said, 'There was no other way but by the sword.'"

There are comparatively but a few living today who were in active life then. The children of those days are the active men and women of this city. The stains of the bloody conflict are disappearing, we will hope, forever. The southern states are bearing their part well. They are more clearly American than we are here. We have so many among us of foreign birth. May no root of discord ever spring up again.

The colored man is far from being practically a free man, although more than forty years have passed since Mr. Lincoln uttered his famous proclamation. In some secluded places in the south he is still held as a life-long servant, really a slave, although he is slowly learning the great lesson of how to be useful and making himself felt as a necessity. As one has recently said, "We can't expect that forty years of freedom will work out or do away with two hundred and fifty years of slavery." Naturally this is so. His place in the great working force of this country is as yet uncertain.

Not one of the older residents will forget the drug firm of Shepard & Putnam. Dr. Shepard was quite an old physician when I came here. He had been a resident of the town some fifteen years, which carried one back to the beginning of things in this then embryo city. I remember an incident that Dr. Shepard related at one of our Old Residents' meetings, when he was president of the association. The meeting was held at the Morton house. He said, "As I was coming through the State from Detroit to Grand Rapids I came upon a tribe of Indians on the Flat river. I could not speak the Indian language at all, but the Indian chief seemed glad to see me and, being an Indian, welcomed me as a physician. I found that the tribe were suffering from smallpox, which had broken out among them. While in Detroit, I had fortified myself with some vaccine matter and, with the consent of the chief, I applied the remedy to the entire tribe who were well or convalescent and remained among them for some little time before continuing my journey to Grand Rapids. When at last I told the chief that I must go on, he put his hand on my shoulder and uttered his thanks in impressive Indian words."

This was the Doctor's first practice in Michigan. How long he lived in our midst! How sadly was he missed! When seventy-two years of

age there was a birthday party given for him, when he seemed to be not over fifty. I think he lived to be about eighty-four years of age.

There are many here who will remember the advent of Rev. S. S. N. Greely and family to our city. They came early in 1858. Mr. Greely had been here the previous year and many of our people heard him preach on two Sabbaths. So much were they pleased with his appearance, his delivery and his sermons that almost immediately he was invited to be the pastor of the First Congregational church. The church had been without a regular pastor for some months. He replied that it would be quite impossible for him to comply, as his family and duty seemed to require him to remain where he was in Great Barrington, Mass. So great, however, was the desire on the part of many of our people that he should become one of our residents that a second invitation was placed in the hands of Dr. John C. Gallup, who proceeded to Great Barrington and presented it to Mr. Greely. Evidently the invitation was strong enough, for it proved effectual, as he with his family came in April, 1858. Mr. Greely and family proved to be a great accession to this community. He remained until 1863, when the civil war claimed him, and he left with the sixth Michigan cavalry as chaplain.

You will remember the colonel of this regiment was George Gray, an attorney of this city, a partner at one time of Judge Withey. George Gray was no ordinary man or attorney. Greatly gifted in many ways, he finally became general counsel of the Northern Pacific Railway company, having his headquarters in New York. He died at an early age amidst important work.

In connection with attorneys we do not forget Mr. James Miller and Mr. John T. Holmes, both good attorneys and good citizens.

Henry R. Williams was our first mayor, a genial gentleman and a most excellent citizen. He died of that dread disease, consumption, that has carried away so many of our people.

Some of you will remember with interest the call made by the First Presbyterian church on the west side to Rev. Courtney Smith. He succeeded Rev. Dr. Penney, who had been called to the First Presbyterian church at Pontiac, in this State. The Rev. Mr. Smith held forth for some years in his parish on the west side and to many parishioners on this side of the river. Mr. Smith was an able preacher. He had as his principal singers Mr. and Mrs. P. R. L. Peirce. A considerable number of our people were accustomed to listen to his discourses.

When Dr. Penney and family left the city, it seemed to many that

they were losing one of the most cultured and estimable families of our young city. There were three sons and one daughter—Joseph, Thomas and Richard being the names of the sons. Joseph came back to live among us in 1870. Thomas was my special friend. After his marriage with a Rochester lady they lived in a comparatively new town, St. Joseph, Mo. He with his brother Joseph was engaged in transferring emigrants across the Missouri river. You will remember that the tide of travel into Kansas and Nebraska and across the plains during the middle fifties was very strong. Almost entirely these currents of emigration were centered at St. Joseph and Omaha. It was here that Thomas was attacked by that insidious disease, consumption, and he, with his little family, went back east to Rochester to his father's home, where he died.

You will undoubtedly remember the law firm of Foote & Smith—Thaddeus Foote and Eben Smith. Mr. Foote occupied the home of Dr. Penney and lived there until he died. Eben Smith later on moved to the State of Washington, where he became judge, and he has but recently died.

Among our insurance agents during these years were J. S. Crosby, S. O. Kingsbury, Robert P. Sinclair and Deacon Tracy. Our jewelry firms were represented by F. K. Allison, A. Preusser and two or three of lesser note. The justices of peace were represented by William Ashley, Jr., Thompson Sinclair and James Van Buren. Among the lumber dealers were E. M. Adams, C. C. Comstock and William H. Withey. R. E. Butterworth, McCrea Bros. and G. S. Deane were busily engaged in their respective foundries, while Foster & Metcalf, Goodrich & Gay and W. S. Gunn sold general hardware.

Cabinet ware was manufactured by Mr. Comstock, W. T. Powers & Co. and George Widdicomb & Sons. I do not know but the goods they manufactured might have been "furniture" such as is now produced in such great quantities by many firms, at least in primitive form. If so, it does not appear, as a business issue gotten out in regular form by officials does not show the word "furniture" but "cabinet ware." The growth of the furniture trade has evidently sprung into its world-wide significance in succeeding years, a business which brings credit to our city, both by the quantity produced and the quality of the production.

The plank road ought not to be passed in our hurried retrospect of those ten years. Under the leadership of William H. Withey, we were greatly relieved of muddy roads and uncomfortable experiences when this road was constructed. This road was really the first great outlet

to the world at large and our citizens enjoyed it hugely. After the opening of the Detroit & Milwaukee railroad, which occurred some two or three years later, it fell somewhat into disuse, but for a long time was actively used as one of the thoroughfares for heavy transportation.

Among our grocers were the well-known names of James Lyman, R. C. Luce, Miller & Grinnell, J. F. Godfroy, L. H. Randall, J. H. Martin and L. D'Ooge.

Our academy was under the direction of Franklin Everett. The banking interests were carried forward by Daniel Ball & Co. and William J. Wells. For a brief time one Revilo Wells did something in the way of discounting notes at heavy rates. He left us, however, between two days, and when next heard from had settled himself somewhere in Oregon. The public schools were under the superintendence of the Rev. James Ballard, Mr. Chesebro and wife and Prof. Strong.

I have briefly referred to Dr. Cuming. I want to speak of him once more. I think that I have never known a clergyman who manifested the same amount of earnestness and energy in his work. The doctor was in the van in his views of the growth of the young city. The gray horses that he was accustomed to drive were used in his clerical and ordinary work alike. I think we are indebted to him for the development of our hills in this city. I know that he was largely instrumental in inducing George Kendall to invest in quite a considerable tract of land lying under and on the hill where is now situated the Kendall home. In 1850 he organized St. Mark's college and my sister, now Mrs. Ferry, was at that time lady principal. In many ways he was an honor to our city—a man of great force of character, a good preacher and a practical man. After his return from serving his country as a chaplain, he did not live long. Some of his daughters still live in the home he built—a fine brick house which was the admiration of our people at the time.

The home of Henry R. Williams, our first mayor, on the opposite corner, was occupied by Dr. Johnson after Mr. Williams' death. Dr. Johnson was one of us through those years. He was an alderman in 1857, serving his city to the best of his ability. We lost him for a time, as he decided (temporarily, at least) to give his time and attention to a line of business other than his profession. After a while he came back to his first love and has attained the highest position in his profession. We honor the doctor for his long service and for his fine character. We want to have him stay a long while yet as our good friend and able physician.

On Memorial Day just passed I had the great pleasure of listening to an address delivered at Portsmouth, Virginia, by our president, Mr. Roosevelt. It was delivered to a great audience of men and women, white and colored. Some 6,000 of our boys in the army and navy gathered within the charmed circle. All about were citizens of the north and south—a great assembly. The day was an exceptionally fine one, not too warm and not too cool. The occasion was a remarkable one.

The president appealed to the thousands of his hearers to be true to their highest aspirations. There was no longer any north or south, east or west. We are all one people, bound together by the highest motives. In his peculiar way he enjoined upon all his hearers to cultivate the purest purposes in life, to live in concord one with another. Some 40,000 persons were about him, some far beyond the reach of his voice, but apparently eager to hear what the president of this great republic had to say to them on Memorial Day. It was a most remarkable effort. It was significantly in accord with that better spirit which is springing up among the people. The northern veteran and the southern veteran, each fighting for that which seemed to him at the time a principle, could now come together letting bygones be bygones, join hands in upholding the Union flag—the one flag for all. "It is the man behind the ballot who counts much in civil life, just as it is the man behind the gun who counts much in military life."

May this be the result. God hasten the day! .

With this hasty reminiscence of fifty years ago I must close. We are passing on. Some of us have about finished our work. How well it has been done others who come after us will bear witness.

The men of those days were true and brave. They looked forward and upward. They served the little city faithfully. They served the State when called upon honorably. They served their country loyally. Peace be to their ashes!

A MICHIGAN OCTOGENARIAN.

BY HENRY CHAMBERLAIN.[1]

I have been requested to furnish some facts in regard to myself for the anniversary of my eightieth birthday. While I feel flattered by this kind request, I can find reasons why I should and why I should not comply with it.

It is true that more than sixty of the eighty years which the good Lord has given me on this earth have been spent in this village or its immediate vicinity. But one hardly cares to write of himself, whether his career has been useful or otherwise. Then I find that in a life so long as mine it will be difficult without writing a volume to give anything of value for the present or perhaps for those who come after me. But I will try and give a brief history of my life.

My father, Moses Chamberlain, was a son of Major Moses Chamberlain of London, N. H., and Rebecca Abbot his wife, born February 7, 1792. My mother was a daughter of Abiel Foster, Esq., and Susania Moore, his wife, born at Canterbury, N. H., January 1, 1797. They were married June 18, 1817. Father, at the time of their marriage, was a "trader" at Pembroke, where he had been for a year or more. Their children were Mary Foster, born November 3, 1818, who married Hale E. Crosby at Concord, N. H., November 1, 1838; Mellen, who was born June 4, 1821. He was a graduate of Dartsmouth college and Harvard law school; commenced the practice of law in Boston, Mass., in 1848; was chief justice of the municipal court of that city for some years; was librarian of the Boston city library from 1876 to 1890, when he resigned; member of the Massachusetts house and senate; gave to the Boston city library a large and valuable collection of autographs and manuscripts; wrote many valuable historical works. Henry, born March 17, 1824; Elizabeth, born October 18, 1826, married October 18,

[1] Hon. Henry Chamberlain celebrated his eightieth birthday at Three Oaks, Mich., March 17th, 1904.

Tributes were sent to him from all over the State, but particularly was he honored in his own home city. The intimate friends of the family, the Business College, the Masonic Order, business men and the press gave testimonials to a busy valuable life, to a strong manly character, to a kind and sympathizing neighbor.

His ancestry is set forth in a geneological table, his services to the early pioneers portrayed by J. L. McKie, the fraternal side of his life written by William K. Sawyer, his business relation by Henry L. Hess. Ada Simpson Sherwood in a short poem extols the pioneer life as passed by him. Then we have the following autobiography furnished "Acorn" by Henry Chamberlain.

HENRY CHAMBERLAIN, THREE OAKS.

1849; John G. Mason, died March 27, 1850; William, born February 7, 1834, on coming to Michigan lived on the farm with his father until 1864, when he came to the village of Three Oaks, where he became a partner with his brother Henry, still owning the homestead farm, which he continued to manage until his death in 1902. He was a member of the Michigan house of representatives in 1871 and 1873 and the senate in 1879 and 1881, and held many public positions. He was warden of the Michigan State prison at Jackson from 1893 until his death.

The accompanying illustration from a photo taken in 1902 is a view of a house built by my father in 1820. The only changes made are the modern windows in the front part and the porch in front. In this house four of the five children of my parents were born. My childhood was much like that of others at that period. I attended the district school nearby. As there was an academy in the district the teachers thought they must ape it. Instead of teaching the "Three R's" we had a series of works by Peter Parley on botany, astronomy, etc. Since I have come to manhood and known the defects of my early education, I think at least twenty times a year I have thought—if I have not said it in words—"—— Peter Parley and all of his imitators!"

There were but few events of my childhood worth relating. The first was before my recollection and I tell it as my mother related it to me. General Lafayette, on his tour through the State in 1825, on his way to the capital, Concord, six miles distant, spent the night at the tavern within a few rods of our home. In the morning my mother took me in her arms and went to see him. She says he took my baby hand in his and said, "He is a fine boy."

In 1828 my father built a new store and in his occupancy of it determined to cease his traffic in spirituous liquors, which, at that time, every "trader" in the State dealt in. In 1831, I went to a managerie, saw the elephant, lions, tigers, monkeys, etc.

In 1833, General Jackson, Van Buren and a part of his cabinet were to be in Concord; my elder brother was very anxious to go and see him and I shared in his purpose. While my father never took much interest in party politics, he had been a federalist and was a whig, as were all of his relatives and those of my mother. It was difficult to get his consent, but it was obtained and he allowed us to do a piece of work by which we earned twenty-five cents, which was enough to purchase the ginger-bread and small beer to sustain us through the day. In the capital square when the general alighted from the horse which he rode, a circle formed around him. I broke through this circle and went up

to him and took hold of his coat. Some officious person took hold of me to pull me away when he noticed me and put his hand on my head and said, "Let the boy alone, he will do no harm." I must say I was disappointed in the general. I heard him so often denounced that I presumed that he was somewhat like the lion or the tiger that I had seen in the managerie.

In 1834 Stephen S. Foster, who afterwards became famous as an anti-slavery man and who was second cousin of my mother, came to our house. I think he was then a student at Andone's theological seminary. It was his vacation and he was on his way home. He was welcomed and in the evening discussed the question of slavery with my father. At family worship that evening I heard from father, for the first time, a prayer for the bondsmen. In the morning he was ready to go on his journey, my father urging him to stay. They discussed the question of slavery during the day and father said, "We will hold a meeting at the schoolhouse tonight." The people who were near were notified. Perhaps fifteen men were present, and among them was a man who was called an infidel. All I know about that is that he did not go to "meeting" and at times hunted on Sundays. Foster made his argument. My father led in prayer that night, and he asked the Lord to direct him in the matter. The next morning at the store he announced himself as an anti-slavery man.

Now came trouble; the minister heard of it and he came down and took father to task. He was consorting with infidels: denouncing an institution which was permitted by the constitution and the Bible. It was of no avail; father continued in the cause which he believed was right. Then he heard himself denounced as a traitor to his country; an anarchist and so on to the end of the chapter. For eighteen years he had been the leading layman in the church, treasurer of the academy and the foremost man in all good things.

Such was the situation in 1835. His business had fallen off. Most of his friends had deserted him. He was heartbroken but not dismayed. At this time he had capital enough with which to conduct his business and owned a good house with four acres of cropable land and six acres more a short distance away, a pasture nearby for horse and cow, and a sheep pasture some distance away—a tract of woodland. His income was sufficient to give him a comfortable support and it was a good place to educate his children.

In 1835 he had an offer for his merchandise store and homestead which he sold, and soon after, all of his estate in the town. In the

fall of that year he contracted a partnership with a townsman, who owned a store building in Seneca county, Ohio, limited to one year. He left his family and went to Ohio. As the accommodations for the family were somewhat limited I was sent to my mother's father's for the winter. Up to this time I had been what I have heard people call a "puny" child. The boys could outrun me and throw me, but nine months at my grandfather's changed all this. My father went to Ohio.

In the spring of 1836 he made a trip through southern Michigan and got to New Buffalo, where some four or more cousins of my mother's had settled in the fall of 1835. While there he purchased five quarter sections of government land which were within the limits of New Buffalo township but are now in the township of Three Oaks and Chikaming. In the summer of that year he returned to New Hampshire and in August commenced business as a "trader" at Concord, the capital. My elder brother and myself were the clerks. At five o'clock in the morning we were up and opened the store and stayed there until nine o'clock at night, when it was closed. Brother was the senior clerk for only about six months. He wished a college education, which father decided to give him; hence at the age of thirteen I was the senior clerk, with a junior clerk to help me. I continued in this position until I was sixteen years old, in 1840, when I went to Ashby, Mass., to take charge of a country store for my brother-in-law who had no previous experience in the business. I made a success and remained until the spring of 1841, when I returned home and attended school at Pembroke for two terms; then back to my father's store until August, 1843, at which time it was determined to go to Michigan.

We were five days reaching Cleveland, Ohio, near which my mother's father and mother and other relatives lived. We remained with them for a week and took steamboat for Chicago. As we were stormbound three days at Manitou islands, it took seven days to reach Chicago and two by wagon to New Buffalo, where we arrived October 7, 1843. We were the welcome guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Gerrish, who were cousins of my mother, until the arrival of our goods sometime in November, when we went to housekeeping. Mr. Gerrish had a store building and kept a few goods. My father formed a partnership with him. After we went to the farm, father, Mr. Gerrish and myself alternated in care of each a week at a time until June when Mr. Crosby came with his merchandise and he took full charge.

My father's purpose was to dispose of his merchandise and clear a farm. In the meantime we looked over the land in section 20, 7, 20

and in section 15, 8, 20 and decided to commence in this last portion. The winter was rough and cold with little snow. Some lumber and other material were gotten to the place and on the 16th of January, 1844, father, a carpenter, and myself went there. We put up a shed, built a log fire before it and remained in it until we had cleared a place for a house sixteen by twenty-four, which we built and occupied in about a month. The family remained at New Buffalo until August, when the house—now standing—was in condition to receive them. In the summer of 1844 my brother-in-law, Hale E. Crosby, came to New Buffalo, where he took charge of the store. In 1846 he cleared a farm in section 13, 8, 21, where he lived many years. Giving his farm to his sons about 1880, he came to the village of Three Oaks. I remained at home at work chopping and clearing until October and then built a cabin in section 20, 7, 20, where I remained until the middle of January, 1845, chopping about ten acres of heavy timber which, if now standing, would be worth more than the 160 of land.

In February I went to New Buffalo and worked at making grain cradlers and worked at loading vessels with wood and timber. At the election in April of this year I was elected supervisor by a majority of one in a total vote of sixty-one. I served for that and the three succeeding years; the last term I had the unanimous vote for the office.

In the fall of 1845 I returned to my father's and remained there during the usual work incidental to the clearing of a new farm until the spring of 1848, when I took charge of a stock of merchandise at the village of New Buffalo for Stewart & Adams, who were contractors for grading on the Michigan Central railroad. In November I was elected as one of the representatives from Berrien county. I went to Lansing, which was the new capital and where the legislature had met for the first time the winter before. At this date I am the only survivor of the State officers or members of the legislature of that year; and also the only survivor of the men who formed the Michigan State agricultural society, at which meeting I was the secretary. On my return from Lansing I worked on the home farm until January, 1850. It was decided that I had better go to section two (now the village of Three Oaks) and make a clearing. I took a contract to put on the cars 4,000 cords of steamboat wood at ninety-three and three-fourths cents a cord. The cars had been running on the railroad from April, 1849. There was but one house on the line of the railroad between Dayton and New Buffalo (sixteen miles). The country north was almost a wilderness and seven-eights of all the land in New Buffalo township was owned by

non-residents. There was a log shanty which had been used by the contractors on the railroad which was cleaned up for temporary shelter. On the 10th of January with four men I occupied the shanty. The first work was to build a log house. In the course of a few weeks a double log house was completed and a family secured to run it. Here for fifty-four years has been my home. Within four years sixty acres had been cut and mostly cleared.

In January, 1851, I married Sarah J. Nash, and in November of the same year my first child, Henry Nash Chamberlain, now a resident of Chicago, was born. He was the first child born in the limits of the present village of Three Oaks. Mrs. Chamberlain died in June, 1852. In 1851 I was elected a justice of the peace and in 1852 supervisor of New Buffalo township. In 1853 was appointed mail agent on the route from Detroit to Chicago, which position I resigned in August, 1855. In 1854, in company with Joseph G. Ames, I built the house and store on lot eight (now the Woodland House) and the easterly part of the warehouse now the Michigan Central freight office. In the fall of that year we put in a stock of merchandise, Mr. Ames giving his whole time to the business and I what I could on my off days. Mr. Ames died in August, 1855, and I took the buildings and stock. I continued in this business either alone or with my cousin Samuel W. Chamberlain, James L. McKie, and William Chamberlain as partners until 1880, when I sold to Edward K. Warren and retired. In the meantime I gave more attention to clearing and farming and other offices than to merchandise.

In 1858 I sold the house and store and built the store on the west side of Elm street, and the house fronting on Ash street, which I sold in 1885 to Edward K. Warren with my homestead farm of 600 acres, building in 1887-8 the house in which I now live, corner of Ash and Oak streets. In 1892, I commenced clearing the farm I now own in sections twelve and thirteen. I have cleared and put into cultivation more than one thousand acres of land in the present township of Three Oaks. The first of it with my own hands and the remainder was done under my personal supervision. In November, 1856, I married Rebecca VanDeVanter Ames, who died in 1896. We had three children: Mary, now Mrs. E. K. Warren; Rebecca B., now Mrs. Lee Chamberlain of Los Angeles, Cal., and Paul Mellen, who is now professor of M. E. Lewis Institute, Chicago, Ill.

The township of Three Oaks was detached from New Buffalo in 1856. I was the first supervisor and one of the justices of the peace; which

last office I held three or more terms and served as supervisor four or more years after 1856. In 1864 was a candidate for State senate; 1868 and 1870 for member of congress; in 1874 for governor, and in 1876 again for congress. Have received the votes of my party three times for United States senate. Have never but once sought a nomination for any office. Have held a commission as notary public since 1846. Was a member of the State board of agriculture 1883-1889 and 1891-1897. Have attended the conventions of my party both local and State most of the time for over fifty years. Have been a delegate to three national democratic conventions and attended two others. Was the first master of Three Oaks lodge No. 239, F. and A. M., chartered in January, 1868; deputy grand master in 1871 and grand master of Masons in Michigan, 1872.

My life on the whole has been happy and in my old age I feel that I have very much to be thankful for. I have done some things that I ought not to have done and left many things undone which I ought to have done. That you, my neighbors, give me much credit for the prosperity of this village and township I know and it is a source of much pleasure to me. But there is another who was before me: when we came to New Buffalo in 1843 there were a large number of unoccupied dwellings and there were eight families in the village and less than twenty in the township. There were roads which were impassable for much of the year and everything in a state of almost hopeless decay.

My honored father had a "mission." It was to have roads, schools, churches and a moral community to use them. It was he who insisted that there should be schools supported and schoolhouses built by taxation; that the money raised for highways should be used to build highways; that there should be religious services at every center; if no clergymen, then conducted by a layman. To him you and I are indebted for the good schools, the better highways, the many churches and the high moral and intelligent people here. He preached Christianity, temperance, and anti-slavery, honesty and morality. From my earliest recollections he gave for these purposes more than one-tenth of his gross income. He was a thoughtful and forcible man who feared God and had no other fear. He died February 12, 1866. My mother also had a purpose; it was to care for her husband, her children, her friends and neighbors, to make them cheerful and happy with kind words and kinder deeds. Blessed mother! She died June 18, 1870.

For one who was as little fitted for it as myself, from my course of life up to our coming to Michigan, I had a long and somewhat severe

experience in pioneer life. Of the three places which I started, or helped to start, none of them were near enough to any house to get accommodations. Hence we were compelled for a time at least to "camp" in the open air to commence our work. I have laid upon the ground, the floor or a puncheon with a blanket over me at the start in each place; have carried on my back for eight miles, much of the way following a "blaze" only, provisions enough for four men and myself for a week; have gone with a small load twenty miles to a grist mill, taking two days. Yet I have never suffered as did many of the pioneers. I had the food to carry and the grain to haul; always knew where the provisions for the next day were to be had and never suffered for the want of comfortable clothes.

Now, my friends, you have done me the honor to assist in the celebration of the eightieth anniversary of my birth. The time of my departure is near and my dust must soon mingle with that of my father, mother, brothers, sisters and wives in the beautiful cemetery where we bury our dead. Remember and cherish the good deeds of mine and forget and forgive all my shortcomings in this life.

PONTIAC LADIES' LITERARY CLUB.

PROGRAM OF PIONEER DAY.

Committee. { Mrs. A. B. Avery.[1] Mrs. O. C. Farmer. Mrs. G. C. Brown.

Nov. 27, 1905.

Song—Long, Long Ago, - - - - - - Chorus.
Paper—Our Neighbors, - - - - Mrs. Mary Shattuck.
Read by Mrs. Maud Shattuck.
Song—Believe Me Those Endearing Young Charms, - Mrs. H. B. Merritt.
Extracts from Old Letters, - - - Mrs. E. C. Smith.
Song—The Grave of Bonaparte, - - Miss Marcia Richardson.
Relics and their Story, - - - - - Our Guests.
Song—The Old Oaken Bucket, - - - - Chorus.

Of the pioneers present, there were Mrs. Maria L. Powell, born in Ontario county, N. Y., September 27, 1824, who came to Oakland county,

[1] Mrs. Lilian. D. Avery sends the following account of the celebration of Pioneer Day in the Pontiac Woman's Literary Club. She writes she has started a "guest book" recording the date of birth and time of arrival in the county of each pioneer visitor.

Michigan, June, 1833. Mrs. Mary J. Green, born in West Bloomfield township, Oakland county, February 28, 1829. She exhibited an embroidered workbag of her mother's, the floss being spun by her own hands. She also had a piece of her great grandmother's dress. Mrs. Esther L. Riley Seeley, born at West Bloomfield, Oakland county, May 29, 1835. Mrs. Lucy Phipps, born at Pontiac, Mich., June 18, 1834, had a sand box of her father's, which was used for sifting sand on the freshly written paper. The first blotter she ever saw was in 1840. She also has the inkstand that went with it. She showed a beautiful beadbag made by a Tuscarora Indian. Her father's family was captured by the Indians during the war of 1812, but during a drunken revel by their captors they managed to make their escape to Lockport, New York. Her mother's silver spoons had been given, for safe keeping, to a friendly Indian girl and after the war they were returned to her in this bag. Mrs. Phipps, on a visit to New York, saw this squaw, who was delighted to see the daughter of the woman she had befriended.

Mrs. Levi B. Taft, born in New York, May 6, 1827, came to Oakland county, May, 1839, wore a shawl her husband bought for her over forty years ago. She had several handkerchiefs of even greater age, and a thread lace veil, which no well-dressed young lady ever appeared on the street without at that time. The letters read by Mrs. Smith recalled many incidents of her youth. She remembered when only brick ovens were used and the Russell House, which was demolished in 1906, in Detroit, when it had neither water, furnace or gas, yet it was a very fine hotel.

Mrs. John North, born at Paisley, Scotland, June 23, 1827, came to Oakland county July 17, 1849.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hicks Foster, born in Canterbury, England, March 19, 1830, came to Michigan in 1833. She showed a pair of old-fashioned cutters for cutting loaf sugar, which only appeared on the table when company was expected. It was quite a task to fill the bowls with the cut sugar, and Mrs. Foster remembers doing this work for her mother many times. It was necessary to begin several days before the sugar was wanted, if the company was to be a large one and much was needed. She also had a sampler worked by herself bearing the name of Elizabeth Sabine, Detroit, June 28, 1840, which was as fine a specimen of such work as any one present had ever seen.

Mrs. Olive Wiggins, born in Livingstone county, New York, January 10, 1836, came to Michigan, June, 1848. Mrs. A. Horn, born in Dutchess county, New York, August 12, 1831, came to Michigan, 1837, also

showed a sampler and a copy of the Detroit Free Press printed May 5, 1831. It was the first issue of that famous paper and bore the name of Democratic Free Press and Michigan Intelligencer. Mrs. Betsey Windiale, born in Devonshire, England, November 17, 1823, came to Oakland county in April, 1837, showed a gold locket in which was a miniature of a friend of her mother's in Devonshire. The locket was over one hundred years old. Mrs. E. A. St. John, born at Hulberton, New York, December 25, 1840, came to Michigan, March 13, 1869. Mrs. S. A. Johnson, born at Bradford, England, 1833, came to Michigan, April, 1845. Her relic of greatest value was a china teapot which was brought by the family from England over seventy years ago. Her father was a Baptist minister and she lost her mother when they had been in this country only four months.

S. Gertrude Banks, M. D., 17 Sproat street, Detroit, was born in Oakland county, 1839. She gave a graphic description of the general store which her father kept in western New York. Her mother was in charge one day when some drunken Indians entered and one of them brandished a tomahawk over the head of the frightened woman, threatening her life. Mrs. Banks had the courage and presence of mind to deal with the perilous situation and finally succeeded in getting rid of the Indians and secured the weapon as a trophy of her pluckiness. It was afterward made into a chopping-knife and still does duty as that useful utensil.

Several of the members of the club came prepared, also, with mementoes of the olden time. Mrs. Thatcher exhibited a pewter porringer belonging to her grandmother, Betsey Blakesley, she also had a snuffbox belonging to the same person.

Mrs. Cleary wore the wedding comb of an aunt of Mrs. Philip Phelps. The men in those days carried these immense combs of their sweethearts in their silk hats. Mrs. Ada Smith wore a similar comb belonging to the first wife of Judge Thomas J. Drake.

Mrs. Newbigging wore a large black silk quilted hood and a pair of very queer mittens which were knitted in loops and covered only the backs of the hands. These articles were her grandmother's. She remembered her coming to see them every Christmas in a carriage like a hack and wearing this hood.

Mrs. George Smith carried a footstove. Mrs. Aaron Perry gave a charming story of a couple of lads who followed the windings of the river down where old Legal Tender mills stand, and on the aster-covered banks on the land taken up by Col. Mack, they found an old cow

bell and one of the boys carried it home and it had been in the family many years. "Where is the cow that wore the bell and the good woman who made the butter and the man who did the milking?" This old bell, almost more than anything else, is a symbol of the times that are gone.

EXTRACTS FROM OLD LETTERS.

READ BY MRS. E. C. SMITH AT THE PIONEER MEETING OF THE PONTIAC WOMANS' LITERARY CLUB, NOV. 27, 1905.

[From Theodore Foster Talbot to his wife Eliza Truxton Talbot of Lexington, Ky.]

April, 1822.

Shipping Port, Thursday P. M.

Our things are all on board the fine steamboat "Tennessee" and we expect to start in about two hours. Our steamboat is furnished with a low steam engine and the danger to be apprehended from bursting of course does not attach to this boat. I beg you to have no unusual anxiety about me. (Showing the danger of travel at this time.) Shipping Port is on the Ohio opposite Louisville, in Indiana.

[Same to same.]

Natchez April 12, 1822

"I arrived here yesterday morning at day light."

[Same to same.]

May 1, 1822.

"I write by the return trip of the steamer simply to apprise you that I arrived safely. I have written by mail which you will receive in due time."

[Evelina Talbot to Mrs. Eliza Truxton Talbot at Detroit.]

Ann Arbor Nov 22, 1838.

Dear Mother.

I had expected to be with you this afternoon but the account which Miss Hibbard gave of her adventures has quite frightened us out of the humor of traveling alone. The stage broke down three times between Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor and they had to walk a good distance each time, and upon at last reaching Ann Arbor they positively refused to take the young ladies or their luggage home and they had to walk up to Miss Pages alone, after dark and dreadfully fatigued.

[Showing again the danger of travel.]

[From Emily C. Strong of Detroit to Mrs. Eliza Talbot.]

Dear Mother.

I hope to be at home on Saturday. Sarah is more comfortable today but has been quite ill with inflammation of the bowels. Yesterday she

was bled twice and of course is very much exhausted. The baby is well, sleeps every minute and will I think for the next fortnight. Mr. Stringham is delighted—the baby looks just like him.

[From Mrs. Mary Swift to her sister Mrs. Talbot.]

Philadelphia Sunday 19, 1844.

We have had Mr. Clay stopping with us from the time he came until he went away. Our house was filled with company, but his reception in the city was so grand. He was escorted into town by a procession of hundreds of our best and first people. Mr. Swift went to meet him two miles from the city in an open barouche drawn by four horses, took him from the cars and the procession then formed and when they came to our dear old Tenth St., the crowd was so great they could scarcely get to our door. The police forced a passage through the crowd to the front door and got in. Mary and I ran down to meet him. In the parlor were at least fifty ladies I never saw before. We shook hands and went up stairs. We had an elegant dinner party and that night a tea party also; the next night another party. I had four extra hired waiters to attend all the time. The beautiful flowers that were thrown in the barouche and which covered it I used to decorate the house and tables.

He arrived at five and they dined directly after—the dinner lasted until eight when Mrs. (General) Scott and some others came by invitation. Every one says there never was such honor paid to any one but Washington, and when they cheered Mr. Clay they cheered also for the Mayor. I had everything very elegant. I am happy to say Mr. Swift was never so popular as he is now.

[To Mrs. Eliza Truxton Talbot from Mrs. T. J. Drake.]

Pontiac, June 28, 1844.

My Dear Mother.

Hurrah for Clay! I wish you could be here today. I have a table set the full length of the dining room (for whoever Mr. Drake may invite) filled with meats, pies, cakes, beer etc. Besides cooking all day yesterday for the publick dinner at the Cabin, I have just sent off the things. The Clay flag floats beautifully over the village at the top of the liberty pole 148½ feet high, it shows to much advantage this lovely day (quite a contrast to the one Julia and I made in bygone days.)

If there be any truth in Omens well may the Whigs rejoice. It rained all day yesterday and a greater part of the day before, but this morning the ringing of the bells and firing of cannon aroused me just in time to see the most beautiful sunrise I ever beheld. All is pleasant, no dust, no clouds, but a delightful breeze and fair prospects for a happy day. Now that George Bates is not coming out, Mr. Drake is in great good humor.

He was appointed to meet the Detroit delegation and address them at the Court House, but declined in consequence of his lungs, they thought he might say "a little," but to my great joy he refused positively. His cough is very bad and I fear will be worse tomorrow. Everybody is gone to witness the reception. I am left behind to watch the Road,—and now here comes the Band in the big Omnibus.

I do wish Julia was here. The Farmington Delegation have just passed and are still passing with the Band at their head. I counted 26 wagons beside many horsemen and then got so confused that I left off. I suppose there must have been nearly if not quite 40.

Hinsdale is Marshall of the day. There is the whistle, now for the Detroit delegation. I wish you could see the immense mass of people at the depot awaiting them.

Mrs. Knight has just informed me that there is great dissatisfaction felt by the party that the nomination was not given to Mr. Drake, that there is strong suspicion of stratagem. Her husband is her authority.

You would laugh to hear the cheers from the cabin. I suppose some one has just made a speech. Mr. Drake says Fred did all in his power to get the nomination for Wisner. If so I at least am his debtor, for I really do not wish Mr. D. to have any political office. I went to the cabin last night. Mr. D. thinks there were a hundred ladies there.

June 29. The Democrats had a glorious meeting today, some say larger than the Whigs of yesterday. Gov. Cass addressed them. Mr. Drake has promised to speak at the cabin tonight, but intends if possible to get off, his lungs are so very sore. It is near ten and they are not home yet.

[To Mrs. Eliza Truxton Talbot from Eliza H. Talbot.]

"As the dinner party was exceedingly elegant and something new in fashionable life I will describe it. Aunt Caroline intended to have had it immediately after the wedding but Mr. Bradley's unfortunate sickness prevented. The invitations, written ones, came out Thursday for the next Monday. We sat down 19 at table, 5 o'clock was the hour. The first course was calves' head, the second meat, poultry and vegetables, the third game and maccaroni. We then rose from the table, walked into the parlor and after waiting about half an hour we were invited back again. When we found the table handsomely lighted, dressed with flowers and green and dessert of various kinds. On the bride's plate was placed an elegant bouquet. It was quite eight before we were through and once more in the parlor and then coffee and cake were handed in. It was decidedly the handsomest dinner I ever attended and everything went off well.

[To Mrs. Julia Talbot from Mrs. Evelina Drake.]

Wednesday, April 9, 1845.

We need you back in the church, we have singing. Ellen Wilson leads the treble and sings well. We have also a Sabbath school and this week expect to get a fence around the church, the congregation increases.

(P. S. by Ada L. S.—This refers to the little wooden building on Pike St., where the brick one stands next to the school house.)

[To Mrs. Julia T. Smith from "Church."]

Pontiac, Dec. 9, 1845.

Miss Martha Davis plays the organ in the evening, but is not there in the morning. Your friend Lord is in his element now, he has something to do in the service, he blows the organ.

On Xmas day our minister is to appear in a gown for the first time in Pontiac, the deacons are to be instructed how to put him in it and how to take him out of it after service.

[Mrs. Evelina Drake to Julia T. Smith.]

Pontiac, Feb. 26, 1845.

I suppose Mr. Drake does as big a business as any man in the county and yet we see very little money. Here everything is this horrid Dicker and barter, for instance, Joe Peck came to Mr. Drake to buy some cedar land, they went to see it and agreed on the price, Joe came to the office the next day to conclude the bargain and brought two old gold watches, a note against a bankrupt firm for $70 and for the rest two wagons.

I am completely surrounded by Baptists. Mrs. Darrow, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Roxy Rice, Mrs. Piper (the clergyman's wife), Mrs. Albertson, Mrs. Standish, Mrs. Praul and even Black Brown, the negro wood cutter. They call it Baptist Hill. Susan Peck has a very young and pretty sister visiting her this winter. Mr. Stell, Susan's old beau, has married a pretty Quakeress and lives in our village, he is a partner of Mr. Richardson.

[From Mrs. Drake to Eddie Smith.]

Sept. 12, 1849.

The weather is charming. Peaches plenty at six shillings a bushel.

The Funeral of Mr. Geo. Wisner took place today. Uncle Drake was a bearer.

[From Mrs. Drake to Mrs. Smith.]

Dec. 3, 1849.

Mr. Crofoot's bride returned her calls last week; she was dressed in a pink merino, trimmed with white fur, and a white bonnet. Her sister, who came with her, wore blue and white.

[Thomas J. Drake to Mrs. Smith.]

March 4, 1850.

I judge from all the signs that there will be another "cholera" epidemic this year. We have been most of the winter without snow and mostly warm and pleasant.

[To Mrs. Julia T. Smith from Mrs. Drake.]

May 6, 1850.

I wish, if possible, you would bring me a white Peony and some Hyacinths. I know it is late, but we cannot buy one here in Detroit, and perhaps you can save them in a pot or box filled with earth.

May 29, 1850.

Mrs. Alfred Williams has returned from New York and brought a sister, a brilliant complexion, but not nearly as pretty as any of the others that I have seen. I think I shall like Miss Phelps when I have time to see more of her.

[Mrs. Drake to Eddie Smith.]

July 4, 1854.

Independence Day.

Everybody has gone to the grove to hear the speeches and eat dinner with the children. The Odd Fellows, Free Masons, Sons of Temperance and Daughters, too, I believe, are to dine at the Hodges House.

Miss Emma Darrow starts next week for New York to attend the world's fair.

[Mrs. Drake to Eddie Smith.]

Summer of 1856.

Willie Albertson has a Fremont flag 15 feet long and a streamer 22 feet. Uncle says it is beautiful.

[Mrs. Drake to Mrs. Julia Smith.]

Aug. 5, 1856.

I had Dr. Wilson up and was leeched about a fortnight since. He did not come the day he promised and as Mrs. Taylor could not come the day he was here, Hattie was all alone but she did finely. The leeches took hold immediately and drew splendidly and he was through in an hour and a half. After dinner he went to a political meeting but came back to tea to see how I got along.

I have been very much better for the leeching, nothing else relieves me, but, of course, each leeching leaves me weaker.

I have few sweet meats for the winter. Pears are scarce. Plums $4.00 a bushel.

I have lost my girl. She only gave me notice just in the midst of getting dinner and staid only until her dishes were washed. She really is a loss, and where to get another I have not the least idea as half the ladies here are in the same fix.

Tuesday eve.

Hattie and the Miss Copelands have gone down to witness the presentation of the banner from the ladies to the Fremont Club. Miss Camilla Manning presents it and Mr. Ten Eyck receives it.

Charlotte Hinsdale has invited me to come in to the fair mass meeting. Mr. Drake is invited to speak by the State committee. Think of Mr. Manning, he is stumping for Fremont. His old party feel it terribly.

Antoinette Bagg is teaching school. Began with five girls in Mr. Thurber's old house.

Sept. 1, 1856.

I went yesterday with Mr. Drake and Dr. Wilson to see the new church, it is beautiful. The Dr. is enchanted, says it is worth all the expense.

Friday Morning, 15 minutes past 7, 1856.

The Brothertons offered Serephina's girl 18 shillings a week. Serephina was giving her 14 and she could not resist. My girl is excellent, but I am in dread lest some one offer her $2.00 and take her away from me.

Mr. Cromber (John), says his wife has "dispepsay" dreadfully. Dr.

Walker didn't help her an atom, and she has got as sick as death at the sight of "fresh beef." Salt victals is all that will agree with her.

[Mrs. Drake to Eddie Smith.]

Saturday Morning, Sept. 6, 1856.

Dear Eddie.

This is a great day in America. The Buchaneers have a mass meeting and the village is all alive. The party have the fair grounds and have erected staging, etc., for Mr. Breckenridge is expected to address the people, together with Gen. Cass and other great men.

Evening. I went to the mass meeting. I was exceedingly disappointed in Mr. Breckenridge—as was every one else—but there was an immense number of people. I wish you could have seen them, but the whole ox was perfectly disgusting, the blood was dripping from its sides as they cut into it.

Addie Copeland's heart must have failed her for she did not ride with the young ladies who carried the flag but was in a private carriage.

[Thomas J. Drake to Eddie Smith.]

Sept. 6, 1856.

I expect you will do all for Fremont you can wherever you go. Don't be afraid to tell everybody that you are for freedom and opposed to slavery.

[T. J. Drake to Mrs. Smith.]

Oct. 13, 1856.

I am at home every night and will be until the 24th. After that no sleeping till after election is over. There is much bargaining and selling going on in New York among the leaders, but it won't work this time, the people, the masses are fixed. Tomorrow the State elections of Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania will be held and I trust a shout of triumph for liberty will go up which will make every slave holder tremble.

We are in the same situation Old Starks was when he met the British army at Bennington. Said he to his army, "Soldiers, there are the British we must take them or they will take us." Eva had a letter from Mr. Leay, from which I judge he is a Fillmoreite. What stupidity for a man of his reading. I can hardly consent to think of him as a man of our acquaintance.

[To Mrs. Drake from Mr. Tracy.]

Batavia, N. Y.,
Dec. 8, 1856.

I regret Mr. Drake's political disappointment. I voted for Fremont, and sincerely hoped for his election, but when I consider the obstacles which he had to surmount, I am surprised that he attained so immense a vote.

[Miss Hattie Copeland to E. C. Smith.]

E. Saginaw, May 11, 1860.

The river is just in front of our house, every day large rafts of logs pass, going to the mills to be sawed. One raft is lying just in front of the house in which are 2,800 logs.

[From Mrs. Henry W. Lord.]

Manchester, Eng., Jan. 22, 1862.

We breakfast at 8:30 o'clock (inhumanity eating) by gas light and many a battle have I had with the servants to carry my point and but for Willie's school, should give it up and do as the Romans do. No one else in the house rises before ten. It is dark at 3. Remember we are in the latitude of Labrador.

We are still in lodgings, but now as the war question seems hapily decided we shall begin arrangements to establish ourselves independently. A month ago war seemed inevitable and nothing but the judicious course of the government has averted a calamity, so greatly to be dreaded in the present condition of our country. Public Sympathy here is entirely with the south. England has never forgiven us for throwing off our allegiance and all Aristocratic Europe would rejoice to see the experiment of a Republic (the success of which is so dangerous to their own interest) fail.

The depth of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness is certainly evinced toward our poor country.

We constantly hear in omnibus, at concert and at lectures, demonstrations which rouse one's indignation. I can forgive them for wanting cotton.

The Christmas holidays passed very quietly, the evergreen wreaths with which the shops, markets and churches were adorned alone denoted a festive season. The death of Prince Albert has shrouded the nation in gloom, the black garments which are universally worn are not a mere outward show. Their good prince was truly loved and truly mourned. Now you see no one, even the destitute, without some bit of crape or black ribbon, while everybody else wears some mourning garment and all respectable people are clothed in deep black.

The churches are draped in black and at Xmas the evergreens, the laurel and the holly with its scarlet berries contrasted strangely with the funeral hangings.

Everything we hear of the Royal family is pleasant, so domestic, so simple in their habits and so fondly attached. The Princes' funeral was that of a private gentleman. Upon the coffin was laid a bouquet and three small wreaths. The bouquet was from the queen and was composed of sweet-scented violets and one camilia in the center, the wreaths of violets and roses were from the three oldest princesses, the work of their own hands. The queen is idolized by her people, but my heart aches for her. Her children are all with her and they are good children, but did you ever think how completely a queen is isolated and what the loss of a husband, her one equal friend, must be? In all this whole world no woman is more to be pitied than she.

We were very uneasy about the prince on Saturday evening and Sunday before service. Mr. Lord started for the Royal exchange to inquire,

but before he reached there the flags at half mast and tolling of bells announced that all was over.

As we attend St. Johns, which is half a mile farther out than we live, Henry had the lucky thought to send a card in to the Rector announcing the end and it was lucky he did or we should have had the prayer for the Prince as usual.

We have heard the glorious Patti. I never dared even hope to hear Jennie Lind but I have just had that pleasure. Henry says he never saw any one so changed in ten years. Her singing shows a sad heart. Nature and art have done all in their power, her style is cultivated to the highest degree of perfection, but she sings quietly in an indifferent, almost mechanical manner, while Patti sings like a bird does because she is full of happiness and must give it expression.

EARLY DAYS IN PONTIAC.

[Read by Mrs. Lucy O. Beach Phipps, on Historical Day of the Pontiac Woman's Literary Club, Nov. 28, 1904.]

I was born in the village of Pontiac June 18, 1834, corner of Saginaw and Pike streets. When I was four years old I used to play with my brother up and down the river; we had a path through the hazel brush and poplars along the bank to the Saginaw street bridge; fished as we went. The Indians used to camp on the other side of the river where Mrs. Norton's residence now stands. One day a squaw came to our house. Mother was dipping candles, she asked for some and mother gave them to her. She invited us to come over to the camp. After dinner mother took me over and they were cooking their meal. The squaw took one of the candles and would dip it in the soup until it melted from the wick. We thought it was a funny dish of soup to eat.

Where the court-house now stands was a sandhill, that the Indians had used for a burying ground. The old log fort stood on the corner of Lawrence and Perry streets, where Mrs. Kobe and Mr. Lounsbury's houses now stand. It was used for a fort before I was born. My mother used to tell about the settlers going there to stay nights when they first came here.

The old yellow grist mill stood where the knitting factory is now.

The mode of traveling to Detroit was by ox team, and they went round by Mt. Clemens. It used to take four days to go and come. People used to bring their goods that way, for there was only an Indian trail from Pontiac to Detroit.

The settlers went on foot or horseback. Mr. Hadsell used to draw

goods from Detroit for my father and when we saw him coming over the Saginaw street bridge we would jump up and down and clap our hands, for we knew it meant something nice for us children. The first school I attended was situated back of the Mabley vault, Oak Hill cemetery.

PIONEER PAPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE PONTIAC WOMAN'S CLUB BY MRS. CHARITY H. STEVENS[1] OF OXFORD.

I was born in Cayuga village, New York, August 10, 1808. When three years old my mother died and left nine children, of whom I was the youngest. My father and one brother were drowned in Cayuga lake when I was but five years old. When I was seven I came to western New York with my sister and her family. They settled on the Holland Purchase, fifty miles east of Buffalo. It was a wild country, with very heavy timber. They felled trees enough to make room for a house, which they built of logs and covered with oak shakes, which were held down by poles. We had no nails only those made by hand. Well do I remember the great wonder when cut nails were introduced.

They made the chimney of sticks and mud, the hearth and oven of stone, the floor of basswood logs, split and notched down to the sleepers. Chamber floors were made of bark peeled from large trees.

I remember our buttery was made by boring holes in the logs and putting in large sticks and laying a board across them on which to put our pewter plates and wooden trenchers. Our milk room was made in the same way.

The years 1817 and 1818 were cold seasons. The frost spoiled the corn. We lived six weeks without bread in the spring of 1818. Sometimes we could get wild meat such as deer, rabbits, etc. Our folks paid twenty shillings per bushel for wheat and twenty dollars per barrel for one hog pork. The men would feed their cattle by cutting down trees in the winter and the cattle would eat the buds. The hogs would fat on beechnuts.

When I was eighteen I went to Lawrenceville, Pa., where I had a brother living next door to the high school. Here I remained three

[1] Mrs. Stevens is a lady nearly ninety years old.

years and attended school. I had another brother in Cattaraugus county, New York. I went there to teach school. This was, at that time, a new and hard country, heavy timber, very frosty, a grazing country, would not produce wheat. At that time the principal way they got flour was to cut down timber, burn it to ashes, make salts, take it to Dunkirk, thirty miles through the woods with an ox team and change it for flour.

The principal bread was of corn, and while teaching there and boarding around, as was then the custom, I have eaten it for my breakfast, carried it for my dinner and eaten it for my supper, yet one of the best schools and brightest scholars I ever had was there.

I came to Oxford fifty years ago and settled on the farm on which I now reside. There were thirty acres of girdlings, forty acres of timber and 142 acres of stone. The buildings were just a barn and a comfortable house, no out-building, not even a hen or hog house. There was but one small excuse for a store. Could not sell a pound of butter or a dozen of eggs in Oxford. Pontiac, twenty miles away, was our nearest market. Detroit can be reached now in less time and much easier, for it would take one day and part of two nights to go and return from there. There was no market for wool. We could not sell a sheep only to a hungry man.

I remember the first winter I spent in Oxford. I had six in my family and I had but six pounds of sugar in six months. Canned fruit, meat and vegetables had not been heard of then.

Pioneer life has its benefits as well as its disadvantages. One is, you can live plainer and nearer to nature which is conducive to good health and longevity as well. There is no aristocracy, all are on a level. Pioneer people are kind and obliging. It is here that self-reliance is cultivated, that great essential to success in a person's character.

Although there are to me many pleasant recollections of pioneer life, yet no person is more deeply interested in the progress of the age or more able to see the contrast between then and now. I have watched the progress of the age, with the greatest interest, until I am convinced that man is not a condemned but a progressive being and if there is any limit to his progress it is yet far, very far out of sight. He can walk through the mountains, talk through the ocean, ride under the rivers and sail among the clouds already and the end is not yet.

REMINISCENCES OF DETROIT.

BY MRS. JULIA TALBOT SMITH.[1]

[Read at the April meeting of General Richardson Chapter, Daughters of American Revolution, Pontiac, 1903.]

In the fall of 1835 my father moved from Rochester, New York, to Detroit, chiefly because my eldest sister, Mrs. Strong, had moved there the year before. We staid a few weeks with her at Springwells at what was called the "Windmill Farm." It had a narrow front on the river, and on either side were families of Campeaus.

In the morning we children walked down the road. A woman was kneeling on a board washing clothes, she dipped them in the water, laid them on the board, spatted them with a flat stick, repeated the process until I suppose they were clean, when she placed the garments in the basket to be taken to the yard and dried.

The houses at that time faced the river and the roads were in front of them. In the morning the boy was called to bring the cart to the door. In it was a buffalo-robe and hassocks to sit upon. The boy sat on the edge of the cart and drove the French pony and we went jogging on through the deep, black mud. Every one rode in carts, it was the only way to get about on the unpaved streets. We passed the Council House at the foot of Jefferson avenue, where the scalps of white people (colonists) sold by the Indians for the reward offered by the Deputy-Governor of Canada, were found.

There were very few handsome houses in Detroit when we came, but the ladies shopped very expensively.

The formal visits were always made in the morning. When the ladies in their rich clothing, rode in their carts to church or to shop, they would back the cart up to the sidewalk and then step out, while the French boy kept his seat. I have often seen two or three ladies sitting on the cushions and an army officer, in full dress uniform, stretched out between them, his legs hanging over the bottom of the cart.

All the farms on the river had their fishing grounds. The fishermen would put their seines in the boats, always singing, going and returning, a monotonous but pleasing song.

While taking the fish from the net they lighted the ground with

[1] Mrs. Smith died June 5, 1904, aged 82 years.

candles. They drove three nails in a block to support the candles. All up and down the river we could see the lights and hear the singing. The fishing was always done in the night and everyone knew his own ground and just how far he could cast his net on either side.

About where stands the Cadillac Hotel was the old fort where the Indian girl (as told by Parkman) saved the lives of the garrison by revealing the plot of the savages to massacre the inmates. Some of the old stockade was still left when Fort street was handsomely built up.

Near what is now McMillan's large grocery there was a Baptist church almost surrounded by the broken stockade of an old fort on Jefferson avenue. About half a block from Woodward and near some fairly handsome stores, stood an old French house occupied and surrounded by a stockade, reaching to the second story windows. It was owned by one of the Campeaus who lived in it. It opened directly on the street and the stockade was but two feet from the windows, not speaking well for the enterprise of the family.

The orchards bore an abundance of native fruit, pears and apples principally. They were nice too, particularly the black apple, so called. The skin was a dark red and the very white pulp delicious.

There was little snow to make good sleighing on the deep mud of the unpaved streets, but they rode on the ice of the river in carryalls, a small sleigh holding but two persons, and they often went a good way from shore and for miles down the river.

The Presbyterian church and the old St. Paul's church were on Woodward avenue, half a block from Jefferson. St. Paul's yard was or had been used as a burying ground and many grave stones were close to the walls of the church. They were there till Elmwood was laid out and St. Paul's on Congress street was built. Woodworth's hotel was kept by the brother of the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket."

Mrs. Meredith, sister of Mr. Edmund Brush (well known in Detroit), took a fancy to me. We lived next to the Biddle House and next to them on the other side. They kept a coach and a coachman, though they usually walked and rode when they wished to. She often took me with her, and we once went to the ruins of the old bridge where the great battle was fought between the English and the savages. The slaughter was so great the stream was called the Bloody Run. It flows through Elmwood cemetery and the black, rich earth darkens the water and it still bears the name.

PIONEER WOMEN WHO FACED THE WILDERNESS IN DAUNTLESS FAITH.

BY MRS. MARY DONELSON SHATTUCK.[1]

[Read before the Woman's Literary Club, Pontiac, Mich. Nov. 27, 1905.]

There would have been very few men to settle this new country had there not been an equal number of pioneer women of heroic, sterling character, brave of heart and self-sacrificing natures. I wish to call to mind some of the women I have known.

In these days the people and the press are heralding the praise of Miss Francis Willard and Miss Jessie Ackerman, who with plenty of money, friends and every comfort afforded are on their journey around the world on an investigating, helpful tour in the advancement of the temperance cause. This is all well and it should be so, but it seems to me that a more hazardous undertaking or formidable task presented itself when Michigan was a wilderness. Our mothers left their homes among the New England hills, where they were born and reared to womanhood, to sever all home ties, kindred associations and loving relatives, starting out for, to them, a new and strange land, not knowing whether they could find an abiding place, coming by an overland route, with little money, a few household utensils and bedding, in a covered wagon, the mother and little children riding, the father and older boys traveling on foot, stopping at nightfall to light a campfire to cook a very frugal meal and rest for another day's journey on the morrow.

A HEROIC JOURNEY.

And so day after day passed. Perhaps one day one of the little ones, less strong than the rest, maybe the flower and pet of the flock, is taken sick and finally succumbs to disease and death and the family stops by the wayside to place the dear one in an unknown grave in a strange

[1] Mrs. Mary Donelson Shattuck of Parke street, who played an important part in the program of the Pioneer Day, which was held Nov. 27, 1905, at the home of Mrs. A. B. Avery by the Woman's Literary club, by writing a tribute to some pioneer women that she had known and especially to those of her neighborhood, was born July 4, 1835, on the farm where her brother Arza Donelson now lives. The farm is on the Elizabeth Lake road, in the vicinity of the lake. She was the daughter of Ira and Mary Donelson and has lived all her life in this county. Her mind is as active and her memories of the early life in Oakland county are distinct and exceedingly interesting. Mrs. Donelson is a great worker in the Methodist church and is now the oldest member of the congregation. The Methodist church of this city is an outgrowth of the organization that was early established in her neighborhood and which held its first meeting in the house of her father.

land. It takes much heroism for them to take up their line of march again as they leave their little one behind. Much of the sunshine has gone out of their journey. Then comes the new experience of crossing Lake Erie in the boat and the terrible agonies of sea-sickness. Arriving in Detroit the husband and father secures the title to a piece of land. Again they board the covered wagon, coming through mud and mire, over crossways or no road at all, finding their way by means of blazed trees and after days of fatigues and trials they find their land, their desired destination. They are not seeking gold, but homes, and more land that they may have their children near them.

Pioneer men clear away the forest, build the rude log house and with the gun procure the game and varied meats to keep the wolf from the door. But it is the pioneer woman who made the home and kept the love light burning around the hearthstone, furnishing the sunshine of cheerfulness with the determination of making the best of their circumstances, believing in an over-ruling Providence, grit, gumption and good common sense. The women of those times were keepers of homes, not gadding about, turning on the searchlight in seeking some great mission. They were of a frugal, industrious sort, enduring with fortitude hardships and poverty, most of them thoroughly religious. It is not always well to look back and say that former times were better than these. People were more sociable and less aristocratic. There was more friendliness between families because they were more on a par with each other.

THE PIONEER WOMEN.

How well I remember those women with placid countenance, quiet ways, their friendliness and helpfulness in case of sickness or death in any family. In those days the women were expected for love's sake to care for the sick and administer the herb tea, and home-made remedies. No trained nurses, who work for money, and our precious dead were not given into the hands of strangers, but loving, tender, sympathetic hands robed them for their last resting place.

The women of our neighborhood were good cooks, though they did not have many conveniences, and such excellent bread as was made out of real flour, and, oh! the delicious, large cream biscuits baked in a tin oven, before the fire. They were none of the baking powder sort which are about as rich as sawdust and of such small dimensions that a real hungry man could make away with one at a mouthful.

On the north and west of Cass lake were several families named Cole,

and it was called Cole settlement. They were all Christian women of the quiet sort, but one was more to be remembered by me as little Aunt Jane. She was a dwarf in stature, but not in mind or in religious experience. She was ever a welcome guest in the different homes for her trueness of principle and religious cheerfulness.

On a crossroad leading over hills, through vales and dense woods, lived two families of much prominence, Deacon and Mrs. Bronson and I. I. Vorheis, more commonly called Esquire Vorheis, as he had held many town offices. Mrs. Bronson was a woman of rare intelligence and strength of character for those times, and she left a marked, intelligent influence on her children, three of whom became teachers of no small repute. Mrs. Vorheis was of a different stamp of character, ambitious, strong willed, great energy and able to accomplish much work. Some of the irreverant ones gave her the name of "Old Drive," but that was unjust, as she was a good woman, with a large, kindly heart. She had no children of her own, but was foster mother to five, three boys and two girls. They adopted a little boy named David, a homely little fellow with carroty hair, pug nose, freckled face and eyes that looked as if all the blue had been washed out of them. He was a great pet, but Mrs. Vorheis thought that her husband cared more for David than he did for her. She mentioned the fact to the youngster, telling him that one or the other would have to leave. David looked up with a sober countenance and replied: "Papa thinks more of me than he does of you. I shan't go. I guess you will have to."

I well remember the first funeral I attended, that of the first wife of Henry Meade. She was buried in a large open field on a sandy knoll, not a friendly shade tree near, but quantities of wild flowers, of the purplish blue colors, and then known by the name of sun dials or Quaker bonnets. I presume they have a more esthetic name now. She left one little boy, Delos, and he stood with his hand in that of his father, looking down, crying, wondering what was to become of his mother, little realizing how much the going away of his mother would mean to him in after life. I gathered a gleam of warm comfort to my heart as I mingled my tears with his, that I was obeying the Scripture injunction, "Weep with those who weep, mourn with those who mourn."

I remember Mrs. Ward Seeley, mother of Mrs. Messenger of our city, as one of the best looking women of our neighborhood. A large, stately woman, commanding in appearance, with a pleasant smile of greeting for those she chanced to meet.

Mrs. Leander Taylor was a fine appearing, intelligent, cultured, yet

very ambitious woman, whose life was made up of incessant toil for her six children and the making of a home.

On the hill opposite my childhood home lived Mrs. Tilden, a peculiar woman, who never did any harm, but who shall say she never did any good. She had buried all her children in one week. She then shut her sorrow up in her heart and thus shut out all sympathy and cheerfulness, never mingling in the society of her neighbors. Her home work was her idol and to it she bound all her energies of mind and body. In after years a son was born to them, but he was no comfort to them or they to him.

Somewhere in the 40's Judge James B. Hunt came from Hunts Park, near New York city and settled on the east shore of Elizabeth lake. His wife and his sister, Mary Ann, whose death was chronicled in the late papers, were exceptionally fine women of rare intelligence, culture and refinement. They built what was then thought to be a very fine residence on the shore of the lake, glad to get away from the bustle and turmoil of the city and enjoy the quiet country life.

Mrs. Almeron Whitehead, a friend of theirs, located on the opposite shore and was a splendid acquisition to the neighborhood. She did not know anything about housework, but had a determination to learn. What she lacked in the art of cooking, she made up in hospitality and sociability. My mother, Mary Donelson, was a quiet, unassuming, very modest person of great literary taste and religious character. She read much of all the best reading and topics of the day. Her reading was not like pouring water through a sieve, but she retained it to help her make true home life and educate her children. Her children were six in number, five boys and one girl. Four of these sons afterwards became preachers of the gospel.

The last of these noble women to pass over the river was kind mother, Mrs. Vorheis, who was called by the neighbors Aunt Sally and who lived to the good old age of ninety-one, living to see all the old associates go one by one.

I feel that it is presumable for me here to make especial mention of her daughter, Miss Lucy, the oldest child of the family, giving her a few flowers of appreciation. She has not been a wife or mother, but to her was given a wonderful mission to fulfill, that of staying in the old home and caring for the father and mother as only a dutiful child can. When the father went to the eternal home, how tenderly, patiently and carefully has this daughter watched the trembling, faltering feet of mother down to the very brink of the stormy river, where the boatman

sat with silent oar to pilot her over to the other shore to answer, "When the roll is called up yonder."

There are many heroic women whose names have never been blazoned to the world and of whose history no record has been kept, but they have reproduced their noble traits of character and their sterling worth in the lives of their children.

Out of our neighborhood have gone lawyers, doctors, teachers, deacons, ministers and many good wives and mothers, together with first class citizens, all because these grand, heroic women had lived to make the world of ours better.

All honor and a long remembrance to the pioneer women of the west.

REMINISCENCES OF MORTIMER A. LEGGETT.

In 1852 my father and his family left the city of New York for the, then, far west, as Michigan was called. We sailed up the Hudson river to Albany, which took about twice as long a time as it does now. From Albany we went to Buffalo on the New York Central railroad, then a single track, now it has five. From Buffalo we took a steamboat for Detroit, as there were no railroads out from Buffalo.

Detroit at that time was a small place compared to what it is today. Where the Union depot stands on Fort street was pretty well out of town, and up Jefferson avenue you soon struck farms after you passed Brush street. Grand Circus Park was the end of the city on Woodward avenue, and both Woodward and Jefferson avenues had plank roads running through the center of each street.

Pontiac was our destination, and there it was we boarded the much-talked-of railroad that ran on the strap-rail. The train consisted of an engine no larger than one of our threshing engines, with no tender to carry wood and water; this was hitched onto two cars, a baggage and passenger coach; both of these cars would not be as large as a modern car. The passenger car had wooden seats with leather straps for the back, and the little windows were so high up that one would have to stand to look out. The way a road of that kind was made was to lay square timbers on the road bed and then spike flat iron about three inches wide and half an inch thick on the edge of these parallel pieces; of course, there were cross ties to hold them in place. Now, as wood is never of the same hardness this track soon became as rough

as a corduroy road, and should there be two hollows opposite each other and the two little driving wheels of the engine drop in them, why, she was stuck and the passengers would get out and help pull her out. When we got this side of the maple grove the engine could not pull us up the grade, so the passengers had to put their shoulders to the wheels and help her up. Often we would have to go in the woods and pick up wood for the engine. At last we arrived at Pontiac, the train running into the building, one side of it for passengers, the other for freight. Here was the greatest confusion; criers for the hotels and criers for the stages. Outside were stages for Flint, Saginaw, Lapeer, Rochester, Corunna and Milford. What a funny sight it would be now to see all those stages with their four horses starting out from the Hodge House; that was the place of starting. Besides the stages there were private conveyances which carried passengers to Saginaw. Josh. Terry and his brother, Charley, also Joseph Cole; these three would drive a single team from Pontiac to Saginaw in a day and come back the next day with the same team, taking a load each way, and would make better time than the stages that changed horses five times.

The first thing that caught our eyes when we came out of the depot was a great sign on a low wooden building that read "Lords." One of my sisters said to my mother, "we are in God's country, for see, there is His name."

Pontiac at this time was but a small place, and it was the headquarters for farmers to bring their produce, coming from Flint and Lapeer on the north, Milford on the west, and Rochester on the east. In the wheat season the streets would be lined with teams. A. B. Mathews and Henry W. Lord were the principal buyers, although all the stores would take wheat in exchange for goods. It was a common sight to see a farmer going to town with a yoke of oxen hitched to a farm-wagon; he would have his family with him and in the back part of his wagon would be bags of wheat with which to pay their bills. The country taverns did a great business in those days, as people came so far that they would often be from home three days. In the wool season Pontiac's main street would be blocked with teams.

In the winter people went to Lapeer, the county-seat as it was called, for lumber. This was a great business as nearly all the old barns and houses that are standing today in Oakland county were built of Lapeer pine. The price paid for lumber then was about five dollars per thousand feet. It was then that the taverns that kept the best fires and had the best barns got the trade. Many of these little inns would have

music to attract people, generally a violin and a dulcimer, and they would have a man to watch the teamsters from burning their clothes as the great fire places with half a cord of wood in them would throw out a great heat. Nearly everyone would take a drink of whisky before starting out, which would cost three cents a glass and it would be a large glass too, and as these taverns were only about one mile apart, and as no one ever passed one, the drinks came pretty often.

The balls were great; New Year's ball was figured on the whole year by the young folks, and the favorite place was Groveland, where they had a spring floor, and often young people would come thirty miles to attend it. The dancing would commence at four o'clock in the afternoon and keep up until about nine the next day. In the first part of the dance the girls would wear calico dresses, at midnight they would all bloom out in white, and towards morning change to silks of different colors; it was hard work to keep track of your girl. There would be a grand supper, but as a general thing these balls were pretty rough affairs.

In an early day there were clans in different parts of the county; they were really the police force, and woe be it to anyone who did anything wrong in their neighborhood. Often feuds would come up among these clans and desperate fights would take place, but always with the fists, no guns were used.

The county fair was a great event, this and the New Year's ball was about all that the young people figured on for the year. The fair was a crude thing; many of our large farmers of today can make a better showing, but then it was the fair, and everybody went. The road would be lined with ox-teams from early morning, and a great many farmers would have a barrel of cider in the back end of their wagon which would be sold to the thirsty crowd. The old race track was one-third of a mile around, and it would be called a pretty poor road today, and the horses that would trot could only be called fast when tied to a post. All kinds of little side-shows, and a dance-hall added to the pleasure. We would buy a family ticket for one dollar that would admit all our family free for the three days, then pass it through the fence and it would bring in your neighbor's family.

In the early fifties the government passed the graduation act; this was to give homes to actual settlers, and the land was sold for one shilling an acre. My father bought a large tract in Saginaw county, (each person could buy, I think, 160 acres). He bought a quarter section for each of his children, for my mother and the hired man and

hired woman. Afterwards the law was repealed and minors and women could not hold the land, so it dwindled down to the 160 acres that my father could hold. The law was worded in a funny way; a person would go on his purchase, scoop out a little hole in the ground, put a few stones around it, and call it a well; then he would plant a few apple trees right in the woods, and call this an orchard; then he would make a brush house, go inside it, having a witness, then go to the land office in Flint and swear that he had occupied his land, built a house, set out an orchard and dug a well, whereupon a deed from "Uncle Sam" would be forthcoming. I saw several of these settlements among the pines of Saginaw, and also on this trip I saw a dog sledge in Saginaw city loading with mail for Mackinaw.

PIONEER LIFE IN PENTWATER.[1]

BY ELVIRA BARBER LEWIS.

Very few, I think, would have recognized our charming village with its pleasant environments in the small settlement which I found here over fifty years ago. Imagine, if you can, this entire town instead of pretty lawns and grassy plats a barren sand-covered place not a blade of grass growing, a few ferns the only vegetation save the trees, that were mostly pine.

At the foot of what is now Hancock street was a lumber mill erected by Messrs. Cobb and Rector. This firm bought of the government the present site of Pentwater in the year 1849. A boarding house was built on the site of what is now known as the Reed House. A part of this boarding house was afterward moved and now stands the second house east on Second street; this, then, is the oldest house in our village. These buildings, with a barn and work shop, comprised Pentwater. The only stock owned by the settlers was a single yoke of oxen. One of these was exceedingly useful as it often served as a ferryboat in crossing the channel. The name Pentwater was taken from the name the Indians had given the lake.

The first families to locate here were those of Messrs. Cobb, Rogers, Barnes, Barber, and Rector; two others, Messrs. Glover and Harding, settled up the river and were engaged in cutting the logs for the mill.

[1] Furnished by Mrs. D. C. Wickham of the Pentwater Woman's Club.

A Mr. and Mrs. Rosevelt had been here in 1853, he being identified with the building of the mill. Mrs. Rosevelt was the first white woman to come to Pentwater. If we had any record of Mr. Rosevelt hunting the bear in these wilds we might, perhaps, think him a relative of the president.

In the year 1854, July 4th was celebrated. We did not have an oration delivered, the Declaration of Independence was not read, we had not even a brass band, nor was there a gun fired, but it was Independence Day and our neighbors from the North Claybanks came down in a small fishing boat, and when we saw at a distance the red and white sun bonnets worn by the ladies and the blue shirts worn by the gentlemen we almost imagined we could see "Old Glory." We certainly saw its colors. We passed the day very quietly, but never since has July 4th been more pleasantly celebrated in Pentwater.

In September of that year a sad accident occurred. Among the settlers was a man named Barnes, who, with his son, was usually employed about the mill. This day business took them up the river. Near nightfall their empty canoe came floating down. One of the bodies, their hats and an oar were found next day, but we never knew how the accident happened. The interment of this body was the first burial; no funeral services were held.

That year late in fall, as in all years since, perhaps, frequent and severe wind storms prevailed. After such a storm it was the custom for some of the settlers to go to the lake to see if their assistance was needed in aiding unfortunate vessel or crew which might have been driven upon the beach during the storm. One morning upon going down they found a vessel on the south beach freighted with hardware. The men were all on deck and appeared nearly helpless, but upon seeing the men on shore they roused themselves and, writing a note they placed it in a bottle which they fastened to the cabin door and set it afloat. When it reached shore the men found the note to be in substance a prayer for those on shore to aid them in reaching land, that they were nearly exhausted, having been many hours without food, their provision box having been swept off at the beginning of the storm. They had worked hard the entire night trying to lighten the boat by throwing the cargo overboard. The settlers worked long and faithfully, at last a line was secured and the men were all saved—there were sixteen. It was near midnight when they reached the boarding house where we had prepared hot coffee and a good meal. The sailors remained several days with us, they finally went to Grand

Haven, walking the entire distance. The name of the vessel was found to be the Wright. Many of the nails used in our first buildings were from this wreck as kegs and kegs of them were found.

During the winter lumbering was carried on to some extent about half a mile from our main street. The wolves were quite troublesome to the workmen, gnawing the ax and saw handles if left during the night, and as winter advanced they seemed even dangerous. One time in particular the few settlers were frightened somewhat by them. It was night time and we were awakened by the howling of wolves in the distance. The noise became almost deafening as they drew nearer and on looking from the windows we saw a great pack of them halted in front of the house as if about to attack it, but upon our placing lights in the windows they fled. You can hardly imagine the feeling of relief I experienced when I saw them disappearing across the lake. It was this year, 1854, that a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Glover—the first white child born in Pentwater.

The first time the United States mail was brought to us was in February, 1855. Mr. E. R. Cobb was our first postmaster. Think of going, or rather sending to Chicago for our mail. In 1856 our settlement had grown from a mere handful to nearly a hundred people. A town meeting was held and the following officers elected: Supervisor, E. R. Cobb; Clerk, James Dexter; Treasurer, N. Rogers; Highway Commissioner, A. Rector. One hundred fifty dollars was voted for township expenses. It was in 1856 that Mr. Charles Mears came to our village and built a mill and boarding house just north of the ferry; in '57 he built a store. Mr. Mears called his part of the village Middlesex. The first manager of the Mear's House was our well-known friend James Brooker and wife. Mr. H. C. Flagg, as Mr. Mear's general manager, came to Pentwater this year; also Dr. Wear, E. D. Richmond and many others. The natural channel from Pentwater lake to Lake Michigan was at this time far to the north of what it now is, connecting with the big pond near the sand hills. This year it was made to lead perfectly straight from Pentwater lake. This great improvement was accomplished mainly through the efforts and enterprise of Mr. Mears.

The first minister sent to this township was the Rev. Beard in 1858. Then came the Rev. Naylor, who was followed the following year, 1860, by the Rev. H. M. Joy, who encouraged the pioneers by frequent visits and words of cheer. The first semblance of a store was a trading hooker conducted by Mr. Chapin. From this could be bought many useful articles if the boat was in port when you wanted them.

In 1859 a change was made, J. Brillhart and H. Tower purchased the Cobb and Rector mill. This new firm opened a store at the corner of Third and Hancock streets in what is known as the Turner building. The families of C. R. Whittington, William Webb and Captain E. Irons came to our village this year. These people have helped materially in making Pentwater the charming place it is. Mr. A. J. Underhill, T. Collister, the Craine family, J. Corlett, P. Labonta and many others came this year and were engaged in fishing; barrels and barrels were shipped from this port. The first school was taught by Miss Emily Daniels, now Mrs. Croxson of Muskegon. The schoolroom was a part of a dwelling house where eight young urchins alternately whispered, chewed gum, went to the stove, got a drink, threw paper wads and whittled the seats as children have done in all time.

Pentwater had now increased to a settlement of sufficient importance to make the want of a newspaper apparent. The first was issued in 1861, the office being over the store of C. Mears. The editor was F. Ratzel, afterward a prominent journalist of Manistee. Mr. Ratzel was a genuine newspaper man and issued a lively paper.

I think many would smile if they could see the style of the hats worn by us in those early days. The new settlers bringing in the styles from outside made the female part of the population long for a milliner, and as we must be in style we were obliged to manufacture at least part of our bonnets. This we did by making the frames of starched mosquito netting, pressing the small back part over a pint basin, while the wide, flaring front was pressed over a two-quart pan. These were decidedly stylish, but late in 1863 a milliner came. G. W. Faulkner and family came to Pentwater this year and Miss Kate, a daughter, at once seeing the need, opened a milliner store, her capital was just five dollars.

Early spring brought many new comers, houses were built, and our village seemed booming, but it was not until some years later that by a special act of the legislature the village of Pentwater became incorporated and held its first election, which was as follows: President, C. W. Dean; Recorder, E. B. Flagg; Treasurer, John Highland; Assessor, O. P. Cook; Trustees, D. C. Pelton, I. N. Lewis, J. J. Kittridge, A. Bryant, J. Bean, W. M. Merritt. It was a republican victory and hailed as such. In the evening, jubilant over their success, they formed a procession and headed by a martial band, marched through the streets, cheering and firing guns. Thus ended the first election of the village of Pentwater—the first village of the county of Oceana.

Pioneer life anywhere must of necessity be rather trying, but I can

say I truly enjoyed those early days, and it is with a feeling of satisfaction that I glance back to those pioneer times. They were years well spent by all of us; we were so helpful to each other, "sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys." Hospitality is to be found in a marked degree in all new settlements and Pentwater was indeed no exception. We always had plenty of room and enough to eat for all who came. Once, I believe, the supply of flour was rather short; in fact, the men for a time denied themselves white bread, but they were quite content with brown. The people seemed united in a sort of brotherhood with the same object in view—to make comfortable homes for their families rather than to acquire wealth.

I well remember the bright morning of June 18, 1854, when I arrived in Pentwater on the "Spartan," a sailing vessel which made regular trips between this port and Chicago for the purpose of bringing supplies to the settlers and in return taking to Chicago the lumber cut by the mill. The vessel anchored outside, as the natural channel was too shallow for the boat to enter. The passengers, four in number, went ashore in a small boat. I shall never forget how the great waste of sand looked to me, the like of which I had never seen before, my home having always been near the Green Mountains of Vermont.

EARLY INDIAN ORDERS.

Pent Water Oct 2d 1859

Messrs. C. Mears & John Sedam:

Sirs—Please let Ki-ga-gob-bo-wey have two thousand feet lumber and charge to the Indn Department.

SETH T. ROBINSON,
Indn Interpreter.

Indn Reservation Sept 27th 1859

Messrs. C. Mears & J. Sedam:

Sirs—Please let the bearer, Baco tusk have two thousand of lumber and charge to Indn Department.

SETH T. ROBINSON,
U. S. Interpreter.

Peremarquet Sept 27th 1859

Messrs. C. Mears & John Sedam:

Sirs—Please let the bearer Wah-we-os-e-to have two thousand feet lumber and charge to the Indn Department.

SETH T. ROBINSON,
Indn Interpreter.

EXTRACTS REGARDING PENTWATER.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Married, July 19, 1865, at the North American Hotel in Pentwater, by Rev. Amos Dresser, Isaac N. Lewis and Alvira Barber, both of this place.

At this time sidewalk building had only just commenced in Pentwater. The Oceana Times lauded the movement in much the same way that the News now commends cement building.

FIRST PREACHER IN PENTWATER.

Rev. Joseph Elliott, of Indian descent, was the first man who ever preached the gospel of Christianity in Pentwater. The first services were held in the winter of 1856-57 in the dining room of the Mears boarding house which stood near the site of the old Pentwater Furniture Co.'s factory near the ferry. He also preached at North Claybanks and at a place about two miles from Hart near the P. A. Hubbard farm.

In 1858, Rev. Penfield and Rev. Bradley, the latter having charge of the Indian mission, called a meeting to be held in the grove north of the boarding house, and it was then that the first Methodist society of Pentwater was formed. Those joining at that time were Mrs. Anna Brooker, Jas. Brooker, Mr. and Mrs. John Miller, Victor Satterlee and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dunham, and Henry Fuller and wife. The first pastor sent to this charge was Rev. E. Beard.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

The following items are copied verbatim from the Oceana Times of August 12, 1864:

The propeller C. Mears, which has for a long term of years been running between here and Chicago caught fire last Sunday morning while lying at Duck Lake to take in wood, and burned almost down to the water's edge. The flames spread so rapidly that an attempt to save her proved useless. There was no one injured. She was insured for only $12,000 and will therefore be a great loss to Mr. Mears, as she is estimated to be worth $30,000. The wreck has been towed to Milwaukee.

Smallpox. This pestilent disease has found its way into our usually healthy village. Up to the present only one case has been discovered.

Hiram E. Russell of the town of Governor Blair is now recruiting for the "Old Michigan Third Infantry" which will give those who wish to enlist a good chance to serve their country.

The firm of Maxwell & Webb has sold its stock of goods to Chapin & Richmond.

1863.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Lieut. A. W. Peck of the 3d Michigan infantry was at his home in Pentwater at this time on a sick furlough.

Major C. W. Deane of the 6th Michigan cavalry had at this time resigned his command and returned to Pentwater. An advertisement in The News indicates that he had engaged in the law business, the profession that he abandoned to enlist in the war.

Up to February 24, 1865, there had been fourteen successive weeks of sleighing in this locality, but a thaw was then in progress and the chances for its continuance were small.

1863.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

At a meeting of the board of supervisors of this county held at this time an attempt was made to remove the county seat from Corbin's Mill to Pentwater, but the attempt was unsuccessful owing to the fact that several members of the board were absent.

A POPULAR PIONEER.

Perhaps no man has been more actively and prominently connected with our county's commercial and official interest during the years of its development than Edgar D. Richmond, cashier of the Sands bank at Pentwater and recently elected treasurer of that township.

He located at Pentwater in 1857. In 1869 was elected county clerk and register of deeds. Was twice re-elected and again in 1876 when he served ten years more. In the meantime he had been postmaster at Pentwater under President Grant. He built a mill in 1862 that sawed the first shingles on this shore. Later he was for a number of years cashier of the Oceana Savings Bank at Hart and was for a time associated with the Coke Dandruff cure business in Chicago, returning to Pentwater to accept the position he now holds.

Mr. Richmond enjoys to an unusual degree the confidence of his large circle of acquaintances and he is held in especial esteem by the older settlers, scores of whom have profited by his timely advice and oft times substantial assistance in the early days.—Shelby Herald.

1865.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

The Oceana Times said, "The flow of immigration hither this spring is surprising. Every boat brings new comers and scarcely a day passes but that new settlers come in. If they keep coming as fast as at present, our village will soon have a population larger than any other on the lake shore and our excellent farming lands will all be taken up. Many of the settlers are taking up lands in the east part of Elbridge township."

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

The M. E. church and parsonage and the Sherman House at Pentwater were destroyed by fire during the night of April 23, 1875, and other nearby buildings were somewhat damaged. The fire originated in the church, which stood where the present church is situated. The Sherman House stood on the site of the present Clendee Hotel. The old church was a frame building.

Fruit raising was in its infancy and all experiments in cultivation of fruit were carefully watched. The News says: "We are happy to learn that the peach trees of A. L. Cartlandt, three miles south of Pentwater on the shores of Lake Michigan, are uninjured and he will not lose a single tree. He has good prospects for a crop of peaches this year. J. H. Bloure, next south, set out 400 additional trees this year."

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Captain Edwin Rich died at his home in Shelby, April 27, 1885, of

consumption. He was married to Kittie Fray in Crystal in 1869, the first marriage that was ever consummated in that township.

On April 27, 1885, the Odd Fellows celebrated the 66th anniversary of the founding of their order. The celebration was held at Pentwater, this date also being the second anniversary of the establishment of Pentwater Lodge No. 378. Addresses were made by Rev. W. Hansom, T. S. Gurney, J. A. Collier, C. A. Gurney, Chas. Park, A. Hoisington, M. H. Sweet, A. E. Souter and Geo. B. Getty.

1865.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

C. Mears had purchased the propeller Mary Stewart and intended to run her between Pentwater and Chicago, beginning with the season of 1866.

Plans had been practically completed for the erection of three churches in Pentwater during the summer of 1866, one Catholic, a Methodist and a Congregational church. The Congregational society was organized at this time.

Snow was knee deep in Pentwater and logging business was flourishing.

1866.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Married—At the parsonage in this village, on Wednesday evening February 28, by the Rev. Geo. D. Lee, Dr. Dundass and Miss E. M. Codington, both of Pentwater.

Considerable excitement was manifested at this time according to the Oceana Times, in regard to the case of the People vs. Dolan, for injuring C. Faulkner's store and saloon, and Faulkner vs. Dolan, for damages. Both of which were settled on Wednesday. On the following day Mr. Dolan retaliated by complaining of Faulkner for keeping a gambling house and also selling liquor.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

This vicinity was visited by one of the most terrific thunder storms ever heard of in the winter season, and on the following morning the people were quite surprised to find four inches of snow.

Died at her home in Pentwater, March 1st, Maggie M., wife of I. J. Gray.

Born, in Pentwater, February 25th, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Rev. Wm. Colby.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

F. H. Messmore had left for California to take charge of his father's vineyard and orange grove there.

C. W. Cramer had returned from college with his sheepskin, and commenced practicing in Pentwater.

At this time the News devoted considerable space to the proposed extension of the T. A. & N. M. L. R. from Cedar Springs to Pentwater via Newaygo, Freemont, Hesperia, Ferry and Hart. It seems that twenty years is time enough for people to begin to act.

TEN YEARS AGO.

The new bell for the Baptist church had been put in place.

1865.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

While engaged in chopping trees on his farm in Hart township, Daniel Rouse came near to being killed by a falling tree. Fortunately the tree fell upon a log and was kept from crushing him to death, although he suffered a broken leg in consequence.

1865.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

All of the farmers of Oceana county were requested to congregate at the county seat in Hart township on the 27th day of January, 1866, for the purpose of organizing a farmers' club.

The Oceana Times says: "The board of supervisors of this county held a special session last Tuesday (Jan. 9, 1866), and organized a new township called Crystal. The first township meeting is to be held at the house of Mr. J. H. Gay. J. J. Kitteridge, J. H. Gay and Chas. Willett were appointed inspectors."

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Sands & Maxwell Lumber Co. purchased the merchandise stock of A. J. Underhill in Pentwater, at this time.

There was a good deal of local talk at this time owing to the project of opening the Pentwater river so that Hart would be accessible from

Lake Michigan by boat. It seemed highly probable that something would be done to attain the desired end, but alas, how all projects fail!

The winter of 1876 was an open one. Mrs. H. R. Grant of Pentwater picked violets from an outdoor garden about the first of January. A like happening was recorded by C. A. Gains, of Hart.

Loren Bickford and Miss Hannah Henry, both of Pentwater, were married in that village, January 12, 1876.

A daughter of Geo. Goodwin was drowned in a cistern at her home in Hesperia while the parents were attending a grange meeting.

1865.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

The first session of the circuit court for this county ever held at Hart, convened on Monday, April 10, 1865, Hon. F. J. Littlejohn, presiding.

Peter Johnson was accidentally killed on a log rollway near Lincoln, April 1, 1865.

E. B. Flagg, who for a number of years had been employed as bookkeeper in the store of C. Mears, removed to Manistee for residence at this time.

The whole North was now excited over the memorable surrender of Lee to Grant.

On April 9, 1865, Wm. T. Croxson of Hamlin and Miss Emily Daniels of Pentwater were united in marriage at the latter place by Eddy Irons, Esq.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Wm. Pringle of the 5th and Chas. Flood of the 7th Michigan cavalry had just returned to their homes in this village.

Notice was given that an application would be presented to the board of supervisors of Oceana county at their meeting to be held at Hart, January 9, 1866, asking them to erect and provide for the organization of a new township, to be called the township of Crystal.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Chas. Lewis caught some very fine fish in Pentwater Lake. Charlie has a habit of doing the fishing act yet sometimes.

T. P. Steadman, while walking along the beach about three miles north of Pentwater, discovered the body of a man lying partially in the water. The man was dressed as a sailor, and had evidently been in the water some time.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

James McVean, then of Dakota but now of Hart, spent the holidays at home with friends. He thought Dakota was a good place to make money if one had the proper amount of "git" and "grit" in his make-up.

The News says: "The young lady at Frankfort who detained Chas. Hills beyond the legal holidays, will have to answer to the board of trustees of district No. 1 for the non-return of one of their teachers.

The I. O. O. F. had moved into their new hall.

TEN YEARS AGO.

Item from The News: Miss Alice Beveridge, formerly of this village, was married, Saturday, January 4, 1895, at Calgarry, N. W. Ty., to Robert Inglis, of London, England.

Ralph Pringle of Mears and Miss Georgie Bickel of Elbridge had taken out a marriage license.

County Clerk Tennant had issued nearly 200 marriage licenses in the year 1895. This accounted for a big increase in population a few years later.

CLAYBANKS TOWNSHIP, IN OCEANA, IS FIFTY YEARS OLD THIS WEEK.

Special to the Grand Rapids Herald.

Montague, Mich., April 6, 1905.—This week is one of note in the history of Claybanks township, in Oceana county. Just fifty years ago this township was formed. It has the distinction of being the first township organized in Oceana county.

On the first Monday of April, 1855, eleven men met in the barn of John Barr, at Whiskey Creek, and organized the town. Alexander Anderson was elected the first supervisor of the township.

Soon after this the county seat of Oceana county was established at the mouth of Whiskey Creek. The county jail was an old barn. The first trial came with George Littlejohn as judge. The prisoner was sentenced to jail on account of being drunk and disorderly, only to escape, when sober, by knocking the boards from the side of his cell.

At the election last Monday one of the original eleven voters cast a ballot, Halver Brady, of Bradyville. Mr. Brady, with his brother

Andrew, of Munaukee, Wis., are the only persons alive who voted at the first town meeting fifty years ago.

Mr. Brady was born near Draman, Norway, 76 years ago. He, with his three brothers, Andrew, Tolif and Otto, came to what is now Bradyville, in 1850. Andrew was the first to take out naturalization papers in this county.

From the time of the first town meeting, Mr. Brady has lived in the township and voted at every election held in the town. Andrew Brady lived and voted here until a few years ago, when he sold his farm and moved to Milwaukee. Both of the brothers are hale and hearty and expect to live many years yet and glory to think that they helped form the first township in Oceana county.

Mr. Brady was given an informal reception at the town hall Monday afternoon. He voted a straight Republican ticket.

Claybanks township received its name from the large clay banks which rise 360 feet above the level of Lake Michigan near Whiskey Creek.

Leroy, or what is now Benona township, was formed soon after the Claybanks and joined to the new county.

PREHISTORIC BONES HERE.

Pentwater is at last to become famous as the repository grounds of prehistoric remains.

While roaming over the hills immediately north of Pentwater village, a gentleman who arrived from Chicago on the Frontenac excursion Saturday discovered what is supposed to be an Indian mound containing many bones of prehistoric animals. The find was made on Monday shortly before the Frontenac left for Chicago, and owing to the limited time only a few specimens were gathered. He however secured the bones of a head, in good state of preservation, supposed to be that of a Michigan buffalo, also some leg bones of much larger animals which he took to Chicago with him.

Geologists know that Michigan was the home of the buffalo, and the mastodon is supposed to have roamed over this region. Specimens are exceedingly rare, however, and these bones will probably prove a valuable contribution to science.

It is most singular that no local person has ever discovered these

remains. It has remained for a Chicago man to reveal the remarkable antiquities buried in our soil.

The discoverer is highly enthusiastic over the matter and will soon return to investigate farther.

1875.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Geo. Quick, of Ferry, and Alexander Gregorie, of Shelby, were victims of a gun accident in Newaygo. They were returning from a hunting expedition, and were near a farm house, when they lost the path in the darkness, Mr. Quick stumbling over a pole. As he fell his shot gun was discharged and the full charge of the gun passed through his arm, making amputation necessary. His companion received two or three buckshot in the leg.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

The scow Dan I. Davis, owned by Jas. S. Bird and commanded by Captain Millidge, left Pentwater on December 4, 1885, bound for Chicago with a load of lumber belonging to F. O. Gardner. She went on the beach during the storm of the following Sunday, the crew being saved, although her cargo and the upper works of the vessel were lost.

Wednesday evening, December 9, 1885, Almond G. Cutler and Viola M. Warner were married at the home of the bride in Pentwater, by Rev. E. H. Teall.

In Pentwater, December 9, 1885, Mrs. Wm. Webb, Sr., died of neuralgia of the heart, aged 55 years.

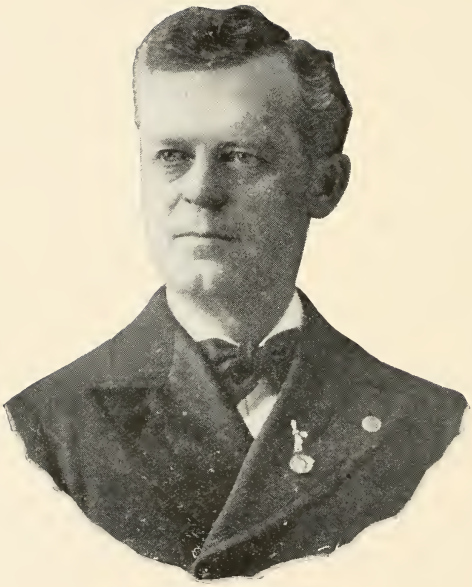
Ernest Conklin and Wm. Buchanan were arrested on a charge of writing threatening letters to the Sands & Maxwell Lumber Co. These letters created a great deal of excitement in Pentwater at the time they were written, containing threats upon the lives of the members of the firm, and contained pictures of coffins and made mention of the use of dynamite.

TEN YEARS AGO.

I. C. Wade, one of the oldest men in Shelby township and an early settler, died at his home in Shelby, December 5, 1895.

December 8, 1895, Clarence Newton of Otto and Miss Alice Parker of Ferry were married at the latter place by Justice Coon.

Pentwater lake was entirely frozen over.



HON. JAMES W. HUMPHREY.

The steam barge Chas. Reitz went on the beach about five miles south of Pentwater. She left Ludington with a big load of lumber, her seams being opened while pounding ice in a storm that followed, with the result that she was beached in a leaky condition. She was finally pumped out and towed to Ludington.

MEMORIAL REPORT.

ALLEGAN COUNTY.

Ex-Senator James W. Humphrey died at Wayland, May 11, 1905. His illness dated from injuries received December 22, 1903, in a wreck on the Pere Marquette railroad at East Paris, Mich.

Mr. Humphrey was born in Powell, Ohio, August 19, 1846. His father was a prosperous farmer. The college course planned by Mr. Humphrey was interrupted by his enlistment in the Twenty-sixth Ohio Infantry, when only sixteen years old. Notwithstanding the wounds received by him at Kenesaw Mountain, June, 1864, he served until the end of the war. He came to Michigan soon after and taught school at Dorr, where he married Beulah Sooy. He was engaged as principal of the Wayland schools, then he became superintendent of the Holland schools, and for eight years conducted summer normal schools at Hope college, from which he received the degree of Master of Arts. He continued in educational work, and published two text-books.

In 1898 he was elected to the State Senate and re-elected in 1900. After this he was employed in the Auditor General's department for a time, but resigned to again take up his favorite work for the cause of temperance under the auspices of the anti-saloon league.

He was vice-president for Allegan county for the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, and was engaged in writing a history of his county at the time of his death. He was an ordained minister of the Disciples' church. He is survived by a widow and two children.

BAY COUNTY.

Mrs. Martha E. Root, oldest daughter of Avery B. and Vienna H. Snyder was born in Mexico, New York, January 26, 1839. She was

educated at Falley seminary in Fulton, and very early began teaching. The family moved to Humboldt, Iowa, which was the family home until 1889.

Going to Dansville, N. Y., to receive treatment for an injury resulting from a fall from a high swing, she met and married Melvin A. Root, in 1873. They made their home at Bay City for more than thirty years, and were identified with public matters and all altruistic work, and gained a wide acquaintance throughout the State. She was a ready writer and did quite an amount of editorial work. She was very prominent in the women's clubs organization, a great worker for the cause of temperance and woman suffrage. One of her closest interests was forestry and tree culture. She was an ordained minister and often performed marriage ceremonies, while great demands were made for her to officiate at funerals.

After long months of suffering, borne uncomplainingly and bravely, the release came April 2, 1904. Memorial services were held in her honor, and intimate friends, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Doe and Mrs. Knaggs conducted the exercises. The body at her request was cremated. The many eulogies showed her strong personality, her power to make and retain warm friends, her interest in all the objects that work for the good of humanity, and her unbounded influence for the good of others.

BARRY COUNTY.

BY MRS. SARAH E. STRIKER.

Entered into rest on the morning of January 12, 1906, Mrs. Clara Anderson Lathrop, aged sixty-four years. She was born in Auburn, New York, in 1841. Her parents, James and Clarissa Pomeroy Polhemus, came to Michigan in 1847 and settled in Calhoun county near Marshall, where she grew to womanhood. On July 2, 1867, she was united in marriage to Egbert H. Lathrop, M. D., locating in Lansing, removing soon after to Burlington, Iowa, and from thence to Hastings in 1872, which has since been their residence. Two children have gladdened their hearts and home. Dr. Clarence, for several years assistant superintendent at the asylum, Ionia, and Miss Olive, filling a responsible position in the State Library at Lansing.

"God's finger touched her and she slept." Her beautiful home life needs no commendation, for all who have entered its pleasant circle can bear witness to the kindly spirit and gentle courtesy that ever pervaded it. A lover of books and general literature, each organization of which she

was a member will recall her cheerful co-operation and earnest endeavor in all that tended to greater advancement and deeper interest. In social as well as the greater problems of life, she aimed to discriminate wisely and well, and in her more intimate relations she merited that high enconium a faithful friend. For many years a constant attendant at Emmanuel church, she loved its services and gained spiritual strength for time of need. Her sweet personality and many graces of mind and heart will linger long in the memory of those who knew her best and loved her most. Truly she is "not dead but only gone before."

Mrs. Jabez R. Rockwell died March 27, 1905, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Albert Lawrence.

She with her husband came to this place fifty-one years ago and has lived here continuously ever since. The deceased, whose maiden name was Rachel Boman, was the second daughter of John and Miriam Boman. She was born April 14, 1822, in the town of Palmyra, Hayne county, Pennsylvania. She was descended from some of the early settlers who participated in the early struggle for independence in the stirring and trying period of revolutionary times, that had so much to do with the early history of our country.

On her mother's side she was descended from the VanVliets who settled along the Hudson river some time in 1600, and later at the Delaware Water Gap, Penn. Her great grandfather, John Staples, was an Englishman, born in London, the son of a deceased member of the East India Tea Co. He was nineteen years of age when he came to this country, on board the ship that brought the tea for that "Boston Tea Party," in December, 1773, when 342 chests of tea were thrown into Boston harbor. His share of his father's estate was invested in the cargo of tea until it was thrown overboard. He soon afterward became interested in America and deserted the British and enlisted in a Maryland regiment and fought for independence in the Revolutionary War. He was severely wounded at the battle of Brandywine and was nursed back to health by a kind family, the lady's given name being Rachel. He named his first born Rachel in memory of the kind old lady, and Mrs. Rockwell was also named in memory of her.

Her father was a soldier of 1812 and his family were among the first settlers of New Jersey. She was married to Jabez R. Rockwell June 12, 1845, at Tafton, Penn. Mr. Rockwell having passed away in 1895.

Five children were born to them, Mrs. Emily R. Johnson, of Lansing; Merari M., of Hickory Corners; Georgianna, who died in 1860; Dr. George T., of Essex County Hospital, Newark, N. J., and Florence A.,

wife of Albert Lawrence. She leaves seven grandchildren and three great grandchildren of this place.

Rev. D. N. Stocking died at Yankee Springs May 5, 1905, aged 88 years. He was born at Pittsburg, N. Y., March 5, 1817, and came to Michigan in 1839. He married Eleanore A. Gill in 1843. Seven children were born to them of whom four survive. He entered the ministry in 1844 and was an active worker until 1893, when he retired on account of ill health. He was the last survivor of the First West Michigan Methodist Protestant Conference founded in 1845.

BY HON. C. L. GLASGOW.

Mr. E. Lockhart was born of Welsh and Scotch parents, in Western Ontario, Canada, in 1851. In 1872 he with his parents moved to Barry county, Michigan, where his father settled on a farm, from which the younger man, who succeeded his father in its ownership was buried in 1904.

Mr. Lockhart early developed a love for the collection of curios and his, one of the largest private collections owned in the State, was willed to the Historical and Pioneer Society to be delivered to them after his death.

BENZIE COUNTY.

A Sketch of Mrs. L. A. C. Bailey.

BY WILLIAM A. BETTS.

While we always mourn the loss of our friends, yet time will at length wear away the feeling, and we forget them. Yet there are some persons whose personal characteristics, or social positions, entitle them to a more permanent record. Such was the subject of this sketch.

Mrs. Laurinda A. Clark Bailey, the last one of the original company, who came into the unbroken wilderness of Benzie county, to locate and lay the foundation of Grand Traverse college in Benzonia. She was born in Penfield, Monroe county, N. Y., on the 8th day of May, 1825. She came in early childhood with her parents to Ohio and settled in Rochester, Lorain county. Educated in Oberlin college, married October 1, 1850, to Rev. Charles D. Bailey, came to Benzonia in 1857, died December 25, 1904.

Inheriting from both her parents a lively, cheerful disposition, she was naturally fitted to meet the difficulties and privations incident to

the new settlement. Her house was always open, her heart was always warm, and her table was always free to her friends, and the strangers who came inside her roof. She was an enthusiastic member of our pioneer society, and her stories of the early days were interesting and much enjoyed by us all.

She cared for her aged parents in their last years, and when it seemed best to remove to Maryland she remained behind to care for her blind and feeble mother while she lived. Several of her last years she was a great sufferer, but always cheerful and patient, and finally on Christmas day, 1904, she passed away, leaving hosts of friends to mourn.

Rev. Alonzo Barnard was born in Vermont, educated at Oberlin college and came to Benzonia in 1863. A true record of his life and labors among the Indians in Minnesota, Dacotah and Manitoba would fill a volume. In his later years he became very deaf and when invited to speak at the county pioneer meeting in 1905 gave a talk in Indian, saying, "Now I am even with you. I could not understand a word you have been saying and you could not understand my speech." After which he gave an interesting and valuable address on his life and experiences. This was his last public speech.

Mrs. Anna Marshall was born in Scotland in 1812 and came to Benzie county in 1864. She died in Benzonia, March 6, 1905, aged 93, loved and mourned by all.

CALHOUN COUNTY.

Peter Mulvaney died at Marengo, July 31, 1906, after years of suffering from rheumatism, crippling him and distorting his limbs.

He was born in Mead county, Ireland, March 11, 1822, and came to Brockville, Ontario, when only four years old. Later the family moved to Syracuse, New York, and in 1847 he became a resident of Barry county, serving as supervisor. He then made Marengo his home. He was a member of the legislature in 1864. He was one of the best and wealthiest farmers in Calhoun county, owning over 700 acres.

He was an energetic business man and commanded universal respect. He was eccentric but charitable, aiding Albion college yearly. He was much interested in Michigan history and made several small gifts to this society, of which he was an honored member.

Hollis B. Smith died at Marengo, Michigan, July 14, 1905. He was

born in Goshen, Sullivan county, New Hampshire, on the 9th day of November, 1830, and was the son of William and Hannah (Gunnison) Smith. His grandfather, Reuben Smith, was born in Connecticut, and served his country as a private in the war of 1812, taking part in the battle of Lake Champlain. His father in 1840 removed to Ontario county, New York, when Hollis was but a lad of twelve years. He continued his studies in the Henrietta academy until he was about twenty years of age. He arrived in Marshall in 1850, journeying westward by rail to Buffalo, whence he took passage on the steamer Mayflower to Detroit, and from there across the country to Marshall. His brother arrived two years previous and they entered into partnership as Smith Brothers, conducting the hotel known as the Marshall House. In 1854 he sold his interests in the business and became express messenger for the Michigan Central railroad company, and six months later he became a clerk in the ticket office. For one year he was connected with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad company with headquarters in New York. Following his marriage he purchased eighty acres of land in the northeastern part of Eckford township, Calhoun county, and resided there for four years, after which he took up his abode in Marshall for a year. At the expiration of that time he lived on the Indian Mill stock farm located about half a mile east of Marengo. Mr. Smith erected new buildings and possessed a valuable, well equipped place. He was extensively engaged in the breeding of Mammoth Poland China hogs and short horn cattle. On the 19th of October, 1858, he married Ruth D. Pattison of Marengo township and two children were given them, Gardner William, born January 24, 1861, and interested in the farm with his father, and Lula M., who died at the age of twenty-eight. Mr. Smith served as an officer of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society for nine years. He was secretary and lecturer for the county grange and was deeply interested in everything pertaining to public progress and improvement. His business interests were so capably conducted that success attended his labors and he well merited the prosperity which came to him.

GENESEE COUNTY.

BY MRS. H. C. FAIRBANKS.

Dr. Paul Sue for forty-seven years a resident of Fenton and one of the most prominent physicians of the county, died June 2, 1906, at Fenton, aged sixty-nine years.

Dr. Sue had been active in the practice of medicine until five years ago, when he was stricken with paralysis.

Born of distinguished parents and a descendant of persons well known in two countries, educated in France and prominent in his profession, Dr. Sue's life story is interesting. He was the eldest of five children, the sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene B. Sue. Dr. Sue's father was a native of France, where he had held a chair in a college before coming to this country. He was the author of a treatise on French grammar, and was well known throughout the eastern part of the United States, having settled at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, when he came to this country. Here Dr. Sue was born, February 11, 1837. His mother was a descendant of DeWitt Clinton, builder of the Erie canal, and his father was a descendant of Eugene Sue, the French novelist.

When Dr. Sue was two years old his parents moved to France, where Dr. Sue was educated at Montpelier college, in the southern part of the country, taking a course in mathematics. After fourteen years he returned to this country, coming to Detroit, where he took a course in medicine at the Detroit college. His marriage to Miss Mary O'Brien, of Troy, New York, took place in 1873.

After his graduation from the Detroit college Dr. Sue came to Fenton, where he began the practice of medicine. Of more than ordinary ability, he became one of the best known physicians in the county. During the year of the Paris exposition he returned to France and visited again at the old family home of his father.

The deceased is survived by his widow and his niece, Miss Agnes O'Brien.

GRAND TRAVERSE COUNTY.

Bates.—Mrs. M. E. C. Bates died at Traverse City, March 23, 1905.

Mrs. Bates was widely known throughout the Grand Traverse region, and throughout the State as well, having been closely identified with literary work since childhood. In Traverse City she was loved and revered by everyone who knew her, and there are few who did not know her; and but few who have not at some time felt the gentle influence of her lovable character. This has been especially true of the young people.

Mrs. Martha E. Cram Bates, wife of Thomas T. Bates, and with Mr. Bates associate editor of the Grand Traverse Herald, was born in Northville, Mich., August 25, 1839. Her early childhood was spent in North-

ville, Goodrich and Flint. When but fourteen years of age Martha Cram began to teach school, being a child of remarkable mental ability and a close student. Later on she attended the Ypsilanti State Normal School and was one of the early graduates of that institution of learning. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Cram, whose family moved to Traverse City in 1863. On May 5, 1867, Miss Cram became the wife of Thomas T. Bates, and in all years has been a tender, loving wife and helpmeet and devoted mother.

From early childhood she developed literary tendencies, and while still a girl wrote many articles of literary merit which found publication in leading periodicals. In early womanhood she contributed constantly to the leading magazines of that period and her work was eagerly sought by publishers. After her marriage Mrs. Bates continued her literary work and worked hand in hand with Mr. Bates as associate editor of the Grand Traverse Herald since that paper came into possession of Mr. Bates in 1876.

The most conspicuous features of her literary work were the Home and Sunshine departments of the Herald, and during the past seven years the Household department of the Evening Record. These departments have always been popular and have brought into thousands of homes in Traverse City and the Grand Traverse region the kindly messages and Christian influence which made Mrs. Bates loved so devotedly. The Sunshine society, which numbers nearly 4,000, was organized in December, 1898, and its members have been constantly in close touch with that kindly personality which bound the children and Mrs. Bates together in bonds too sacred to describe. She was a "mother" to hundreds and these will mourn her departure most sincerely.

Mrs. Bates was the oldest continuous newspaper correspondent in Michigan, and for nearly forty years had been one of the most prominent writers for the Detroit Tribune. She was one of the organizers of the Michigan Woman's Press Association, whose first meeting was held in this city; its president for several years and since the death of the late Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone, honorary president of the association.

When the Ladies' Library Association of this city was organized Mrs. Bates was one of its charter members and a member of the executive board until her health failed. Since her activity ceased she was made an advisory member of the board. She was one of the three surviving charter members of the Congregational church.

Among the charter members of the Woman's club Mrs. Bates was numbered as one of the most energetic and most active and she was

devoted to the advancement of woman's work in the home and in the community. She was also an honorary member of Traverse Bay Hive, L. O. T. M.

Among the most popular literary works known to Traverse City people was the engaging little volume, "Along Traverse Shores," written jointly by Mrs. Bates and the late Mrs. Mary K. Buck. Another was "A Few Verses for a Few Friends," also jointly written by Mrs. Bates and Mrs. Buck.

Mrs. Bates recently completed a Young People's History of Michigan, which is being published in the Grand Traverse Herald, and which is attracting much favorable comment by Michigan educators and which is being used in many schools of the State for historical study.

Mrs. Bates is survived by her husband, Thos. T. Bates, and three children, George G. Bates, proprietor of the American Poultry Journal of Chicago and vice president of the Herald and Record Co.; Miss Mabel and Miss Clara, both at home.

Traverse City will miss Mrs. Bates, and the sympathy of the community will be extended to her family. While she had been an invalid for about three years, she suffered much during the past six months.

The eulogies, flowers and mourning congregation at the funeral services showed the great love all felt for Mrs. Bates, yet her beautiful character, helpful spirit and strong faith are so clearly seen in her writings that we close with these quotations:

BENEATH MY TREES.

The dust is deep in arid streets,
The sere grass rustles in the breeze,
The air is parched with torrid heats,
But cool the wandering winds all blow,
And flickering shadows come and go—
Beneath my trees.

The air is full of flashing wings,
Sometimes one hears—sometimes one sees
The green leaves quiver as he sings—
My Robin or my Brown Thrush sweet,
Or comes the Vireo to my feet
Beneath my trees.

The locusts' arch shuts out the sun,
The oaks stand sentinels at ease;
The cedars, dark as Lebanon,
Give out their spices in the heat,
An altar's incense rising sweet
Beneath my trees.

The world is full of vague unrest,
Foreboding ills the prophet sees;
With anxious care the times are pressed,
And fears for days to come—but still
Nor now, nor then, there comes an ill
Beneath my trees.

The crickets chirp within the grass,
And, drinking flower-wine to the lees,
Great butterflies across me pass—
Swift dragon flies with gaudy wings—
So many dainty, flying things
Beneath my trees.

My scarlet lily's torches flame,
My balm draws all the wandering bees,
And long ago the roses came—
The phloxes raise their snowy spires,
Carnations glow with crimson fires—
Beneath my trees.

Without the great world's fret and fear,
Here, good to best, in sweet degrees;
No bird found ever love more dear,
Beneath soft wings in sheltered nest;
"The hollow of His hand" doth rest
Beneath my trees.

* * * * * * * *

The earthly day is over. She has told us how evening brings us to the Father's other home—the house not made with hands:

"But when the sun behind the hills
Has dropped his golden crown,
And dusky gloom the valley fills,
Each lays his burden down.

"By various paths,—from near, from far—
The weary laborers come;
Behind are left all cares that are,—
All faces turn toward home.

"The Father's house, with welcome sweet,
Swings open wide its gates,
And wearied brain or wearied feet
A peaceful rest awaits.

"How sweet to think whate'er the day,
Howe'er we go or come,
Or slow or fast hours slip away,
The nightfall brings all home."

HANNAH.—Flags were at half-mast throughout Traverse City because of the death of Hon. Perry Hannah, which occurred August 16, 1904. Business houses generally closed for the funeral. Resolutions were passed by the board of trade and messages were received from prominent people all over the State.

With the passing away of Mr. Hannah, Traverse City lost its most prominent resident, and northern Michigan one of its earliest pioneers, and one who has done more than any other man for the advancement of the Grand Traverse region.

Perry Hannah was born in Erie county, Pa., September 22, 1824. His parents lived on a farm in that county and he remained there until 1837, when he moved to St. Clair county, Mich., with his father, spending several years in rafting logs from Port Huron to Detroit, and later clerking in the store of John Wells at Port Huron. In 1846 he went to Chicago, which at that time gave little evidence of its future prosperity. There were a few business houses and residences near the lake shore, and the port did a small business, but only a few keen-eyed men like Mr. Hannah saw at that time the possibilities of the place. Landing in Chicago without a cent of money, after working his way from Detroit on a sailing vessel, he soon found employment in a lumber yard and began to lay the foundation of his fortune.

Four years later he formed a partnership in the lumber business with A. Tracy Lay and James Morgan, the firm name being Hannah, Lay & Co. Wm. Morgan was later added to the firm, and from that time for nearly half a century the partnership remained unchanged.

In 1854 Mr. Hannah removed to Traverse City, which has been his

home ever since. The other members of the firm kept their headquarters in Chicago. Mr. Hannah was married in 1852 to Miss Ann Flint, of Port Huron, and in their Traverse City home she passed away a few years ago.

There are three children, Julius T. Hannah, who is cashier of the Traverse City State Bank, and has large business interests in the firm and in Traverse City; Mrs. J. F. Keeney of Chicago, and Mrs. G. W. Gardner of St. Paul, Minn.

In 1886, the entire lumber business of the firm of Hannah, Lay & Co. was sold, and a few years later the business was changed to the Hannah & Lay Co., the company retaining possession of the immense mercantile establishment, one of the largest in the State, the Traverse City State bank, Park Place hotel, a large flour mill, built in 1868, and one of the first in the region, and large landed interests. Mr. Hannah was one of the owners of the Chamber of Commerce building in Chicago, and also owned other valuable real estate in that city.

Always interested in everything that tended to the advancement of Traverse City, he was a liberal contributor in bringing in business enterprises, and all demands upon his judgment, time and money for the good of the place, were cheerfully met. Almost without an exception, the sites for the numerous churches in the city were given by him. One of the last gifts to the city was the site for the Carnegie library, and land for a park surrounding it, opposite his beautiful home on Sixth street.

Mr. Hannah was a Fremont voter, and since its inception has been an ardent advocate of the principles of the Republican party. In 1856 and 1857 he represented his district, then covering nearly all of northern Michigan, in the State legislature.

INGHAM COUNTY.

Hannah Miller, eldest daughter of A. R. and Philena Miller, was born in Morristown, New York, October 13, 1825. When nine years of age her parents moved to Ohio. She attended school at Oberlin college for two years and taught in the Buckeye state. At fourteen years of age she was baptized and united with the Baptist church. She has led a consistent Christian life ever since and has been an ardent reader of the holy book and has been a great Bible student.

In 1844 the family removed to Michigan and settled in Vevay township. She taught school in various parts of Ingham county for thirty years. While attending school at Spring Arbor, Jackson county, she

became acquainted with Varnum J. Tefft, being married to him in 1853, Mr. Tefft living a little over a year. To this union was born Verner Jerome Tefft, a graduate in the first class from Mason public school in 1873 and a graduate from the law department of the University of Michigan. Mr. Tefft was publisher of the Ingham County News for several years. Upon selling this newspaper he purchased the Recorder at Albion, which he conducted until his death on October 21, 1895. On April 19, 1870, Mrs. Tefft was married to Rev. Waldo May, who lived until about 1888. At one time Rev. May was candidate on the prohibition ticket for governor of this State.

Mrs. May is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Mary Stillman and Mrs. H. E. Every of Mason and Mrs. Julia Miller of Pontiac.

Mrs. Cyrus Alsdorf died at Lansing, November 25, 1905. She was born in Wyoming county, New York, in 1829, her maiden name being Loretta Melcher.

On June 6, 1847, she was united in marriage with Cyrus Alsdorf and in 1853 they came to Michigan and settled in Pontiac. Two years later they took up their residence in Ingham county, and in 1858 came to Lansing.

During his lifetime there was not a better known man in the city than Cyrus Alsdorf, and Mrs. Alsdorf thus became well known, although she was a great woman for her home.

Mrs. Alsdorf is survived by three children, two sons, Frank, of Minneapolis, Fred M. of Lansing, and one daughter, Mrs. Charles L. Seeley of Lansing.

KENT COUNTY.

Edward Campau died at his home in Caledonia township, January 24, 1906. He was one of the early pioneers of Kent county and was born in Detroit, May 9, 1825. He was the son of Francis E. and Monique (Moran) Campau and a lineal descendant of Marquis Jacques Campau so intimately identified with M. La Motte Cadillac in the founding of Detroit. His parents went to Grosse Pointe on Lake St. Clair, where in 1838 his mother died and the same year he went west where he lived with his uncle, Louis Moran, and his aunt, Mrs. Gideon Suprenant, at Scales Prairie near Middleville. They soon removed to Grand Rapids where later he assisted his uncles, Louis and Antoine Campau, in the old trading post and in buying fur along Grand river. At a later period he was employed by Canton Smith and William H. Withey of Grand Rapids, who, in connection with William Lewis of Yankee Springs,

Barry county, started the first line of stages running between Grand Rapids and Battle Creek.

He made the acquaintance of Miss Phebe E. Lewis, daughter of Hon. William and Mary (Goodwin) Lewis and they were married February 25, 1846. They then made their home at Grosse Pointe for a few years, returning later and purchasing the farm where they have since lived for over fifty years.

The widow, their only son, Frank E. Campau, and two grandsons mourn their loss.

At the organization of the Thornapple Valley Association in 1886 he was elected to the office of president, which office he held continuously until his death. He was a member of the Old Residents' Society of the Grand river valley and a prominent and active member of the Patrons of Husbandry, having taken all of the degrees in the state and national granges. He was also a member of the Michigan State Pioneer and Historical Society. He was a man of peculiarly even temperament, kind hearted, cheerful, generous to a fault and everyone will regret his passing away.

Harriet Maria Lewis, daughter of William and Mary C. Lewis, was born at Wethersfield, Genesee county, New York, August 8, 1834, and died at the home of Edward Campau, Alaska, Kent county, Mich., November 21, 1905.

She came to Barry county, Michigan, in 1836, with her parents, who were well known to the early pioneers of western Michigan as the hosts of the Yankee Springs hotel.

She was graduated from the seminary at Richland, Kalamazoo county, and was for several years a successful teacher in the public schools of Kent county.

In 1872 she moved to Alaska with her mother, where she has since lived.

She is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Phebe E. Campau and Mrs. Mary M. Hoyt, of Kalamazoo.

MACOMB COUNTY.

BY GEORGE H. CANNON.

Edgar Weeks, former congressman from the seventh district of Michigan, died at his home in Mt. Clemens at 1:30 Saturday morning, December 17, 1904, of apoplexy. He was born in Mt. Clemens, August 3, 1839,

and descended from revolutionary stock. In his younger days he worked in several printing offices, and in 1858 entered the office of Eldridge & Hubbard and commenced the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1861 by Judge Green. During the previous year he had participated in Lincoln's campaign, and when the war came on he was among the first in this locality to assist in organizing a military company. He was the first non-commissioned officer of Macomb county, receiving the appointment of sergeant in Co. B, Fifth Michigan Infantry, August 28, 1861. A year later he was transferred to the Twenty-second Infantry and received a captain's commission in 1862, a position which he held until he was compelled to resign, because of disability, in 1863. Upon his return to his native town he entered upon the practice of law, and in 1864, with W. J. Lee, established the Mt. Clemens Monitor.

Mr. Weeks had served his county as circuit court commissioner, prosecuting attorney and judge of probate, and he also served this district as a member of congress for two terms. He was a staunch Republican.

MARQUETTE COUNTY.

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Ellen Sophia White was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in the summer of 1837 and died at Marquette, June 26, 1905. Her parents were Dr. Morgan Lewis Hewitt, an eminent medical practitioner, and Mrs. Sarah Hitchcock Hewitt, members of the large Connecticut community which colonized the Western Reserve.

Dr. Hewitt visited Marquette first in search of rest and health for himself and his wife. Ellen Hewitt and Peter White were married September 29, 1857, by the Rev. Henry Safford. Their residence was at first on the corner of Front and Spring streets, where the First National Bank now stands, but they had removed to the present family residence in 1867, previous to the great fire which devastated the neighborhood of their former home. Mrs. White was the mother of six children, and had the sorrowful experience of giving up five of them, before her own departure. One little son died in early infancy, and then came the terrible calamity of losing three beautiful children, aged twelve, ten and four, in one short week. From this heavy affliction Mrs. White, always measurably frail, never completely recovered, and lived always in some retirement. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary Jopling, long one of the brightest ornaments in this community, relieved her mother of many of the social duties which fall to the wife of a public man, but

Mrs. White was behind all her home's bright attractiveness and hospitality, and guided where she did not appear.

In February, 1896, occurred the crowning bereavement of Mrs. Jopling's sudden death, a public as well as a private sorrow.

After this, as far as her health permitted, Mrs. White was less retired than before, and with wonderful resignation and resolution responded to every possible call.

Mrs. White made one voyage to Europe, and several to the South, but was happiest among her family and Marquette friends, to whom she was intensely loyal.

For many years she attended only the quiet early services at Saint Paul's church, but in private devotion was most regular and consistent, a true Christian, deeply acquainted with religion and God.

Those who enjoyed her familiar acquaintance can no more describe it than to say her life was pure as a lily, fragrant as a rose, gentle as the dewdrop, kind with divine kindliness. The steadiness and sacrificial quality of her love, no words can tell.

Those who mourn her, mourn most that she suffered much and long. With the beautiful spirit which so long cheered them, they need not cease communion. "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God." "In the sight only of the unwise, they seemed to die."

G. M. W.

OAKLAND COUNTY.

Mrs. Angeolina Wisner died at Pontiac, December 9, 1905. She was the daughter of General C. C., and Nancy Rounds Hascall of Flint, and was born at Auburn (now Amy), Michigan, March 4, 1828. In 1848 she was united in marriage to Moses Wisner, who in 1858 was governor of Michigan and who died in the service in 1864 as colonel of the Twenty-second Michigan Infantry. She has always lived since her marriage at the Wisner homestead on Oakland avenue. There her children were born and there she died. She is survived by two children, Judge Charles H. Wisner, of the Genesee circuit court at Flint; Jessie, wife of Alpheus W. Clark, of Forest avenue, Detroit.

Mrs. Wisner was a member of one of the oldest families in Oakland county. Her father, General Charles C. Hascall, was one of the first pioneers of the county and founded the first bank ever started in this city.

One of the interesting events in the life of Mrs. Wisner occurred in 1858, when the Prince of Wales, now King Edward of England, made

his visit to this country. She, with her husband and father, helped entertain the prince at the Russell House, Detroit, which is now torn down.

WAYNE COUNTY.

James E. Scripps was born March 19, 1835, and died May 29, 1906. At the age of six he lost his mother and was taken from the old home in London, England, to live with his grandfather.

Mr. Scripps's father married three times; he had thirteen children. The lad, James E. Scripps, first was sent to a "Dame's school" in London; but soon his father decided to try life in America—of which land he had heard so much. The Scrippses came over in a sailing vessel and were six weeks on the Atlantic. The family traveled west on the Erie canal. Young James, boy-like, managed to fall in, but was promptly fished out. The pioneers broke the tedious journey at Rushville, Illinois.

The year was 1844. Illinois, at that time, was a wilderness. The father found that his neighbors had no need of books, much less for bookbinding. What to do was a problem. A practical side came to the surface—an aptness with tools.

The new country was filled with oak, and oak suggested oak bark, and oak bark pointed to tanning, and this in turn was remindful of a tannery. And a tannery was started. Young James, as oldest son, had to "help out," doing chores around the tanyard.

The Scripps farm was covered with second-growth, nasty, ugly stuff to clear. Young James joined the ax-men and felled trees on the old home site. There were 160 acres.

In the winter James assisted other men in chopping the big white oaks. He was never of robust physique. The work was hard for him.

Such was his early life in Rushville; days among the pioneers.

His schooling was primitive; he made the most of his advantages, but his opportunities were small.

Rushville had no graded school. Each pupil used a separate set of books. In this rude place, he went winters for six years.

The year that James E. Scripps was nineteen he taught part of one term, filling a vacancy. The master gave him $20, the first wages that James earned. All that he made on the farm was turned over to his father.

He next became a country schoolmaster, at $30 a month, and "boarded round."

There was at that time a tide of immigration setting toward Iowa, the "far west" of that day. The family opposed the thought that James should go to Iowa. Letters were written to a Chicago relative, a part-owner of the Chicago Tribune, and the answer was, "Do not go to Iowa; come to Chicago and fit yourself for business." Soon after James E. Scripps was enrolled in Digby V. Bell's commercial college and in twelve weeks a diploma was given to the lad from the Rushville farm.

His first job was in a lumber yard; salary $400 a year. James E. Scripps decided that he must save at least half. He economized by living in the rear of the office, where he fitted up a bunk. To the end of his days he kept as a souvenir the dinner pail in which he brought his crackers and cheese. After keeping the books he would go out in the lumber yard and help "scale" lumber. He fell in with the long-shoremen, whom he admired for their independent ways.

One morning the firm suddenly closed its doors. The panic of 1857 brought wide-spread financial disaster. The young bookkeeper had saved "that half" though, now amounting to $100.

Believing that he could live on $4 a week—he had figured it out—he offered his services at that sum to the Chicago Tribune as collector of uncollectable bills. The times were hard; it was almost impossible to get work at any figure; young Scripps considered himself fortunate to work for $4 a week.

After eight months the paper made his salary $12 a week. But suddenly the Tribune, whose owners had bought too freely of real estate, was pinched for money; men were discharged right and left; the proprietors themselves came down and did "desk work" to help economize. Young Mr. Scripps was told that his "services were no longer required."

After spending some time in gathering pelts and selling them in Chicago he learned of a job on a Detroit newspaper at $10 a week. The sum looked like a fortune. He came and took a reporter's desk on the Detroit Advertiser.

From his arrival in Detroit, in 1859, to his practical retirement in 1887, may be called the period of Mr. Scripps's active life. He was busy first-making a livelihood; then a competence; later a fortune.

Mr. Scripps is thus described at this period: "He was as thin as a lath; his hair was long. A type of Bohemian journalist, he followed the 'straight and narrow way,' amidst a hard-drinking set."

Those were rough days in Detroit newspaper field. The dram-drinking scribbler, the unlicensed gossip, was to the fore. Mr. Scripps once

said in later life, recalling the time: "I got my first job because the man ahead of me got drunk."

Then the civil war came on. He studied tactics, had resigned to enlist when he was offered the position of manager of the Advertiser.

The Advertiser was reorganized on a basis of $17,000. Mr. Scripps's proportion was three-seventeenths, on which he paid $1,000, leaving $2,000 on account. Nine months later Mr. Scripps brought around a consolidation of the Advertiser and Detroit Tribune.

To increase his holding James E. Scripps went to Captain Eber Ward and borrowed $20,000 on notes. Interest was ten per cent, the current rate in those days. Currency was worth only forty cents on the dollar. And this large debt later had to be paid in gold.

In 1873 he first tried his plan of a two-cent newspaper. After making a business success of a low-priced journal, the Evening News, in Detroit, Mr. Scripps, in conjunction with his brother George H. Scripps, decided upon a chain of daily papers.

James E. Scripps always gave credit to his co-workers. On one occasion he told the writer, mentioning the name of Michael J. Dee: "I recognized that I had a genius on the paper—and did not interfere." Mr. Scripps always spoke affectionately of other co-workers, of formative days, especially of Robert B. Ross.

In a few years he had paid off his debts and was making money.

Later, Mr. Scripps was one of the forty founders of the Detroit Museum of Art, each person giving $1,000. Mr. Scripps was also on the first board of trustees.

Mr. Scripps traveled abroad for two years—1887-1889—following the founding of the museum. He collected and presented to the museum the gallery known as the Scripps collection of old masters. He intended to spend $25,000 only, but before his tour was ended he had invested $75,000. One picture alone, the famous "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, cost him $24,000.

Mr. Scripps's familiar letters in the Sunday News-Tribune, under the initials "J. E. S." were usually pictures of travel.

In his library are many books of importance to the bibliophile.

His writing was always carefully planned in topics, then sub-topics. He wrote with a pen, slowly, carefully and made few erasures or changes. His style was interesting and instructive.

The private charities of James E. Scripps are said to have been large. He educated a number of young men and women, affording instruction in music and art.

He endowed a free bed at Harper hospital. This cost him $5,000.

The naming of a Detroit public school the "Scripps school" was a deserved honor to a well-wisher of the city's educational system.

Four years ago Mr. Scripps represented the city in the legislature, as senator.

September 16, 1862, Mr. Scripps married Harriet J. Messinger. The widow and four children survive: Mrs. George G. Booth, Mrs. E. B. Whitcomb, Mrs. Rex B. Clark, and William E. Scripps.

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